



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
 AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

CONTENTS.

No. 20.	PAGE	No. 22.	PAGE
Readings in Butler's "Analogy." By the Right Hon. J. Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland—V.....	405	Readings in Butler's "Analogy." By the Right Hon. J. Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland.—VII.....	445
The City of the Dead.....	407	Alexandria.....	447
Curious Facts about Beavers.....	408	Snow Stories.....	448
A Game at Marbles.....	408	The Jew of Smyrna.....	450
Temperance and the Post-office.....	409	One of the Seven Wonders of the World.....	452
EMINENT CHRISTIANS:—Olympia Morata.....	409	On Sermons.....	453
The Storm.....	410	YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—Knowledge is Power.....	453
Wilberforce and the Bible.....	410	Chasing the Rainbow.....	455
The Lunatic's Prayer.....	411	Strength in the Time of Need.....	456
The Right Spirit.....	411	Grace before Meat.....	456
A Contrast.....	411	Short Arrows.....	456
The Mass of Pottage.....	411	THE CHANNINGS: Chapters LV., LVL.....	457
Twenty Aphorisms; Short Arrows.....	413	Progress of the Truth.....	457
YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—The Prize.....	414	Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church.....	463
Castles in the Air.....	416		
The Lily's Mission.....	416		
THE CHANNINGS: Chapters LI., LII.....	416		
Progress of the Truth.....	422		
Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church.....	423		
		No. 23.	
Readings in Butler's "Analogy." By the Right Hon. J. Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland.—VI.....	425	Readings in Butler's "Analogy." By the Right Hon. J. Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland.—VIII.....	465
The Scoffing Farmer.....	428	The Gospel in Burma.....	466
SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS:—Corn in Egypt.....	430	Mrs. Bernard: A Sketch.....	467
The Bramble.....	431	The Bible put to the Proof.....	468
WOMAN'S SPIRIT:—The Mother.....	431	SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS:—Joseph in Egypt.....	468
The Dead Sea.....	432	The Army of Martyrs:—Polycarp.....	469
Being Good.....	433	The Two Farmers.....	470
Search the Scriptures.....	433	Personal Religion.....	470
The Alpine Horn.....	433	Wickliff's Twelve Hindrances to Prayer.....	471
YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—The Old Castle.....	434	The Number of Perfection.....	471
Hungry Johnny.....	435	YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—The Lighthouse Girl.....	472
THE CHANNINGS: Chapters LIII., LIV.....	436	Kite Strings.....	473
Literary Notices.....	441	The Pet Canaries.....	473
Uncertainty of Life.....	442	OUR PULPIT:—The Lord's Second Coming.....	474
Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church.....	443	Short Arrows.....	475
		THE CHANNINGS: Chapters LVII., LVIII.....	475
		Literary Notices.....	481
		Progress of the Truth.....	482
		Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church.....	483

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READINGS IN BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,

EX-LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

V.—THE NATURAL GOVERNOR OF THE WORLD IS ALSO THE MORAL GOVERNOR—(continued).

THE constitution and course of Nature has taught us that there may be a future life; that in the present life we are under the government of God; that this government is carried on under a system of general laws, from which we find, as a matter of experience, that he is our natural Governor, and that he governs us by a method of rewards and punishments; that this government is also moral, and recognises the distinction between virtue and vice; that happiness is connected with virtue, and misery with vice; that this is the general, though not the invariable, course of things, but is so in such a degree, and to such an extent, as to show that there are the principles and beginnings of a moral government already established, and discoverable by observation and reflection. This, combined with the consciousness of our moral nature, and the conviction that the character of God is righteous, leads us onward to the conclusion that the moral government which has been commenced in the life which now is, may be continued and completed in the life that is to come. What the realities of experience thus teach us as a "may-be" hereafter, Revelation tells us "must and shall be." Thus is there a harmony disclosed: the analogy of Nature is found to confirm the proper proofs of religion. Butler frequently notices the sufficiency of the inferences from analogy to influence conduct; they show those things to be probable which Revelation declares to be certain, and "probability is the very guide of life." Therefore, if we are consistent as moral and intelligent beings, we will not reject the guidance of probability in the weightier matters of eternal moment, whilst we unhesitatingly follow it in the ordinary concerns of our daily life.

In the last reading we were mainly occupied with the consideration of the proofs which show that a modified moral government is to be found in the appointed order of the present life.

In addition to the realities in the course of Nature which directly establish this, there are tendencies at present discernible, necessary tendencies, which are instances of something moral in the essential constitution of Nature. There is a tendency in virtue and vice to produce good and bad effects in a far greater degree than they do in fact produce them. Causes, not inherent in the nature of virtue and vice, prevent and hinder much that would follow in the way of reward and punishment. Justice is often artificially evaded and eluded; characters are not made manifest so as to be known; accidental causes hinder many from favouring virtue and discouraging vice. This is clear in the case of individuals. In the case of society it is not less certain, though it is not so obvious. Power in a society, by being under the direction of virtue, naturally increases, and has a necessary tendency to prevail over opposite power not under the direction of it. In order to illustrate and confirm this

position, Butler takes the case of reason, and its acknowledged tendency to prevail over brute force. This prevalence is the natural, but not always the necessary, consequence; in order to secure the victory of reason, there must be, at least, some proportion between the power which is under its direction and that which is opposed to it.

A few men in a desolate plain might not successfully resist the attack of a number of wild beasts; so, if the rational beings could not distinguish one another, or were otherwise hindered from uniting together, they might readily be overpowered. Other instances are mentioned to show that length of time, proper scope and opportunities for reason to exert itself, may be absolutely necessary to give effect to its natural superiority over brute force, and that without union and direction it would not be unlikely that the order of things, as to the prevalence of reason, might, in some instances, be inverted altogether. That reason has the tendency to prevail over brute force, and this in its very nature, no one will deny; and it is evident that circumstances should concur to enable it so to prevail. What has been said of reason may be applied to the case of virtue: it unites a society, by means of the true and proper bonds, veracity and justice; it makes the public good an object and end to every member of the society, and awakens a moral thoughtfulness as to what is most needed for the common weal, and how this may be most effectually secured. That virtue should thus in fact prevail, there must be a concurrence of favourable circumstances, as we find it necessary in the case of reason. Here, on earth, there are hindrances which may not exist in other parts of the universe, and may not continue hereafter. Good men cannot unite over the face of the earth, although to be desired, because they cannot be sufficiently acquainted with each other's characters. I may here notice that the argument of Butler is supported by what we may observe as to the increase of power, the cumulative influence of men who associate together for the accomplishment of good and virtuous ends, and the combined effect of a common sympathy of nations interested, if not united, in the cause of liberty and order. Who has read history—who has observed the course and order of things around him—without being constrained to admit the necessary tendency of virtue to give increased and abiding strength to united action, so as to enable it to prevail over power, whether merely physical or under the direction of vice? On the other hand, it is found by experience that it is the nature of associations formed for bad purposes to inflame the passions of one member by those of another, rapidly to demoralise, and thus hasten the decay which ends in the dissolution of the society. In the eloquent and impressive language of the late Chief Justice Bushe, "Every moral principle is rapidly extinguished—every sense of obligation is lost; that consummation of vice to which an individual slowly habituates himself, a conspirator arrives at speedily, sometimes in a single day; and it has often happened that an unfortunate and deluded wretch has on the morning joined one of these confederacies as the



champion of rights and redresser of wrongs, and the evening sun has set upon him covered with crimes and stained with blood." Such is the description given from the seat of justice by this great and accomplished magistrate—a description of an association established for criminal purposes, and united in the bond of iniquity. He significantly adds, that "those who have had the experience of official and judicial life can assure you that it has never been able to stand against the venerable authority of the laws vigorously and calmly brought to bear upon it."

Civil society is necessary to man; mutual confidence is necessary to civil society; and virtue is necessary to secure and preserve that confidence which is displaced by suspicion—by the fear which conscious guilt never can shake off—by the malice which is nurtured in the heart of the guilty. I can myself say that, whilst in office as the public prosecutor, I was regularly informed of the movements and meetings of criminal associations; their proposals and their passwords were periodically made known by confederates ready to betray their partners in crime. They cannot trust each other; and thus, though they may conspire, they cannot effectually combine. But what shall we say of an association in which men unite for good and virtuous purposes; especially when they endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace? Take, for example, our own association. Union we find to be strength—moral strength—calculated to encourage an increased confidence in each other. By every contribution to the common stock, all are benefited; the giver receives the greater blessing graciously appointed for him; there is in each a happy consciousness of being in the right path, of moving in the right direction; and though there be hindrances to be removed, and difficulties to be overcome, is not the very fact of our union, and the just and reasonable expectation which we have of increasing success, an unanswerable argument (at least to us) that there is a necessary tendency in virtue to go onward; and should we not conclude that it will progress, and the whole scheme of the moral government of God be completed in a brighter and a better world? As we remove hindrances, we necessarily make way for tendencies. These hindrances are the difficulties which we have to fight against; so that virtue is said to be militant here, sometimes at great disadvantage; "but it may combat with greater advantage hereafter, and prevail completely, and enjoy its consequent rewards in a future state." So Butler suggests, in words of chaste and simple eloquence:—"Neglected as it is, perhaps unknown, perhaps despised and oppressed here, there may be scenes in eternity lasting enough, and in every other way adapted to afford it a sufficient sphere of action. . . . If the soul be naturally immortal, and this state be a progress to a future one, as childhood is towards mature age, good men may naturally unite not only among themselves, but also with other orders of virtuous creatures in that future state."

This suggestive view of what may be our state and condition hereafter is presented with his characteristic modesty and caution. It is not, as he says, intended to be a delineation of what is *in fact* the particular scheme of the universe, which cannot be known otherwise than by revelation; *suppositions* (as he wisely reminds us) *are not to be looked on as true because not incredible.* He puts the suggestion forward to show this, that so far from the hindrances to the present superiority of virtue being necessary, we can conceive easily how they may be hereafter removed, and full scope be granted to virtue.

The law of change, which has been already noticed, shows us that when we go out of this world, we may pass into new scenes and a new state of life

and action, and this may be just as natural as that we came into in the present; and this new state may be a social one. He evidently considers that it will be an active and social state, where virtue may still have to combat, and where good men may be made the instruments of God's government as ministering spirits, as messengers of the mercy of God, or as ministers of his justice. This may be our state hereafter; a state of security, though not necessarily one of perfection, nor naturally one of probation. Further we need not speculate, nor ought we too curiously to pry into "the secret things which belong unto the Lord our God." The sublime discoveries of astronomy to which Butler alludes, as leading us to consider how vast and boundless must be the scheme of Providence in proportion to the extent of the material creation; the crowded canopy of heaven, with all its countless stars—"a mystery and a beauty;" the myriads of insects which the microscope reveals to us, as they revel in the luxury of existence in the drop of water, or on the downy leaf;—these may suggest comparisons as to the destiny of man, the crowning work of creation; his history and his hopes raise our thoughts heavenward, and we soar into realms of light, and glory, and immortality; we contemplate visions of moral loveliness, ministrations of Divine mercy, and the heart swells and the spirit rejoices, and the deep and divine emotions, which are the mysteries of our being, thrill with an ecstasy which language is powerless to express. It "doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Blessed hope, and glorious appearing!

Thus far we can naturally and without difficulty conceive the removal of the hindrances and the free scope given to the tendencies of virtue, in the case supposed, with reference to the great scheme of the universe, which may consist of the visible and of the invisible dispensations. Another case is suggested of a kingdom on earth—a society perfectly virtuous for a succession of ages, and with a situation advantageous for universal monarchy; and he describes with graphic power the nature and the influence of its domestic and foreign policy: the absence of faction, the concentration of authority in the hands of the most capable in the several departments to wield it; the united wisdom of the community in framing the public decrees, and their united strength in executing them; the complete security of personal liberty and of private right; the contribution of all to the common weal and the contentment of all under the protection which they would enjoy; the influence such a kingdom would necessarily acquire, and the extension of its empire, partly by what would be considered just conquest, and partly by the voluntary submission of other kingdoms; and "the head of it would be a universal monarch, in another sense than any mortal has yet been." It would be a righteous and acknowledged supremacy, acquired by the natural and necessary tendency of virtue freed from hindrances to exert its legitimate influence upon and over all. This would fulfil the prediction of the prophet, that the people should be all righteous, and inherit the land for ever; it would realise the cheering promise of the Psalmist, in the 72nd Psalm, as to the sovereignty of the blessed King, and the reign of righteousness on earth.

Thus Butler's sober spirit kept aloof from what was merely speculative, and fastened on what was moral and practical. By what is obvious to common observation he makes clear to calm reflection that there is a righteous Governor of the world; that virtue is his law; that his moral government has been commenced in this present life; and that it is probable that this moral government

will be completed hereafter, and rewards and punishments adjusted according to the perfect rule of distributive justice.

Thus, then, the present life is found to be the stepping-stone to the future; and this earth is for us but the outer court of the great temple of eternity. It is good for us to be here. We feel the presence, we acknowledge the power, and we experience the protection of God our heavenly Father, as he leads us onward to the promised land, and points to the inheritance purchased for his people by our gracious Redeemer. The earnest of the Spirit is given, that we may have a foretaste of the joy and the peace of heaven. It tells the loving heart,

"There is a happy land, far, far away ;"

it connects, by a Divine link, the life that now is with that which is to come; and man must not sever what God has joined together.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott first saw Pompeii, he stood and gazed upon the desolation, and exclaimed, "The city of the dead! The city of the dead!" Every one will feel the fitness of such an epithet applied to Pompeii, but it is not less fitly that Chateaubriand uses the same expression of the catacombs of Rome. "I sat down at a cross-road," he says, "a solitary in the city of the dead." There are many wonderful places under ground, but few are more so than these Roman catacombs, and after all that has been said about them, the half has not been told. Let us, then, take a hasty glance at these marvellous excavations, and at the lessons which they can teach.

The church of San Sebastiano stands about two miles from the gate of Rome, on that Appian Way along which St. Paul journeyed to the city. In the church just named, the story is, that there once rested the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul. There, says an old guide-book, printed above two hundred years ago, are the relics of more than 74,000 martyrs, and the bodies of 46 popes. There, at the same time, were said to be relics of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, and others mentioned by name, all of whom were invoked by prayer. But that for which the church is most famous, is that it contains the usual entrance to the catacombs. Other entrances exist, but this is the only one open to visitors. Before descending the stone steps to the caverns below, strangers are each furnished with a light; a monk leads the way, and we pass along a winding passage, where all is dark and silent. Other passages branch out to the right and left, and if we follow them, we find that they cross and re-cross each other in all directions, like the streets, lanes, and alleys of a city. It is impossible to say how far they extend, but it must be to an immense distance in all directions: some of them are not more than three feet wide, and so low that you have to stoop to get through them; some of them are choked up with rubbish, and others suddenly terminate. Sometimes there are steps to ascend or descend, and sometimes open arched spaces like apartments. The sides of these caverns are adorned with paintings, and carved monuments with ancient inscriptions. Multitudes of tombs are excavated in the sides of them, in which the dead of other ages were deposited. From the intricate character of the place, however, it is not safe to travel far, for cases have occurred in which rash explorers have been nearly or wholly lost.

Let us then pause, and ask what was the origin of these catacombs? A simple question, but one very difficult to answer. Probably they were excavated two thousand years ago, more or less, and supplied materials for building ancient Rome. No doubt they were carried on for ages, and most likely among those who wrought

in them were many condemned for real or fancied crimes. Similar, but less extensive, catacombs exist at Naples, in Sicily, Crete, and other places. However they were formed, they still exist—the most wonderful monument of Rome. Their most remarkable feature is their connection with Christianity. It seems likely that, at an early period, converts to the Gospel were found among the workers in the catacombs. It may be that these converts preached the faith of Christ, and told of spiritual freedom and a heavenly home to those who were doomed to dwell in darkness. There is strong reason to believe that in the times of persecution many found a refuge there, and the freedom of worship which was denied them aboveground. The Church in the catacombs is a fact in history. But while these dark vaults afforded shelter to the living, they supplied a resting-place to the dead. Many indeed were the disciples of Christ who were buried there. Their bodies were deposited in niches made for the purpose, and afterwards closed. Inscriptions belonging to many of these still remain, although multitudes have been removed. In course of time an idea of sanctity was attached to the place, and popes and princes coveted the honour of being there entombed. Hence it is that the memorials of the dead belong to a series of centuries, and are of every kind, from the rudest and the simplest to the most elaborate. An American writer says, "We meet on every side with tombs and chapels, paintings and inscriptions; and for three hundred years the entire Christian population of Rome found sepulture in these recesses." Among those who were here buried we may mention—Cedwalla, king of the West Saxons; Conrad, king of the Mercians; Offa, king of the Saxons; and Ina, king of the Anglo-Saxons, with his queen Eldiburga.

As we have said, the inscriptions are of very different kinds. Most of them are in Latin, but some of them in such bad Latin, that it is difficult to translate them. Some are more or less in Greek, and even Hebrew may be met with. These inscriptions record the resting-places of martyrs, and of others of all ages. The oldest date discovered reaches back to the time of Vespasian and the destruction of Jerusalem. From this time they extend onward over several centuries. Many of these monuments bear representations of a dove, or a palm branch, or of other Christian emblems; more frequently, they bear what is called the monogram of Christ—a figure formed of the first two Greek letters of the Saviour's name. Indeed, devices of various kinds are so numerous, that we cannot pretend to mention them. The figures of men and women, of Scripture incidents, and of Christian rites, are also, in many ways, most interesting and instructive.

Roman Catholic writers have tried to justify their corruptions of religion by appealing to the inscriptions and paintings of the catacombs. But it may be truly said, that not one of the monuments of early date favours in any way the superstitions of that Church. If there is one lesson more plainly taught us than another by what the catacombs reveal, it is that for many long years Rome was a stranger to those perversions of the Gospel which she now proclaims as of Divine appointment and primitive adoption. The Christians of the catacombs marked the cross upon their graves, but never the crucifix. They represented Christ in many forms, but never in agony. They never painted or carved the Divine Being. They recorded no prayers to the Virgin and saints, nor petitions for the dead. They were strangers to purgatory, and in many other respects represent those pure ages when men leaned on Christ alone for salvation, and believed that to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord.

In all these respects and many others, then, our faith is confirmed, and the modern creed and rites of Rome are condemned. Yet it is sad to think that while Rome counts all who were entombed in the catacombs as saints or martyrs, she refuses to learn from them to renounce her errors; and not only so, persecutes and oppresses to the full extent of her power, like the pagan emperors, those who profess the faith for which the martyrs of the catacombs died. Thankful we are to that Providence which has preserved these venerable memorials of the early Church. But it becomes us also to be thankful that the Church among us is free, that we can openly profess the Gospel, and that there is no human power which can restrain us from following Christ.

We may return again to these catacombs, as we should like to let our readers hear the very words in which those ancient saints related their sufferings, or declared their faith and hope. We should also like to mention some of the more remarkable and interesting pictorial representations which have been found there. In this case, we who are living may gather profit and instruction from a visit to the city of the dead.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT BEAVERS.

AN American writer communicates some interesting observations of the habits of these little animals, whom the Creator has endowed with such surprising instinct. He says:—

"The habits and habitations of beavers furnish many interesting lessons of study to the woodman and hunter, whether scientific naturalists or not. In our boyhood the principal sources of information respecting them were the old dams and traces of dams that were found on every little brook where we fished, or when we gathered crowslips. These beaver-dams consisted of ridges of earth about four feet above the common level of the 'beaver meadow' flats, running each way from the brook to rising land. We found great numbers of these dams where it would be hard to understand how they could ever make ponds of sufficient depth for the beavers' use. But the brooks in the primeval forest, before the inroads of civilisation, afforded more water than in modern times, and in many instances the marshy pools which the beavers' habits require, by a natural process, have grown up and filled to solid land. As in the older parts of the country no new works were found, it was generally understood that the beavers left and moved off whenever civilised settlements grew up near them, and we have been surprised to find in this region the evidence of so many living beavers. On the different tributaries of the St. John River there are some hundreds of them caught every year, and they do not seem to diminish. Hunting parties, whether of white men or Indians, consisting usually of two or three men, often get from ten to twenty beavers in a winter's hunt. Lumbering operations have a tendency to drive them to the small brooks and head sources of the rivers, for when found on 'driving streams,' their dams have to be torn away; but they do not seem particularly shy of men or settlements, unless their dams or houses are destroyed. Four or five years ago, it is said, a company of them built dams or houses in the town of Ashland, only two miles from the village, or corner, as it is called, and stayed two years, when a part were caught, and the rest driven away by the hunters.

"There are two kinds of them, differing only in habits. For some reason, now and then one of them usually wanders alone, and has only a hole in the bend of the river to live in, while they generally live in pairs or families, building dams and houses, and providing stores

in companies; hence the term 'family,' or 'working beavers.' The supposition is that the bank beavers are such as have for some reason come short of a mate, or for idleness have been driven from the ponds and houses; they are the same animals every way, only exiles. The law of industry among the working beavers is well attested to by hunters. Their dams or houses are built anew, or remodelled every autumn, and in a way to suit the height of the water during the succeeding winter or spring. The object of the dam seems to be to regulate the height of the water at their houses, where they have two or three berths at different heights, where they sleep dry, but with their tails in the water, thus being warned of any change in the rise or fall of the water. Some houses stand six feet, at least, above the surface of the meadow, covered with mud, in the form of a round coal pit, but so intersected with sticks of wood as to be strong; and the weight of three or four men makes no impression upon it. A 'full family,' as hunters call them, consists of the parental pair, and the males of the next generation, with their mates. When the tribe gets larger they colonise. Some time in the autumn, all the single ones of both sexes congregate, from considerable distances, at the deepest lake in the vicinity, where they choose their mates; how ceremonious the nuptials we cannot say; then they all go home, the female following her mate, and all go to work, first putting the house and dam in order for winter, then laying in their stock of wood, the bark of which is their winter food. They go up the streams, some three miles, for their wood, and float it down to their houses; and then, in some mysterious way, make it lie in a pile at the bottom of the pond, outside of the house, where they may take it at any time in the winter for use. It is said, that no human hands can disturb that without its rising, and remaining afloat till the beavers have the handling of it. But we do not feel quite sure what is fact, and what is conjecture, respecting the beaver, whose works are so much in the night, and deep under water. The fall of the year is a busy time with them, and it is interesting to see their new dams in process of building, as we sometimes find them across large boating streams; and, not unfrequently, boatmen and river drivers tear away the dams and get a good head of water for their own use."

A GAME AT MARBLES.

MANY years ago, a clergyman was going, one Sunday morning, from his house to his school-room. He walked through a number of back streets, and as he turned a corner, he saw assembled a party of little boys, who were eagerly playing at marbles. On seeing a stranger approaching, they began to gather up their marbles, and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen the pastor as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon; and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles, the minister had closed upon him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. There they were, face to face—the minister and the poor little ragged boy, who had been caught in the act of playing at marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for this is what I want you to observe. He might have said to the boy, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath; don't you deserve to be punished for thus breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said,

"Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy; "I have not."

"Then I will help you find them." Whereupon he knelt down, and helped to look for the marbles; and as he did so, he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles,

when a little boy, very much, and I think I could beat you; but," he added, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said, "I am going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?"

"Where do you live?"

"I live at such and such a place," was the reply.

"Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the gospel could be the same person.

"I am the minister myself; and if you will come with me, I think I can do you some good."

"My hands are dirty; I cannot go."

"Here is a pump; why not wash?"

"I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"If you'll wash, I'll pump." He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped, the little boy washed his hands and his face, till they were quite clean.

"My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket-handkerchief, and offered it to the boy.

"But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply; "but it was made to be dried."

The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after the minister was walking in a street in a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing at marbles on Sunday? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"Oh!" said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society; and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you, and tell you that it is to your kindness, and wisdom, and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently, and kindly, and also at the same time aggressively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and all that I am at the present day."

TEMPERANCE AND THE POST-OFFICE.

In the village where I live (writes our informant) not far from London, the principal public-house is also the post-office, and any person who wishes to post a bulky packet, or to make any inquiry, or to buy stamps, is compelled to transact his or her business over the bar, surrounded by the fumes of beer, and possibly by the din of oaths.

Are there many such post-offices in the country? I should certainly suppose that there are not, or that if there are, the fact has escaped the notice of the Post-office authorities. It can hardly be the intention of Sir Rowland Hill, for example, that the beneficent institution which he directs should ally itself with the beershop interest, or become the means of continually leading into temptation those who avail themselves of its advantages. Why should an honest youth, who wants to get a

postage-stamp for a letter to his old father at home, be compelled to go into a public-house, probably to be hailed by the ready invitation of some half-drunken associate to "sit down and take a glass?"

I hope that some member of Parliament who is interested in the temperance cause will take this matter up, and move for a return of the number of public-houses in the United Kingdom which are employed as post-offices.

Eminent Christians.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

THE life of Olympia Fulvia Morata was indeed a chequered one. She was born at Ferrara in 1526, and was the daughter of a man eminent for his accomplishments. Olympia was distinguished as a child for her extraordinary talents. At the age of twelve she knew both Greek and Latin, and something of rhetoric and philosophy. Her poems were admired for their elegance, and all she wrote displayed unusual ability. The Duchess of Ferrara, who had heard of her talent, invited her to be the companion and teacher of her daughter Anna. With this invitation she complied, but did not relax in her zeal for study amid the attractions of the court. During the nine years of her residence at court, she made great progress in learning, and in particular in the knowledge of the Scriptures, which she studied in the original. There is no evidence, however, of any decided religious change in her until 1548. In that year her father died, and Olympia appears to have forsaken her place and prospects at court, that she might minister to her dying parent. She found herself with a mother destitute of fortune, and three sisters and a brother who required to be educated. Then it was, in that dark hour, that she learned to know, and love, and trust in her Redeemer. She no longer halted between two opinions, but was resolved to live and die in the true faith. Looked at from a human point of view, this was a perilous resolution, but she knew who could provide. She therefore applied herself courageously to her duties, domestic and religious, and laboured with her pen to aid in supporting the family. It was a great change, but doubtless she felt it better to be in a cottage with the love of Christ in her heart, than to be in a palace, as she had been a few months before, but a stranger to true religion.

Two years after her father's death, she was married to a young German, a medical student, and a man of decided Protestant principles. Soon after the marriage, the husband, Andrew Grunthler, went to Germany, to seek for a professorship. He returned without obtaining his object. Strong in her affection for the man with whom she had cast in her lot, she willingly went back with him to Germany, and bade adieu to all she loved at Ferrara. Accompanied by her young brother Emilio and her husband, she went to Augsburg, where she was most honourably received. From Augsburg they proceeded to Schweinfurt, where an appointment awaited Grunthler. While there, the news came that the Duchess of Ferrara, who had been a professed Protestant, had gone back to Popery. This was a sad blow to her, but she was comforted by the constancy of her own mother. "My mother," says she, "has remained firm during this storm. To God be all the glory, for all that we receive comes from him." Of another whom she had known she writes:—"Fannio, a pious man and most constant in the faith, after being two years in prison, whom neither his being half dead, nor the love of his wife and children, could detach from the truth, has been hanged and his body burned; and as if this were not enough,

his bones were ordered to be thrown into the river Po." The sufferings of the disciples in Italy and France were a burden to her spirit. She therefore wrote to her former companion, the princess Anna, a letter which breathes the most exalted piety, and the noblest sentiments, imploring the princess to declare her own opinions and to defend the Christians so cruelly persecuted.

Trouble followed her steps. Schweinfurt was besieged, and to the disorders of an unbridled soldiery were soon added famine and the plague. Her husband was attacked with plague, but providentially recovered. At last, after a fourteen months' siege, the town was taken by assault, given up to pillage, and reduced to ashes. Olympia and her husband took refuge in the Protestant church, but that too was set on fire, and they narrowly escaped from the flames. She writes a touching account of their flight. Her husband was twice taken by the soldiers, while she herself was in the utmost danger and distress. She says, "My distracted heart cried with unutterable groans, 'Help me, help me, Lord, for Christ's sake!' nor did I cease till he did help and freed my husband. I wish you had seen me with my hair all in disorder, covered with rags, for they took our very garments from us. In my flight I lost my shoes, and had no stockings, and I had to escape over stones and rocks, so that I do not know how I got on. I often said, 'I shall certainly fall down dead, I can go no further;' then I cried to God, 'O Lord, if thou wilt that I should live, command thine angels to sustain me, for of myself I cannot.'" She was at this time suffering the effects of a tertian fever, but she says, "God did not forsake us, though the very clothes were taken off our backs, for he sent us, while on the way, fifteen crowns in gold by a gentleman whom we knew not, and then led us to other gentlemen who clothed us in a suitable manner." The whole of this letter is worthy of a martyr. Escaped from siege, famine, plague, fire, enemies, and nakedness, they at last settled at Heidelberg, where they found a comfortable home. "Our hope is only in another and a better country," she writes; "we know that this world is not our home, but appointed to us to sojourn in for a time. God abundantly compensates us for all misfortunes by his infinite goodness." All her wants and wanderings had not shaken her confidence in her Father above. But her life was fast ebbing away. Adversity had done its work upon her delicate frame, and she felt that she should soon be removed. The next year, 1555, in which she died, was one in which many martyrs went to heaven. In July she writes, "I grow weaker and weaker, and the fever never leaves me. God thus chastens us, that we may not perish with the world." Her last letter was addressed to her friend, the famous Celio Secondo Curio, and in it she calmly describes her dying state and her bright hopes. "Farewell, excellent Celio," she says, "and when you hear of my death do not grieve, for I know that I shall be victorious at the last, and I desire to depart and to be with Christ." A few hours after this was written, her spirit fled to a brighter world.

Her husband bore noble testimony to her pure and elevated piety, and her manifold excellencies had endeared her to all who knew her. She was only in her twenty-ninth year when she died, but she had written and published much, and had carried on a correspondence with some of the most learned Protestants of her time. Her life has been often written, and she is deservedly remembered as one of the most eminent among the Christians of Italy. To the Christian, the letters she wrote, and the noble constancy she displayed during the last seven years of her changeable life, are her best memorial. And doubtless, as one who knew her well wrote, soon after her decease, "Our Olympia is not dead, but

lives a blessed and immortal life with Christ; and after all her trials and sufferings she has been received into her rest. She lives, and lives for ever." Her husband and her brother only survived her two months. They were all buried in the same tomb, and a suitable epitaph was inscribed upon it. The Academy of Heidelberg ordained that the house they had lived in should bear an inscription, and be preserved at the expense of the city.

THE STORM.

A LONELY bark, by bounding seas
Toss'd wildly to and fro,
Dashed o'er the billows' foaming brow
To foaming deeps below.
Crash echoed crash, the quivering spars
Broke o'er the leaning side,
And left the bark a shattered wreck,
The stormy waves to ride.

The sturdy seamen struggled hard
To hold the yielding helm,
And keep the ship free from the seas
That threatened to o'erwhelm;
But when the plunging billows spurn'd
Their impotent control,
They flew to drown their gloomy foams
In the accursed bowl.

Upon the raging ocean, then,
Helpless was left the bark;
To the wild mercy of the waves,
Amid the tempest dark.
Upon the deck alone there stood
A man of courage high—
A hero—from whose bosom fear
Had never drawn a sigh.

With folded arms, erect he stood,
His countenance was mild,
And, calmly gazing on the scene,
He bowed his head and smiled.
A wild shriek from the cabin rose,
Up rushed his beautiful bride;
With locks dishevelled, and in tears,
She trembled by his side.

"Oh, why, my love, upon thy lips,"
She cried, "doth play that smile,
While all is gloom and terror here,
And I must weep the while?"

No word the warrior spoke, but
Drew from beneath his vest
A poniard bright, and placed the point
Against her heaving breast.
She started not, nor shrieked in dread,
As she had shrieked before;
But stood, astonished, and surveyed
His tranquil features o'er.

"Oh, why, my love, dost thou not start?
May not thy blood be spilt?"
With sweet composure she replied,
"My husband holds the hilt."
"Dost wonder, then, that I am calm—
That fear shakes not my form?
I ne'er can tremble while I know
My God directs the storm."

WILBERFORCE AND THE BIBLE.

An incident befell Mr. Wilberforce in early life which was productive of consequences the most important and delightful to all the friends of humanity and religion. He was in the twenty-fourth year of his age when he was elected member for Hull, Yorkshire. He attended the county election afterward, and such was the charm of his eloquence on that occasion, in the large castle area at York, that the people all cried out, "We will have that little man for our member." He was then one of the gayest of the gay; not a vicious man, but peculiar for his wit and his distinction in the fashionable circles. He was always remarkable for his wit; but it became

innocuous under Christian principles. He went to pay a visit to a relation, and was accompanied by Isaac Milner, afterward Dean of Carlisle. Mention was made of a certain individual who moved in the same rank, an ecclesiastical gentleman, a man devoted to his duty. Mr. Wilberforce said regarding him that "he thought he carried things too far." To which Mr. Milner said he was "inclined to think Mr. W. would form a different estimate on the subject were he carefully to peruse the whole of the New Testament." His friend Wilberforce replied that he would take him at his word; and read it through with pleasure. They were both Greek scholars, and in their journey they perused the New Testament together. That single perusal was so blessed to Mr. W. that he became a new man. The witty songster, the joy and crown of Doncaster races, became the Christian senator and the strong advocate of negro emancipation. This was the consequence, these were the happy results of an attentive reading of the Holy Scriptures. They afford a proof of the Divine authority of those sacred books, and that their contents are calculated to make men wiser, and happier, and better even in this world.

THE LUNATIC'S PRAYER.

In a garden of Berlin, a canary bird was found, bearing on its neck a small note. The address was unusual—"An den lieben Gott—To the good Lord." The finder broke the seal, and found that it contained a tale of sorrow and an earnest request. It was written by a lady, an inmate of a private lunatic asylum—the unfortunate one pleading for relief from her sad situation. She complained that the misrule and self-will of a rude female attendant were the cause of her suffering. All explanations to her relatives were vain, because this attendant attributed her complainings to a diseased mind, and punished her for attempting to make known her situation. The benevolent individual who found the note determined to investigate the matter. The lady's name was subscribed in full, so that her friends were easily found. She was removed to another institution. In a few months the best wishes of her friends were gratified. She was fully restored.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

An agent for foreign missions preached in a certain town in America, and on the next day called in company on the people to receive their contributions. They came to a very poor hut, in which dwelt a mother in Israel. They called, but did not expect to receive a contribution. The old lady was above seventy years of age; she was bent nearly double by age and infirmities. She supported herself and a helpless daughter by spinning flax. She said to the visitors, "I am glad you have come; I was afraid you would not; and last night I lay awake and prayed that God would send some one, and now you are here."

She handed them 3s. 6d., which she had that morning procured. The agent declined taking it, thinking that she needed it herself. She insisted on his taking it. He wrote her name on the subscription paper, and put 3s. 6d. opposite, and told her he would pay it, and that she should keep her money for herself and daughter. She burst into tears, and said, "What have I done, that you won't let me give this money? I have prayed for forty years for the heathen, and yesterday you told us the time had come for us to give as well as pray, and I was glad of it; and now you won't let me give this money; it is very hard!" The agent took the money. Would that all Christians possessed a similar spirit!

A CONTRAST.

"DURING a revival of religion," said a speaker at a public meeting, "two young men at college were seriously impressed at the same time. One of them had been remarkably correct in his general deportment; the other was a wild youth. As they walked one evening, they agreed to call upon their pastor, and make known to him their state of mind. They came to the gate, when one of the young men leaned over the fence and said, 'I think I shall not go in; I do not know that it will do me any good.' His companion replied, 'You can do as you please; but, for myself, I am resolved to go in.' Here they parted. The former passed on. Before the time to graduate arrived, he was expelled from college for immorality; he then sunk rapidly in vice, went to the West Indies, and there died, not long after, the victim of intemperance. The other went in, opened his heart, and received direction in the way of life. He soon found peace of mind, entered the ministry, and now stands before you, a sinner saved by grace."

THE MESS OF POTTAGE.

(Gen. xxv.)

"Of all the patriarchs," says Bishop Hall, "none made so little noise in the world as Isaac; none lived either so privately or so innocently; neither know I whether he approved himself a better son or husband." Rebekah, his beautiful wife—the romantic Oriental story of whose marriage is recorded by the sacred historian—had two sons, Esau and Jacob. Their characters early exhibited a marked diversity. "The boys grew: and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Esau found employment congenial to his impulsive nature in chasing on foot the wild tenants of the desert, as the Arab lad to-day runs down even the swift gazelle, and bears it home in triumph; and thus he nursed those physical and mental qualities which trained him ultimately for the kindred but more perilous office of a military leader of some four hundred men.

Jacob, on the other hand, was of a retiring disposition, preferring the comforts of home, and employing himself in the simple pursuits of pastoral life. The actual characteristics of each suggested their respective modes of life, and their modes of life would confirm and develop their natural characteristics. As time passed and wealth increased, Jacob became increasingly the child of home and civilisation, and of the diplomacy of civilisation. Esau nurtured in the fields that bold and tameless nature which addicted him to hunting and war. Yet, if rivalry or conflict should ever arise between the brothers, the shrewd intellect of the one might still find methods to parry the sword of the other.

It may seem strange, and yet it is true, that Esau should be the favourite son of his gentle father. But Isaac had the sympathies of the Bedouin race, and affection often leads towards contraries; besides which, Isaac had an Arab preference for the choice dishes of game which Esau brought from the hunting-field, over the abundance of the less dainty fare of the fold and the crop. On the other hand, the younger son was especially beloved by his mother; and as he was constantly at home, she was able to exercise a crafty influence over him, and make him an agent in her plots for securing his pre-eminence in the family. Jacob, too, seems, in his early days, to have shared some of his mother's cunning; and, learning from her that a superior career had been predicted for him, he was not content to leave the fulfilment with Providence, but was ever on the watch to obtain from his brother the relinquishment of those natural rights which, as the firstborn, he possessed.

While waiting for this opportunity, an incident occurred which, however trifling in itself, involved important consequences. One day Jacob was engaged in preparing a pottage of lentiles, when his brother Esau arrived from the hunting-field. It has been truly said that the "uncivilised or semi-civilised man is a child in his appetites, and the hunger of such a man is a madness." Civilised people, who are accustomed regularly to partake of their meals, think little or nothing of their food, except when actually eating it; but it is very different with the Bedouin, even to this day. His temperance and frugality are from necessity, not from choice; for in their nature these men are gluttonous, and they will eat anything and everything, till they are gorged. "I have sometimes amused myself," says Mr. Stephens, "with trying the variety of their appetites, and I never knew them refuse anything that could be eaten. Their stomach was literally their god; and the only chance of doing anything with them was by first making it a grateful offering."* "We are thoroughly persuaded," says Dr. Kitto, "that among the uncivilised people of different countries there would be thousands of voluntary candidates for sacrifice upon the altars, if it were well understood that, as among the ancient Gauls, the victim would, for a whole year previously, be fed on the choicest dainties of the land."

Let these circumstances be kept in mind, and we shall better understand the allusion to the otherwise gentle and godly Isaac, when it is said even of him that he was not insensible to these appeals—that "he loved Esau because he did eat of his venison;" and we shall be better prepared for the incident here recorded. The elder brother returned from the hunting-field. He was weary, and hungry, and faint. The coarsest fare would have been welcome; but he scented the fragrance of that savoury dish, and begged Jacob to feed him with it. The latter felt that his long desired opportunity had come, and he made his brother's necessity the stepping-stone to his own advantage. "And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright." Esau, in his extremity, agreed, and Jacob, making the most of the transaction, pressed the bargain closer, and exacted an oath in confirmation of the transaction. Then, and not till then, did Jacob give his brother "bread and pottage of lentiles; and he did eat and drink, and rose up and went his way: thus Esau," it is added, "despised his birthright." "Surely," says Bishop Hall, "there was never any meat, except the forbidden fruit, bought so dear as this broth of Jacob."

It is not our intention to criticise the conduct of Jacob and his mother in these transactions. Whether their motives were altogether mercenary, or whether—as seems more probable—they were founded on a mistaken interpretation of the purposes of Providence, or whether Jacob sought the transfer to himself of the temporal or the spiritual heritage, or both, we shall not attempt to determine. We shall, on this occasion, refer rather to the character and course of Esau, as here depicted, and shall find in him a type of many in after days.

Esau is described, in the Epistle to the Hebrews,† as a "profane person, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright." This word profane has an older and a modern usage. It now means anti-religious, and implies contempt of religion. It used to mean simply not holy, something secular, as distinguished from that which is religious, as when we speak of profane history in contradistinction to sacred. Thus Esau was "a profane person." There was the mess of pottage; it was near; he saw it—smelt it; he was famished and faint—he longed to taste it; the advantage of doing so was present, immediate,

unquestionable. The birthright was of incomparably higher value, but it was remote, intangible; he might not live to possess it. So, for the sake of the present hour of ease and pleasure, he forfeited the future but substantial advantage; for a mess of pottage he bartered his birthright. Hence the New Testament writer pronounced him a "profane," a secular, a worldly person; and the Old Testament chronicler records, "Thus Esau despised his birthright."

But in all this Esau was a representative man. In his folly and moral falseness he was a type of multitudes who have come after him, and of many whose lot has been cast amid higher providential and religious privileges. "The wonder is," says an accomplished preacher, "after all, that men can be destroyed on so small a stock of passions. In our crimes we are ever the copyists of ourselves and of others. . . . Mankind reiterate themselves from age to age, from country to country. The heart goes through the narrow circle of follies in a thousand spheres. Each generation is the poor echo of its predecessor. We are vanquished by the novelty of seductions which were old in the days of Peter, and John, and Paul"—old in the days of Esau.

The Bedouin chieftain forfeiting his birthright for his brother's pottage is an illustration of the worldling in every age. It has been truly said that "worldliness is the spirit of childhood carried on into manhood." You tell the child he must control his appetite for the sake of his health, and not partake too bountifully, because the dish is dainty; but he dislikes your precautions, thinks that that which is so pleasing cannot be injurious, and would run the risk of future ill for the sake of present gratification. And what was Esau, what is the worldling, but an overgrown child, with something in them of the gambler's spirit? You tell the schoolboy of the evils of misspent opportunities—the value of education—that future prosperity depends on present diligence; but the day is fine, the birds are singing, the school-room is hot, the task is hard, the self-denial is great, and he fain would play—at least to-day. You tell the youth before whom life is just opening that it is of infinite moment that right principles should be early implanted—that right direction should be given to the life—that a right goal should be kept in view: but he thinks it hard that he should so soon be put under restraint; the cup of pleasure is sweet—he will only sip, and not drink deep, its exhilarating draught. You preach to men against the vanity of earthly good—the uncertainty of life—the peril of neglecting the priceless interests of the soul: but gold is as precious and as powerful as ever, and the tricks of trade are profitable, and the passions of men are very strong, and the overtures of sin very seductive, and life may be long, and death may be remote, and the soul may at last, perhaps, be saved. Such men are but children of a larger growth: they are like Esau, with his mess of pottage.

Thus the old alternative is evermore repeated, and the choice has to be made by each of us—the present and the future, meat and mind, appetite and spirit, mammon and God, the mess of pottage and the Father's blessing. The one is an immediate advantage: it appeals to sight and sense; it proffers the gold with which you may buy comfort, lands, titles, power; with which you may gratify appetite and please the taste; or with which you may rule man, and be almost worshipped by multitudes, who shall be happy in your smile, and rejoice to kiss the hem of your garment. This is the "mess of pottage." On the other hand, there is the inward and abiding good, the birthright of the regenerate soul, the blessings which outlive all the perishable satisfactions of time, which shall be when the robes of rank are moth-

* "Incidents of Travel." † Heb. xii. 16.

eaten and mouldering, when the gold has taken to itself wings, when sceptres have cankered, when heaven and earth have passed away. This is the Father's benediction.

We see that the course of Esau—type of so many in after days—was foolish, criminal, and miserable.

It was *foolish*. To appease an appetite, he resigned the rights of the firstborn. For a moment's gratification, he bartered years of blessing. How many have followed in his steps! To please a palate, to thrill a nerve with transient delight, to taste the mad delirium of revenge, to exercise a momentary power, they imperil the loss of character, reputation, their temporal and eternal welfare; they squander their spiritual birthrights for a morsel of meat; they forfeit the blessing of God and of man for a mess of pottage. Is not this the act of wilful and inexcusable folly? Will not the Only Wise righteously brand that man "a fool?"

It is *criminal*. True, in this case, Providence overruled the event for the accomplishment of his own designs; but the act was not in itself, on that account, less guilty. And when men follow in the course of Esau, they share his criminality, with all the additional aggravation of their superior privileges. They thwart the very purposes of their Creator, degrade their spiritual nature to an animal existence, make the soul the serf of the flesh, violate the direct commands of God, and do despite to that Spirit of grace and that scheme of redemption by which they might be saved, and sanctified, and glorified.

It is *miserable*. The gratification was momentary. No sooner was it tasted than it ended. The flame of appetite flickered for an instant, and then expired. But the long days of remorse followed—the gnawings of vain and useless sorrow, and self-contempt, and hate. Esau found in his father no change of mind in reference to the blessing, although "he sought it diligently, with tears."

Reader, take warning by his example. Barter not away thy spiritual birthright. Sell it not for all the flowers of Eden—all the garlands of honour—all the power of empires—all the sceptres of kings. Choose that better part which shall not be taken away. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

TWENTY APHORISMS.

1. Holy things are too good, and sinful things are too bad, to be laughed at; for all that is holy requires reverence, and all that is sinful calls for repentance.
2. Religion, though true, will not save a man who is not true.
3. The highest exercise of reason is to cease reasoning about those things which are above reason.
4. Prosperity was the blessing of the Old Testament, but sanctified afflictions are the blessings of the New.
5. A meek and quiet behaviour may commend us to men, but it is a meek and quiet spirit that commends us to God.
6. They who reject the light may expect to lose the light.
7. None but holy men shall see the Holy One; for without holiness none shall see God.
8. Education without religion is only painted morality.
9. Happiness is internal, not external.
10. Riches are something more than a man possesses.
11. In very faithfulness God afflicts; it is therefore good to be afflicted.
12. The highest service on earth is to be the servant of God, and the highest honour in both worlds is to be one of the brethren of Christ and one of the friends of God.
13. Forsake not God by sinning, lest God forsake you for sinning.
14. A well-spent Sabbath brings all Christian travellers a Sabbath-day's journey nearer to the promised rest.

15. Give and forgive, bear and forbear, spend and be spent.

16. The repentance of the finally impenitent is wisdom learnt too late.

17. Hope and mercy attend an ungodly man to the churchyard, but refuse to look into his grave.

18. Repentance in old age is offering to God the dregs of our existence.

19. There is but one road that leads to life eternal; there are a thousand that lead to everlasting death.

20. A wicked man dies twice in one moment.

Short Arrows.

GOD AND OURSELVES.—"There are two objects that I have ever desired for these forty years to behold—the one is my own vileness, and the other is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and I have always thought that they should be viewed together, just as Aaron confessed all the sins of all Israel whilst he put them upon the head of the scape-goat."

PRIVATE PRAYER.—God can hear the *heart* without the *mouth*, yet without *words* the *heart* is slow in making itself heard. This is the true meaning of the injunction, "Bring words," &c., unto the Lord. Unless we pray *articulately*, we are apt to pray *wanderingly*. The late John Angell James used to pray aloud so earnestly as to be heard by those in an adjoining room. And although it is not necessary to articulate louder than to be heard by God, yet to be sure that we are praying we should not give up articulation altogether.

DEATH.—We are not passengers to the grave, but *through* it. It is not the terminus of the railroad of life, but a tunnel through which we must pass if we would emerge into a higher and brighter state of existence. True, as we enter this tunnel, its dark and cheerless aspect may and will engender fears, but it is because we cannot realise the beauty and glory of the scenery beyond it. Why should we shrink at Death? He is the servant whom our heavenly Father sends to conduct us from this school of discipline to our home on high. Why should we shudder as we stand upon the verge of the grave? It is not the entrance of a gloomy dungeon, but the avenue to our Father's house! Our Redeemer has taken the key of the grave from the girdle of Death, and passing through the tomb has unlocked the gate at the other extremity, and thrown it wide open, that all his ransomed brethren may follow him fearlessly.

INFIDELITY.—The wonder then (says John Foster) turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence which can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are requisite for this attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, while a God is denied. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity, by which even he would be overpowered. If he do not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he be not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he be not in absolute possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be God. If he do not know everything that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he know all things, that is, precludes all other divine existence, by being Deity himself, he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects does not exist. But he *must* know that he does not exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he firmly avows his rejection, and acts accordingly.

Youths' Department.

THE PRIZE.

THE next morning the wind had abated and the rain had ceased, but the lawn was saturated with the effects of the previous storm, and the paths were in a state that rendered walking a very undesirable operation. The young folks at the Manor House resolved, if the uncle were at liberty to join their circle, to renew the word-battle, and again to contend for the prize, which at that moment was displaying its antiquated charms upon a table in the library. The uncle and the father, who were prevented by the condition of the roads from taking an intended morning walk to the village, were very willing to prefer a seat at the fireside to a walk productive of discomfort.

"Papa," said Willie, "I do not know who is to begin. Will you name some one?"

"If I mistake not," said the father, "we began this battle of words yesterday, by calling upon the youngest. Let us vary the arrangement, by asking one of the seniors. Walter, imitate the governor of a defended castle, and issue forth the pass-word."

"As we are not likely, sir," said Walter, "to have much pleasure to-day out of doors, I think it desirable that we should secure a little enjoyment within; I will therefore give the leading word, and hope, where practicable, that the reply may be in some anecdote or pleasing story that may afford us prisoners for the day a fair portion of amusement."

"Be it so," they all exclaimed; "but remember, Walter, that you will be tried by your own laws."

"I am quite willing," was the bold reply; then addressing his sister Maude, "Now, answer, O thou descendant of the Saxons, in the presence of this assemblage, to the word *Puff*."

"You have said too little," replied the lady. "The word is ambiguous."

"Lady fair, I think you will find I have said too much; for I doubt if any of us could reply; but I will treble my words, and say—*Puff of Wind*."

One and all of the party thought that Maude must fail; it seemed scarcely possible to comply, according to the restriction; but Maude, after thinking for some time, said:—

A very singular circumstance is narrated in the history of the Bank of England, or, rather, of the various important events which have occurred in connection with that storehouse of the nation's wealth. A gentleman, many years ago, obtained a bank-note for £20,000 from the Bank, and on his return to his residence, which was near at hand, he took the note out of his pocket-book, to deposit it in a place of safety until it was required. At this moment, a servant said that some one at the door wished to ask him a question, and would not detain him an instant. The gentleman rose to give the answer, and, placing the note on the mantelpiece, went to the door, answered the question, and returned. Scarcely one minute had intervened; no one had entered the room, and the gentleman had only moved a few paces from the room—but the bank-note was gone! Diligent search was made, but all proved fruitless. At length it was presumed that the opening of the door had caused a *puff of wind*, and that this unfortunate puff had carried the note from the mantel-shelf into the fire, and there it had been consumed. The owner of the note was one of the Bank directors; he therefore applied to the Bank, stated his loss, and requested, as the note was destroyed, that another note might be given. The directors allowed a period to intervene, and then, upon the owner giving security, they consented to replace the lost note, deeming themselves safe from the possibility of loss by the guarantee obtained. Many years afterwards, the gentleman died, and his property was divided among his children and relatives; and shortly after, the residence was to be sold, that it might be taken down to make way for sundry improvements. The materials were disposed of by auction, and purchased by a Jew; and, on taking down the mantelpiece in the dining-room, the lost note for £20,000 was found. The Jew presented it, without loss of time, at the Bank, and demanded smaller notes in exchange. The cashier explained the circumstances, and re-

fused to pay. The Jew insisted, and urged, as a plea, that as the note was good, and had not been stolen by him, they had not the power to refuse; and as to the circumstances, he knew nothing about them; and then giving his address, he added, if the money was not sent to him within one hour, he would affix a notice on the Exchange, stating that the Bank of England had stopped payment. The governors were alarmed, knowing that, if the Jew carried out his threat, there would be a run upon the Bank, which would entail a much greater loss, and might lead to direful results; they therefore arrived at the conclusion that it would be the wiser policy to pay the amount, and claim it from the security. The angry Jew was sent for, and the money was paid. The governors applied to the security, and received for answer that the person was dead, that his property had been transferred to the various claimants, and that there existed no one who could be made amenable. Thus, by an unfortunate *puff of wind*, the Bank lost the goodly sum of £20,000.

"I think," said Maude, "I have not only responded to the test, but taught you some valuable morals."

"What are these lessons of wisdom, thou wise moralist?" cried Walter.

"The evils arising from the lack of prudence—in placing the note, even for a moment, where it ought not to have been placed; from the want of diligence, perseverance, and thought when seeking the lost note; the important results arising from trifles; the abiding effects of an unwise act—also that, the unoffending oft suffer for the offending; and that unknown troubles may be suspended for years over a family. Let these suffice. I could give you many others."

"As you have overwhelmed us by so much wisdom, I must take heed, for the future, how I ask my questions; but, my dear Maude, jesting apart, I own you have conquered, and conquered bravely."

"I shall display, Mr. Walter, my magnanimity, as well as the bravery for which you give me credit, by allowing you to escape, and calling upon Arthur."

"I hold myself, as in duty bound," said Arthur, "at your service. How do you desire to try me?"

"By the word *INTEGRITY*."

"I think," said Arthur, "I can give you an illustration not only of *integrity*, but of *integrity rewarded*. As it is not in print, and I only heard it once, I must quote it to the best of my recollection, and will endeavour to use the identical words that were employed:—

Long since, a gentleman, whom I know, dined at a friend's house, and there met, he said, a relative of mine host, who had recently returned from a country tour. On my tour (said the relative), I was invited, by one of the bishops, to spend a day or two at his palace. I availed myself with pleasure of the invitation, and, to please the learned divine, I took with me a very useful, but very rare work. The bishop was charmed with the book; therefore, as an act of courtesy, on the evening prior to my departure, I requested to be allowed to deposit the book on his lordship's table.

The bishop said, "I accept the book most readily, upon one condition."

"Pray name this condition."

"It is this, that when you arrive in town, you go to Mr. Hatchard, the bookseller, and ask him, if possible, to procure another copy, which copy you shall accept from me."

I promised to comply.

"Pray do," said the bishop, "and tell Mr. Hatchard that, by procuring a copy, he will oblige me; and I am sure," said the bishop, "as I have known that worthy man for above forty years, and was once able to render him a service, he will be gratified by doing anything that will please me; for I think I may say that, under Providence, I made Hatchard's fortune."

"May I venture to ask how it occurred?"

"Mr. Hatchard, many years ago, kept a little shop for the sale of books, and, I think, within the limits of the City. At that time, infidel publications were very prevalent, and a fearful state of scepticism existed—more especially among the humbler class of society—and the patrons of Tom Paine's writings were anxious to obtain a depot for the sale of his works within the City, and they applied to Hatchard, and made very bountiful offers, if he would comply, and become their agent; and his answer was, 'I am very poor, and the offer you make would be of great service to me; but I tell you candidly,

that I will never consent, for anything you can offer, to sell one of Paine's books; and, what is more, I not only refuse to sell them, but I will sell everything in my power that will tend to counteract their wicked principles.' Greatly mortified by his refusal, they were unable to carry out their plans; and I heard the particulars a few days afterwards from a friend, as we passed Hatchard's little shop. Now, at that time, I was chaplain to Bishop Porteus, and was that day to dine with the bishop. At dinner, I narrated the conversation that had passed between me and my friend. The bishop listened with great interest, and, turning to me, said, 'It is a great comfort that there are good men to be found in bad times.' No more was said on the subject. Bishop Porteus was at that time Clerk of the Closet, and, a few days after, his lordship received the royal commands to dine with the King and Queen, their Majesties George III. and Queen Charlotte. At dinner, the bishop repeated to her Majesty the information which I had given. The Queen made no reply, and the matter appeared to pass unheeded; but when the bishop entered the drawing-room, in the evening, her Majesty said, 'Do you think, my lord, that Mr. Hatchard would regard it as any compliment if he were appointed bookseller to the Queen?' 'I am very certain,' was the bishop's reply, 'that he would regard it as a great honour, if your Majesty were pleased to confer such a privilege upon him.' 'Then you have my authority,' said the Queen, 'and I will mention it also to his Majesty.' The King, pleased by the anecdote, related it the following day to several of the peers. The communication was quickly made to Mr. Hatchard; up flew the royal arms over his door, and orders from all quarters poured in, both from town and country; and from that day forth the only difficulty about money that the worthy bookseller suffered arose from the trouble of investing his gains. He rose to eminence in his business, became a man of wealth, and was held in esteem by all who knew him," and by the bishop, my informant, was regarded as an example of integrity, and in his case, happily, it was integrity rewarded.

"Well, Arthur," said the father, "I thank you for your interesting anecdote, and sincerely should I rejoice to find infidelity at all times as well opposed, and integrity as well encouraged. To whom do you now make your request?"

"If I look at a lamb, it is natural to think of a sheep; therefore, my little friend Minnie, what say you to my word *Sheep*?"

"Oh, I could say a great many things about sheep, although I am not a lamb, as you call me; but you want an anecdote, and that, I'm afraid, I cannot give."

"Minnie, dear," said the uncle, "there are three wonderfully useful letters in the alphabet, and I recommend them to you. 'I fear I cannot' often fails; but my three letters frequently prevail. They are T E Y, and, if they fail, call to your aid a connection of theirs."

"Who is that, uncle?"

"TRY AGAIN."

"I shall employ the letters you recommend, for I think I recollect something that will do; and you must, as Walter would say, 'be thankful for small mercies'; and, as my witty brother, Willie, tells us, you must not expect as much wool from a lamb as from a sheep."

"Why, Minnie," exclaimed her brother, "you have given a reply before you have given an answer!"

"I suppose," said Minnie, "that people do right sometimes without knowing it; I certainly have done right by accident, for I never intended it. This is my reply to your test:—"

An application was made to the chancellor respecting the property of a lunatic, and his lordship, hearing that he had been in confinement for several years, expressed a desire to see the person. Consequently, at a time appointed, the lunatic was brought before the chancellor, who entered into conversation with him, and after a time observed, "You are very fond of agricultural pursuits!"

"Very much so," was the reply.

"You are a good judge of cattle, I understand?"

"Tolerably so."

"Then let me ask you a question," said the learned examiner.

"By all means."

"Pray, how many legs has a sheep?"

"Dead or alive, my lord!"

"They are both the same," said the chancellor; "are they not?"

"No," said the insane man, "I beg your lordship's pardon, they are not the same; for a sheep, when alive, has four legs, but when he is dead *he has only two*."

His attendants thought, "There is no doubt that this gentleman is not sane, but there is reason in his madness."

"Excellent, my little friend. Now, who is to run next, and what is he to follow?"

"Willie, I will give you uncle's word—TRY."

"I am to try what I can do with TRY—is that it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think you could not find a harder word, even if you were to call to your aid TRY again; but while there is life there is hope, and 'Nil desperandum' is my motto."

"But I shall despair, young gentleman, if you are so discursive in your fancies," said his father.

"I am at home in a moment, papa. Here is my grave response."

On reading the will of an honest Scotchman, it was discovered that he had left the sum of one guinea to be invested in the purchase of an epitaph, and his three executors were to see to the judicious expenditure of the money. The deceased had shown his Scotch prudence in thus limiting the amount; but his executors were Scotch also, and regarded it as an act of imprudence, if so much money were allowed to leave the family; they therefore agreed to earn the amount by their combined literary exertions, and although they were sadly inexperienced, they resolved that each should TRY. Consequently, on a given day, the trio assembled in grave conclave to produce the epitaph, and establish their joint claim to the guinea. The first man, seizing his pen, and animated by a spirit of poetic ardour, wrote—

"Here lies Duncan, Provost of Dundee."

The other, not to be outdone, won his portion of the gold by dashing off—

"Here lies him, here lies he."

The third, almost in despair by such specimens of poetic talent, and alarmed for his share of the reward, and almost breathless with excitement at the weight of the undertaking, shouted out, as his testimony to friend Duncan—

"D liked us, and us liked D."

And thus was produced, by their combined efforts, this evidence of the power of the Muses—

"Here lies Duncan, Provost of Dundee;

Here lies him, here lies he;

D liked us, and us liked D."

Thus honour was rendered to the memory of the deceased, and the prudent executors were remunerated for their primary efforts in producing the magic charms of poetry.

"I am unwilling," said the father, "to curtail your enjoyments, but I must recall to your recollection what, it appears, some of you are likely to forget—namely, that time is passing; and when breakfast is prepared, it is the duty of somebody to eat it. Willie, make your selection, and then close."

"Be it known to my revered parent, that I am obedience personified—I listen to obey."

"Well, Mr. Willie, I am charmed to hear it, and only hope that your compliance may be as prompt, when breakfast is past, as it is now that needful meal is at hand. To which, my friend, am I indebted for your ready acquiescence—is it to your good appetite or to your good conduct?"

"To both, papa," was the young gentleman's response.

"Now, Maude, I shall sing for joy," cried Willie, "because I have the privilege of trying to puzzle my accomplished and amiable sister, and she will have no power to bewilder me. If you had offended me—which you never do—I could now take my revenge; but for me to take revenge upon Maude is only an empty dream."

"Well, Mr. Verbosity, what is the word?"

"Oh, I lost sight of that! Take the last word spoken—a DREAM."

"As you have delighted yourselves with merry prose, listen now, I pray you, Mr. Playful, to grave and truthful poetry. Your test-word is DREAM."

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

"If you are pleased, sister Maude, to attend to me," said Willie, "my advice is, do not wait, but go directly and recruit your wasted strength, for breakfast is ready. Uncle, I hope you are preserving the numbers with great care, as I am sighing for the prize."

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

SOME children and some old folks are very fond of wasting time in building castles in the air. When a lazy boy sits down to think and dream about being a great scholar; when he looks forward to the time that he shall be a man, and thinks how grand he will be, although he is too lazy to study his lessons now; when a boy does this, we say he is building castles in the air, and of all castles these are the most worthless.

But this good-for-nothing, dreaming boy is not alone in building castles. Nearly everybody does it sometimes. There is no harm in looking far into the future, and thinking that you have done something that is worthy of a man. The danger is in doing nothing to make the dream come true; and, if you rest after the dream is over, be assured it will do you great injury.

The best way is not to think much about the future, but to see that we do our present duty every day. I wouldn't give a fig for a boy that can only build castles in the air, no matter how majestic and splendid they may be. But when I see a boy faithful to his daily duties, when he works during work hours with all his might, and plays with all his might during play time, I think he'll make a man.

As it is in business, so it is in religion. There never was a boy that did not sometimes fancy how nice it would be to be a Christian. Talk about heaven, thousands will imagine themselves there. Speak of a crown, and they fancy they feel one on their own heads. If you mention harps, they can hear themselves playing on the golden strings till heaven stands still to listen. But, alas! when the command comes to them, "Give me thine heart," "Now is the accepted time," "Repent," "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," they turn away, they will not take the first step towards obtaining heaven, a crown, or a golden harp.

If we would be Christians, it will not be by castle-building about the future of heaven, but by coming to-day to the Saviour, by using now those means which he has appointed. Let castle-building go, and let us ask every morning, What does the Lord wish me to do to-day? and, having received the answer, let us faithfully obey its directions. In this way only can we obtain what is worth having in this world, or what is desirable in the next.

THE LILY'S MISSION.

ONE summer morning, at early dawn, a beautiful lily blossomed in a great garden filled with fruit trees, and upon the walls of which clambered many vines, bearing in their season delicious grapes. No other flowers bore the lily company. It was beautiful, but it was lonely; and when it looked up to the great trees overhead, and saw the smiling vines on the walls, and remembered that man rejoiced in all these because of the luscious fruit they offered him in the hot season, it sighed, for it said, in a flower's faint, whispering tones, "I have no mission,

no task; I can but bloom in solitude and fade." Then came on the breeze a voice, "Be patient; our God hath also some tasks for thee."

The sun rose, it beamed upon the lily, and warmed its chilled heart; noontide came and passed. In the quiet evening hour two children entered the garden; their faces were flushed with anger, and their voices were cross and loud, for they quarrelled for the possession of a toy. Archie struggled and cried, and his brother Willie held the plaything fast, in a determined grasp. Suddenly they saw the lily, and the toy fell to the ground. For a moment they stood admiringly before it, and then ran to call their mother. She came and taught them a sweet lesson from its pure and perfect beauty. The children were impressed; and, not long after, returned lovingly together to the house. And when they grew up, and went out into the great world, the flower and the lesson were not forgotten, but influenced their lives for good.

Later in the evening, a fair young girl visited the garden with her aged father, and they too paused to gaze on the lovely and fragrant flower. "Pure as a lily in its perfume and bloom should be the life of a child of God," said the old man, laying his hand on the head of his daughter. She bent over the flower, she touched the white petals, she inhaled their fragrance, and a prayer was softly breathed to God, that her influence on earth, even like this fair flower, might be pure, and to the praise of her Creator.

The next dawn the lily had faded. But it passed away with happy content, having fulfilled its mission on earth, which had been a loftier one than that even of the fruit-trees and the vines, for it had appealed to the souls of God's creatures by its purity and loveliness, and had bestowed a blessing by its life.

THE CHANNINGS.—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNN," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

AN ARRIVAL IN A FLY.

WAS anybody ever so ill used as that unfortunate Mr. Galloway? On the morning which witnessed his troublesome clerk's departure, he sat rather longer than usual over his breakfast, never dreaming of the calamity in store for him. That his thoughts were given to business, there was no doubt, for his newspaper lay untouched. In point of fact, his mind was absorbed by the difficulties which had arisen in his office, and the ways and means by which those difficulties might be best remedied.

That it would be impossible to get on with Roland Yorke alone, he had said to himself twenty times; and now he was saying it again, little supposing, poor unconscious man, that even Roland, bad as he was, had taken flight. He had never intended to get along with only Roland, but circumstances had induced him to attempt doing so for a time. In the first place, he had entertained hopes, until very recently, that Jenkins would recover; in the second place, failing Jenkins, there was nobody in the wide world he would so soon have in his office as Arthur Channing—provided that Arthur could prove his innocence. With Arthur and Roland, he could go on very well, or with Jenkins and Roland; but poor Jenkins appeared to be getting beyond hope; and Arthur's innocence was no nearer the light than it had been, in spite of that strange coming back to him of the money. Moreover, Arthur had declined to return to the office, even to help with the copying, preferring to take it home. All these reflections were pressing upon the mind of Mr. Galloway.

"I'll wait no longer," said he, as he brought them to a conclusion. "I'll go this very day after that young Bartlett. I think he might suit, with some drilling. If he

turns out a second Yorke, I shall have a nice pair upon my hands. But he can't well turn out as bad as Roland: he comes of a more business-like stock."

This point settled, Mr. Galloway took up the *Times*. Something in its pages awoke his interest, and he sat longer over it than it had been his wont to do since the departure of Jenkins. It was twenty minutes past nine by his watch when he started for his office.

"Now, I wonder how I shall find that gentleman?" soliloquised he, when he drew near. "Amusing himself, as usual, of course. He'll have made a show of putting out the papers, and there they will be, lying unopened. He'll be at Aunt Sally with the letters, or dancing a quadrille with the stools, or got himself stretched three parts out of the window, saluting the passengers. I never thought he'd do me much good, and should not have taken him, but for the respect I owed the late Dr. Yorke. Now for it!"

It was all very well for Mr. Galloway to say, "Now for it," and to put his hand stealthily upon the door-handle, with the intention of pouncing suddenly upon his itinerant pupil. But the door would not open. Mr. Galloway turned, and turned, and shook the handle, like our respected friend Mr. Ketch did when he was locked in the cloisters, but he turned it to no purpose.

"He has not come yet!" wrathfully exclaimed Mr. Galloway. "All the work of the office on his shoulders and mine, the most busy time of the whole year, and here's half-past nine, and no appearance of him! If I live this day out, I'll complain to Lady Augusta!"

At this moment the housekeeper's little maid came running forward. "Where's Mr. Yorke?" thundered the proctor, in his anger, as if the child had the keeping of him.

"Please, sir, he's gone to Port Natal."

"Gone to—what?" uttered Mr. Galloway.

She was unlocking the door, and then stood back to courtsey while Mr. Galloway entered, following in after him—an intelligent child for her years.

"Please, sir, Mr. Yorke came round this morning, while me and missis was a dusting of the place, and he said we was to tell Mr. Galloway, when he come, that he had left his compliments, and gone to Port Natal."

"It is not true," cried Mr. Galloway. "How dare he play these tricks?" he added, to himself.

"Please, sir, missis said she thought as it was true, 'cause he had got a carpet bag," returned the young servant.

Mr. Galloway stared at the child. "You go round at once to Lady Augusta's," said he, "and ask what Mr. Yorke means by being so late. I desire that he will come immediately."

The child flew off, and Mr. Galloway, hardly knowing what to make of matters, proceeded to do what he ought to have found done. He and Jenkins had duplicate keys to the desks, letter-box, &c. Since Jenkins's illness, his keys had been in possession of Roland. Presently the child came back again.

"Please, sir, her ladyship's compliments, and Mr. Roland have gone to Port Natal."

The consternation that this would have caused Mr. Galloway, had he believed it, might have been pitiable. An intimation that our clerk, who was in the office the previous night, pursuing his legitimate work, has "gone to Port Natal," like we might say of somebody who goes to make a morning call at the next door, is not very credible. Neither did Mr. Galloway give credence to it.

"Did you see her ladyship?" he asked.

"Please, sir, I saw one of the servants, and she went to her ladyship, and brought out the message."

The young messenger retired, leaving Mr. Galloway to his fate. He persisted in assuming that the news was too absurd to be correct; but a dreadful inward misgiving began to steal over him.

The question was set at rest by the Lady Augusta. Feeling excessively vexed with Roland, at not having informed Mr. Galloway of his intended departure—as from the message, it would appear he had not done—she determined to go round; and did so, following closely on the heels of the

maid. Her ladyship had already wonderfully recovered her spirits. They were of a mercurial nature, liable to go up and down at touch; and Hamish had contrived to cheer her greatly.

"What does all this mean? Where's Roland?" began Mr. Galloway, showing little more deference to her ladyship, in his flurry, than he might have shown to Roland himself.

"Did you not know he was going?" she asked.

"I know nothing. Where is he gone?"

"He has started for Port Natal; that is, he has started for London, on his way to it. He went by the eight o'clock train."

Mr. Galloway sat down in consternation. "My lady, allow me to inquire what sort of behaviour you call this?"

"Whether it is good or bad, right or wrong, I can't help it," was the reply of Lady Augusta. "I'm sure I have enough to bear!" she added, melting into tears. "Of course he ought to have informed you of his intention, Mr. Galloway. I thought he did. He told me he had done so."

A reminiscence of Roland's communication crossed Mr. Galloway's mind; of his words, "Don't say I did not give you notice, sir." He had paid no heed to it then.

"He is just another of my headstrong boys," grumbled Lady Augusta. "They are all specimens of wilfulness. I never knew that it was this morning he intended to be off, until he was gone, and I had to run after him to the station. Ask Hamish Channing."

"He must be mad!" exclaimed Mr. Galloway.

"He says great fortunes are made, out at Port Natal. I don't know whether it is so."

"Great fortunes made!" irascibly responded Mr. Galloway. "Pittances that folks go out with are lost, when they are such as he. That's what it is. Harem-scarem chaps, who won't work, can do no good at Port Natal. Great fortunes made, indeed! I wonder that you can be led away by notions so wild and extravagant, Lady Augusta!"

"I am not led away by them," peevishly returned Lady Augusta, a recollection of her own elation on the point darting unpleasantly to her mind. "Where would have been the use of my holding out against it, when he had got his heart upon the thing? He would have gone in spite of me. Do you not think fortunes are made there, Mr. Galloway?"

"I am sure they are not, by such as Roland," was the reply. "A man who works one hour in the day, and plays eleven, would do less good at Port Natal than he would in his own country. A business man, thoroughly industrious, and possessing some capital, may make something at Port Natal, as he would at any other port. In the course of years he might realise a fortune—in the course of years, I say, Lady Augusta."

This was not precisely the prospect Roland had pictured to Lady Augusta, or to which her own imagination had lent its hues, and she stood in commotion nearly equal to Mr. Galloway's. "What on earth will he do, then, when he gets there?" ejaculated she.

"Find out his mistake, my lady, and come home without a coat to his back, as hundreds have done before him, and worked their passage home, to get here. It is to be hoped he will have to do the same. It will teach him what work is."

"There never was such an unhappy mother as I am!" bewailed my lady. "They will do just as they like, and always would, from George downwards: they won't listen to me. Poor dear boy! reduced, perhaps, to live on brown bread and pea-soup!"

"And lucky to get that!" cried angry Mr. Galloway.

"But the present question, Lady Augusta, is not what he may do when he gets to Port Natal, but what I am to do without him, here. Look at the position it has placed me in!"

Lady Augusta could give neither help nor counsel. In good truth, it was not her fault. But she saw that Mr. Galloway seemed to think it was hers, or that it was partially hers. She departed home again, feeling cross with Roland, feeling damped about his expedition, and begin-

ning to fancy that Port Natal might not, after all, bring her diamonds to wear, or offer her streets paved with malachite marble to drive upon.

Mr. Galloway sat down, and reiterated the question in relation to himself which Lady Augusta had put regarding Roland when he should arrive at Port Natal—What on earth was he to do? He could not close his office; he could not perform its various duties himself; he could not be out of doors and in at one and the same time, unless, indeed, he cut himself in two! What *was* he to do?

It was more than Mr. Galloway could tell. He put his two hands upon his knees, and stared in consternation, feeling himself grow hot and cold alternately. Could Roland—then whirling along in the train, reclining at his ease, his legs up on the opposite cushion as he enjoyed a luxurious pipe, to the inestimable future benefit of the carriage—have taken a view of Mr. Galloway and his discomfiture, his delight would have been unbounded.

"Incorrigible as he was, he was better than nobody," ejaculated Mr. Galloway, rubbing up his flaxen curls. "He could keep office, if he did not do much in it; he received and answered callers; he went out on hasty messages; and, upon a pinch, he did accomplish an hour or so's copying. I am down on my beam ends, and no mistake. What a simpleton the fellow must be! Port Natal, indeed, for him! If Lord Carrick were not own brother to my lady, he might have the sense to stop it. Why, he—"

Arrival the first, and nobody to answer it but Mr. Galloway! A fly had driven up and stopped at the door. Nobody appeared to be getting out of it, so Mr. Galloway, perforce, proceeded to see what it wanted. It might contain one of the chapter, or the dean himself!

But, by the time he reached the pavement, the inmates were descending. A short lady, in a black bonnet and short black skirts, had let herself out on the opposite side, and had come round to assist somebody out on this. Was it a ghost, or was it a man? His cheeks were hollow and hectic, his eyes were glistening as with fever, his nostrils and his chest heaved in concert. He had got a fur boa wrapped round his neck, and his over-coat hung in plaits on his tall, attenuated form, which seemed too weak to support itself, or to get down the fly steps without being lifted down.

"Now don't you be in a hurry!" the lady was saying, in a cross tone. "You'll come pitch into the mud with your nose. Can't you wait? It's my belief you are wanting to do it. Here, let me get firm hold of you; you know you are as weak as ever was a rat!"

You may recognise the voice as belonging to Mrs. Jenkins, and that poor shadow could be nobody but Jenkins himself, for there certainly was not another like it in all Helstoneleigh. Mr. Galloway stood in astonishment, wondering what this new move could mean. The descent accomplished, Jenkins was conducted by his wife through the passage to the office. He went straight to his old place at his desk, and sat down on his stool, his chest palpitating, his breath coming in great sighs—great heaving bursts. Laying his hat beside him, he turned respectfully to Mr. Galloway, who had followed him in, speaking with all his native humility—

"I have come, sir, to do what I can for you in this emergency."

And there he stopped—coughing, panting, shaking; looking like a man more fit to be lying on his dying bed than to be keeping office. Mr. Galloway gazed at him with compassion. He said nothing. Jenkins at that moment could neither have heard nor answered, and Mrs. Jenkins was out, paying the fly-driver.

The paroxysm was not over when she came in. She approached Jenkins, slightly shook him—her mode of easing the cough—dived in his pockets for his silk handkerchief, with which she wiped his brow, took off the fur from his neck, waited till he was quiet, and began—

"I hope you are satisfied? If you are not, you ought to be. Who's to know whether you'll get back alive? I don't."

"What did he come for?" asked Mr. Galloway.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jenkins, "that's just what I want to know! As if he could do any good in the state he is! Look at him, sir."

Poor Jenkins, who was indeed a sight to be looked at, turned his wan face upon Mr. Galloway.

"I cannot do much, sir, I know; I wish I could; but I can sit in the office—at least, I hope I can—just to take care of it while you are out, sir, until you can find somebody to replace Mr. Roland."

"How did you know he was gone off?" demanded Mr. Galloway.

"It was in this way," interposed Mrs. Jenkins, ages before poor Jenkins could gather breath to answer. "I was on my hands and knees, brushing the fluff off my drawing-room carpet this morning, when I heard something tearing up the stairs at the rate of a coach-and-six. Who should it be but young Mr. Yorke, on his way to Jenkins in bed, without saying so much as 'With your leave,' or 'By your leave.' A minute or two, and down he came again, gave me a little touch of his impudence, and was gone before I could answer. Well, sir, I kept on at my room, and when it was done I went down-stairs to see about the breakfast, never suspecting what was going on with *him*—pointing her finger at Jenkins. "I was pouring out his tea when it was ready to take up to him, and putting a bit of something on a plate, which I intended to make him eat, when I heard something creeping down the stairs—stumbling, and panting, and coughing—and out I rushed. There stood he—*he*, Mr. Galloway! dressed and washed as you see him now! he that has not got up lately till evening, and me dressing him, then! 'Have you took leave of your senses?' said I to him. 'No,' said he, 'my dear, but I must go to the office to-day; I can't help myself. Young Mr. Yorke's gone away, and there'll be nobody.' 'And good luck go with him, for all the use he's of here, getting you out of your bed,' said I. If Jenkins were as strong as he'd used to be, I should have felt tempted to treat him to a shaking, and then, perhaps, he'd have remembered it!"

"Mr. Roland told me he was going away, sir, and that you had nobody to replace him; indeed, I gathered that you were ignorant of the step," struck in the quiet, meek voice of poor Jenkins. "I could not stay away, sir, knowing the perplexity you would be put to."

"No, it's my belief he could not," tartly chimed in Jenkins's lady. "He would have tantalised himself into a fever. Why, Mr. Galloway, had I marched him back to his bed and turned the key upon him, he'd have been capable of letting himself down by a cord from his window, in the face and eyes of all the street, could he have found a pulley to tie it to. Now, Jenkins, I'll have none of your contradiction! you know you would."

"My dear, I am not contradicting; I am not well enough to contradict," panted poor Jenkins.

"He would have come off there and then, all by himself: he would, Mr. Galloway, as I am a living sinner!" she hotly continued. "It's unbeknown how he'd have got here—holding on by the wall, like a snail, or fastening himself on to the tail of a cart; but try at it, in some way, he would! Be quiet, Jenkins! How dare you attempt to interrupt?"

Poor Jenkins had not thought to interrupt; he was only making a movement to pull off his great coat. Mrs. Jenkins resumed—

"No," said I to him; 'if you must go, you shall be conveyed there, but you don't start without your breakfast.' So I sat him down in his chair, Mr. Galloway, and gave him his breakfast—such as it was! If there's one thing that Jenkins is obstinate in, above all others, it's about eating. Then I sent Lydia for a fly, and wrapped up his throat in my boa—and that he wanted to fight against!—and here he is!"

"I wished to get here, sir, before you did," cried Jenkins, meekly. "I knew the exertion would set me coughing at first, but, if I had sat awhile before you saw me, I should not have seemed so incapable. I shall be better presently, sir."

"What are you at with that coat?" tartly asked Mrs.

Jenkins, "I declare your hands are never at rest. Your coat's not to come off, Jenkins. This office is colder than our parlour, and you'll keep it on."

Jenkins, humbly obeying, began to turn up the cuffs. "I can do a little writing, sir," he said to Mr. Galloway. "Is there anything that is in a hurry?"

"Jenkins," said Mr. Galloway, "I could not suffer you to write; I could not keep you here. Were I to allow you to stop, in the state you are, just to serve me, I should lay a weight upon my conscience."

Mrs. Jenkins looked up in triumph. "You hear, Jenkins! What did I tell you? I said I'd let you have your way for once—twas but the cost of the fly; but that if Mr. Galloway kept you here, once he set eyes on your poor creaky body, I'd eat him."

"Jenkins, my poor fellow," said Mr. Galloway, gravely, "you must know that you are not in a state to exert yourself. I shall not forget your kindness; but you must go back at once. Why, the very draught from the frequent opening of the door would do you an injury; the exertion of speaking to answer callers would be too much for you."

"Didn't I tell you so, Jenkins, just in them very words?" interrupted the lady.

"I am aware that I am not strong, sir," acknowledged Jenkins to Mr. Galloway, with a deprecatory glance towards his wife to be allowed to speak. "But it is better I should be put to a trifle of inconvenience than that you should, sir. I can sit here, sir, while you are obliged to be out, or sitting in your private room. What could you do, sir, left entirely alone?"

"I don't know what I can do," returned Mr. Galloway, with an asperity of tone equal to that displayed by Mrs. Jenkins, for the question recalled all the perplexity of his position. "Sacrifice yourself to me, Jenkins, you shall not. What absurd folly can have taken off Roland Yorke?" he added. "Do you know?"

"No, sir, I don't. When Mr. Roland came in this morning, and said he was really off, you might have knocked me down with a feather. He would often get talking about Port Natal, but I never supposed it would come to anything. Mr. Roland was one given to talk."

"He had some tea at our house the other night, and was talking about it then," struck in Mrs. Jenkins. "He said he was worked to death."

"Worked to death!" satirically repeated Mr. Galloway.

"I'm afraid, sir, that, through my unfortunate absence, he has found the work heavier, and he grew dissatisfied," said Jenkins. "It has troubled me very much."

"You spoil him, Jenkins; that's the fact," observed Mr. Galloway. "You did his work and your own. Idle young dog! He'll get a sickener at Port Natal."

"There's one thing to be thankful for, sir," said patient Jenkins, "that he has got his uncle, the earl, to fall back upon."

"Hark at him!" interrupted Mrs. Jenkins. "That's just like him! He'd be 'thankful' to hear that his worst enemy had an uncle to fall back upon. That's Jenkins all over. But now, what is to be the next movement?" she sharply demanded. "I must get back to my shop. Is he to come with me, or to stop here—a spectacle for everybody that comes in?"

But at this moment, before the question could be decided—though you may rest assured Mrs. Jenkins would only allow it to be decided in her own way—hasty footsteps were heard in the passage, and the door was thrown open by Arthur Channing.

CHAPTER LII.

A BELIC FROM THE BURIAL-GROUND.

WHEN Hamish Channing joined the breakfast table at home that morning at nine o'clock, he mentioned his adventure at the station with Lady Augusta Yorke. It was the first intimation they had received of Roland's departure; indeed, the first that some of them had heard of his intention to depart.

Arthur laid down his knife and fork. To him alone could the full consequences of the step occur, as regarded Mr. Galloway.

"Hamish! he cannot actually have gone?"

"That he is actually off by the train to London, I can certify," was the reply of Hamish. "Whether he will be off to Port Natal, is another thing. He desired me to tell you, Arthur, that he should write his adieu to you from town."

"He might have come to see me," observed Arthur, a shade of resentment in his tone. "I never thought he would really go."

"I did," said Hamish, "funds permitting him. If Lord Carrick will supply those, he'll be gone by the first comfortable ship. His mind was so entirely bent upon it."

"What can he think of doing at Port Natal?" inquired Constance, wonderingly.

"Making his fortune." But Hamish laughed as he said it. "Wherever I may have met him latterly, his whole talk has been of Port Natal. Lady Augusta says he is going to take out frying-pans to begin with."

"Hamish!"

"She said so, Constance. I have no doubt Roland said so to her. I should like to see the sort of cargo he will lay in for the start."

"What does Mr. Galloway say to it, I wonder?" exclaimed Arthur, that gentleman's perplexities presenting themselves to his mind above anything else. "I cannot think what he will do."

"I have an idea Mr. Galloway is as yet unaware of it," said Hamish. "Roland assured me that no person whatever knew of his departure, except Jenkins. He called upon him on his way to the station."

"Unaware of it!" Arthur fell into consternation great as Mr. Galloway's, as he repeated the words. Was it possible that Roland had stolen a march on Mr. Galloway? He relapsed into silence and thought.

"What makes you so sad?" Constance asked of Arthur later, when they were dispersing to their several occupations.

"I am not sad, Constance, only thoughtful. I have been carrying on an inward battle," he added, half laughingly.

"With your conscience?"

"With my spirit. It is a proud one yet, in spite of all I have had to tame it; a great deal more rebellious than I like it to be."

"Why, what is the matter, Arthur?"

"Constance, I think I ought to come forward and help Mr. Galloway out of this strait. I think my duty lies in doing it."

"To return to his office, you mean?"

"Yes; until he can see his way out of the wood. But it goes against the grain."

"Arthur, dear, I know you will do it," she gently said.

"Were our duty always pleasant to us, where would be the merit in fulfilling it?"

"I shall do it," he answered. "To that I have made up my mind. The difficulty is, Constance, to do it with a good grace."

She looked at him with a loving smile. "Only try. A firm will, Arthur, will conquer even a rebellious spirit."

Arthur knew it. He knew how to set about it. And, a little later, he was on his way to Close-street, with the best grace in the world. Not only to appearance, mind you, but inwardly. It is a GREAT thing, reader, to conquer the risings of a proud spirit! To bring it from its haughty, rebellious pedestal, down to cordiality and love. Have you learnt the way?

Some parchments under his arm, for he had stayed to collect them together, Arthur bounded in to Mr. Galloway's. The first object his eyes fell on was that shadowy form, coughing and panting. "Oh, Jenkins!" he involuntarily uttered, "what do you do out of your house?"

"Anxiety for me has brought him out," said Mr. Galloway. "How can I scold him?"

"I could not rest, sir, knowing my master was alone in his need," cried Jenkins to Arthur. "What is to become of the office, sir, with nobody in it?"

"But he is not alone," said Arthur; and if he had wanted a reward for coming forward, that moment would have supplied it, in satisfying poor Jenkins. "If you will allow me, sir," Arthur added, turning frankly to Mr. Galloway, "I will take my place here, until you shall be suited."

"Thank you," emphatically replied Mr. Galloway. "It will relieve me from a serious embarrassment."

Arthur went to his old desk, and sat down on his old stool, and began settling the papers and other things on it, just as if he had not been absent an hour. "I must still attend the cathedral as usual, sir," he observed to Mr. Galloway, "but I can give you up the whole of my other time. I shall be better for you than nobody."

"I would rather have you here than anybody else, Channing; he"—laying his hand on Jenkins's shoulder—"expected. I offered for you to return before."

"I know you did, sir," replied Arthur, in a brief tone—one that seemed to intimate he would prefer not to pursue the subject.

"And now are you satisfied?" struck in Mrs. Jenkins to her husband.

"I am more than satisfied," answered Jenkins, clasping together his hands. "With Mr. Arthur in the office, I shall have no fear of its missing me, and I can go home in peace, to die."

"Please just to hold your tongue about dying," reprimanded Mrs. Jenkins. "Your business is to get well, if you can. And now I am going to see after a fly. A pretty dance I should have had here, if he had persisted in stopping, bringing him messes and cordials every other half-hour! Which would have worn out first, I wonder—the pavement, or my shoes?"

"Channing," said Mr. Galloway, "let us understand each other. Have you come here to do anything there may be to do—out-of-doors as well as in? In short, to be my clerk, as heretofore?"

"Of course I have, sir; until"—Arthur spoke very distinctly—"until you shall be able to suit yourself; not longer."

"Then take this paper round to Deering's office, and get it signed. You will have time to do it before college."

Arthur's answer was to put on his hat, and vault away with the paper. Jenkins turned to Mr. Galloway as soon as they were alone. "Oh! sir, keep him in your office!" he earnestly said. "He will soon be of more value to you than I have ever been!"

"That he will not, Jenkins; nor anybody else!"

"Yes, he will, sir! He will be able to replace you in the chapter house upon any emergency, and I never could do that, you know, sir, not being a gentleman. When you have him to yourself alone, sir, you will see his value; and I shall not be missed. He is steady and thoughtful beyond his years, sir, and every day will make him older."

"You forget the charge against him, Jenkins. Until he shall be cleared of that—if he can be cleared of it—he will not be of great value to any one; certainly not to me."

"Sir," said Jenkins, raising his wan face, its hectic deepening, and his eye lighting, while his voice sunk to a whisper, so deep as to savour of solemnity, "that time will come! He never did it, and he will as surely be cleared, as that I am now saying it! Sir, I have thought much about this accusation; it has troubled me in sleep; but I know that God will bring the right to light for those who trust in Him. If anybody ever put their trust in God, it is Mr. Arthur Channing. I lie and think of all this, sir. I seem to be so near God, now," Jenkins went on dreamily, "that I know the right must come to light; that it will come in God's own good time. And I believe I shall live to see it!"

"You have certainly firm faith in his innocence, Jenkins. How, then, do you account for his very suspicious manner?"

"It does not weigh with me, sir. I could as soon believe a good wholesome apple-tree would bring forth poisonous berries, as that Mr. Arthur would be guilty of a deliberately bad action. Sometimes I have thought, sir, when puzzling over it, that he may be screening another. There's

no telling how it was. I hear, sir, that the money has been returned to you."

"Yes; was it he told you?"

"It was Mr. Roland Yorke who told me, sir. Mr. Roland is another, sir, who has had firm faith in his innocence from the first."

"Much his faith goes for!" ejaculated Mr. Galloway, as he came back from his private room with a letter, which he handed to Jenkins, who was skilled in caligraphy. "What do you make of it?" he asked. "It is the letter which came with the returned money."

"It is a disguised hand, sir, there's no doubt of that," replied Jenkins, when he had surveyed it critically. "I do not remember to have seen any person write like it."

Mr. Galloway took it back to his room, and presently a fly drove up with Mrs. Jenkins inside it. Jenkins stood at the office door, his hat in his hand, and his face turned upon the room. Mrs. Jenkins came up and seized his arm, to marshal him to the fly.

"I was but taking a farewell of things, sir," he observed to Mr. Galloway. "I shall never see the old spot again."

Arthur arrived just as Jenkins was got in. He put his hand over the door. "Make yourself easy, Jenkins, it will all go on smoothly here. Good-bye, old fellow! I'll come and see you very soon."

"How he breaks, does he not, sir?" exclaimed Arthur to Mr. Galloway.

"Ay! he is not long for this world!"

The fly proceeded on its way, Mrs. Jenkins, with her snappish manner, though really not unkind heart, lecturing Jenkins on his various shortcomings until it drew up at their own door. As Jenkins was being helped down from it, one of the college boys passed at a great speed; a railroad was nothing to it. It was Stephen Bywater. Something, legitimate or illegitimate, had detained him, and now the college bell was going.

He caught sight of Jenkins, and, hurried as he was, much of punishment as he was bargaining for, it had such an effect upon him, that he pulled up short. Was it a man, or a shadow? Was it Jenkins, or his ghost? Bywater had never been so struck with any sight before.

The most appropriate way in which it occurred to him he could give vent to his surprise, was to prop his back against the shop door-post, and indulge in a soft, prolonged whistle. He could not take his eyes from Jenkins's face. "Is it you, or your shadow, Jenkins?" he asked, making room for the invalid to pass.

"It's myself, sir, thank you. I hope you are well, sir."

"Oh, I'm always jolly," replied Bywater, and then he began to whistle again.

He followed Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins into the shop with his eyes; that is, they followed Jenkins. Bywater had heard, as a matter of necessity, of Jenkins's illness, and had given as much thought to it as he would have done if told Jenkins had the head-ache; but to fancy him like *this*, had never occurred to Bywater.

Now, somewhere beneath Bywater's waistcoat, there really was a little bit of heart; and, as he thus looked, a great fear began to thump against it. He followed Jenkins into the parlour. Mrs. Jenkins, after divesting Jenkins of his coat, and her boa, planted him right before the fire in his easy-chair, with a pillow to his back, and was now whisking down into the kitchen, regardless of certain customers waiting in the shop to be served.

Bywater, unasked, sat himself down in a chair near to poor Jenkins and his panting breath, and indulged in another long stare. "I say, Jenkins," said he, "what's the matter with you?"

Jenkins took the question literally. "I believe it may be called a sort of decline, sir. I don't know any other name for it."

"Shan't you get well?"

"Oh, no, sir! I don't look for that, now."

The fear thumped at Bywater's heart worse than before. A past vision of looking up old Ketch in the cloisters, through which pastime Jenkins had come to a certain fall,

was uncomfortably present to Bywater just then. He had been the ringleader.

"What brought it on?" asked he.

"Well, sir, I suppose it was to come," meekly replied Jenkins. "I have had a bad cough, spring and autumn, for a long while now, Master Bywater. My brother went off just the same, sir, and so did my mother."

Bywater pushed his honest, red face forward: but it was not looking quite so impudent as usual. "Jenkins," said he, plunging headlong into the fear, "~~DID—THAT—FALL—DO—IT?~~"

"Fall, sir! What fall?"

"That fell down from the organ loft. Because that was my fault. I had the most to do with locking up the cloisters, that night."

"Oh, bless you, sir, no! Never think that. Master Bywater"—lowering his voice till it was as grave as Bywater's—"that fall did me good—good, sir, instead of harm."

"How do you make out that?" asked Bywater, drawing his breath a little easier.

"Because, sir, in the few days' quiet that I had in bed, my thoughts seemed in an accountable manner to be drawn to thinking of heaven. I can't rightly describe, sir, how or why it could have been. I remember his lordship the bishop talked to me a little bit in his pleasant, affable way, about the necessity of always being prepared; and my wife's Bible lay on the drawers by my bed's head, and I used to pick up that. But I don't think it was either of those causes much: I believe, sir, that it was God himself working in my heart. I believe He sent the fall in His good mercy. After I got up I seemed to know that I should soon go to Him; and—I hope it is not wrong to say it—I seemed to wish to go."

Bywater was somewhat puzzled. "I am not speaking about your heart and religion, and all that, Jenkins. I want to know if the fall helped to bring on this illness?"

"No, sir; it had nothing to do with it. The fall hurt my head a little—nothing more; and I got well from it directly. This illness, which has been taking me off, must have been born with me."

"Hoo—" Bywater's shout, as he tossed up his trencher, was broken in upon by Mrs. Jenkins. She had been beating up an egg with sugar and wine, and now brought it in in a tumbler.

"My dear," said Jenkins, "I don't feel to want it."

"Not want it!" said Mrs. Jenkins, resolutely. And in two seconds she had laid hold of him, and it was down his throat. "I can't stop parleying here all day, with my shop alive with customers." Bywater laughed, and she retreated. "If I could eat gold, sir, she'd get it for me," said Jenkins; "but my appetite fails. She's a good wife, Master Bywater."

"Stunning," acquiesced Bywater. "I wouldn't mind a wife myself, if she'd feed me up with eggs and wine."

"But for her care, sir, I should not have lasted so long. She has had great experience with the sick."

Bywater did not answer. Rising to go, his eyes had fixed themselves upon some object on the mantel-piece, as pertinaciously as they had previously been fixed upon Jenkins's face. "I say, Jenkins, where did you get this?" he exclaimed.

"That, sir? Oh, I remember. My old father brought it in yesterday. He had cut his hand with it. Where now did he say he found it? In the college burial yard, I think, Master Bywater."

It was part of a small broken phial, of a peculiar shape, which had once apparently contained ink; an elegant shape, it may be said, not unlike a vase. Bywater began turning it about in his fingers; he was literally feasting his eyes upon it.

"Do you want to keep it, Jenkins?"

"Not at all, sir. I wonder my wife did not throw it away before this."

"I'll take it, then," said Bywater, slipping it into his pocket; "and now I'm off. Hope you'll get better, Jenkins."

"Thank you, sir. Let me put the broken bottle in paper, Master Bywater. You will cut your fingers if you carry it loose in your pocket."

"Oh, that be bothered!" answered Bywater. "Who cares for cut fingers?"

He pushed himself through Mrs. Jenkins's shop of customers, with as little ceremony as Roland Yorke might have used, and went flying towards the cathedral. The bell ceased as he entered. The organ pealed forth; and the dean and chapter, preceded by some of the bedesmen, were entering from the opposite door. Bywater ensconced himself behind a pillar, until they should have traversed the body, crossed the nave, and were safe in the choir. Then he came out, and made his way to old Jenkins the bedesman.

The old man, in his black gown, stood near the bell ropes, for he had been one of the ringers that day. Bywater noticed that he had got his left hand partially tied up in a handkerchief.

"Halloa, old Jenkins," said he, *sotto voce*, "what have you done with your hand?"

"I gave it a nasty cut, yesterday, sir, just in the ball of the thumb. I wrapped my handkercher round it just now, for fear of opening it again, while I was a ringing the bell. See," said he, taking off the handkerchief and showing the place to Bywater.

"What an old muff you must be, to cut yourself like that!"

"But I didn't do it for the purpose," returned the old man. "We was ordered into the burial-ground to put it a bit to rights, and I fell down with my hand on a broken phial. I aint as active as I was. I say, though, sir, do you know that service has begun?"

"Let it begin," returned careless Bywater. "This was the bottle you fell over, was it not? I found it on Joe's mantel-piece, just now."

"Ay, that was it. It must have laid there some time—a good three months, I know."

Bywater nodded his head; returned the bottle to his pocket, and went to the vestry to get his surplice. Then he slid into college under the severe eyes of the Reverend Mr. Pye, which were bent upon him from the chanting desk, and ascended his stall just in time to take his parte in the *Venite, exultemus Domino*.

(To be continued.)

Musical Notices.

The Cyclopaedia of Music. Part 27. B. Williams, Paternoster Row. The current section of this serial contains five sacred songs, the music by Topliff, with Bible words. The melodies are simple and appropriate, and calculated to extend the reputation of the composer. The melody entitled "Blessed are the Peacemakers," is especially attractive.

Never, my Child, Forget to Pray. Augener and Co., 86, Newgate Street.—A sacred song by Scotson Clark, not without merit.

Musica Divina. Augener and Co.—A selection of sacred pieces arranged for the pianoforte by Carl Engel, including the "Pie Jesu," of Cherubini; the "Recordare," of Mozart; the Hymn, in B flat major, of Gluck; a passage from Bach's "Passione;" Handel's "Dead March" and "Conquering Hero;" and the "March from the Mount of Olives," by Beethoven. Both in selection and arrangement, Engel has exhibited good taste and sound judgment.

Angel Voices. J. H. Jewell, 104, Great Russell Street.—A simple but affecting melody, likely to be popular in the drawing-room.

Thy Will be Done. J. H. Jewell.—This plaintive air is well adapted to the spirit of resignation which breathes through the verse.

Santa Lucia. J. H. Jewell.—A *barcarolle* for the pianoforte, peculiarly striking in its character, but not difficult of execution.

Highland Echoes. Brewer and Co., 23, Bishopsgate Street.—A quick march, full of Scottish melody. It may rank among the best compositions of Stephen Glover.

Progress of the Truth.

SWITZERLAND.

GENEVA.—M. PUAUX, a French pastor of considerable talent, and well known for his zeal for Evangelical truth, has delivered a series of six lectures, in Geneva, upon Christianity and infidelity. In these lectures he sketched the leading features of the religion of the Gospel, and answered the chief objections to Revelation. He then proved the Divine origin of Christianity, by proving the resurrection of its Founder, by the circumstances to which the Church owes its establishment in the world, and by the various benefits which the Gospel confers. The interest in these lectures increased as they went on, and the speaker exhibited in them not only great ability, but a truly earnest piety. At the close of the third lecture, M. Puaux offered to discuss the question of our Lord's resurrection with any one who would admit his real existence, his death upon the cross, and the preaching of the Gospel directly after by the apostles. This offer was accepted, and on the appointed evening a dense crowd filled the place. The objector, a Frenchman, evidently did not feel the solemnity of the question, and availed himself of ridicule more than of argument. The audience were so indignant, that they refused positively to let him proceed. M. Puaux offered to any other unbeliever present an opportunity of stating his objections, but no one came forward. He therefore himself addressed the people, amid the most profound silence, after which another pastor who was present pronounced the benediction. Thus ended these lectures, which have demonstrated that, after all, there is in the hearts of the Genevese in general a real and abiding conviction of the truth of the Gospel. It is believed that, with the Divine blessing, the results of this effort will be very beneficial.

AMERICA.

THE INDIANS.—Among the iniquities which history records, there are few more calculated to excite indignation than the conduct of so-called Christians towards the Indians of America. Many regard them as devoted to destruction; but, happily, there are others who think differently. Conscience of the debt of love owing to these tribes, zealous efforts have been made in their behalf, and the Gospel has been faithfully preached among them. Many prejudices had to be overcome, but God has at length blessed the work. It is with real satisfaction that we learn, from the last report of the American Missions, that the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and the Tuscaroras are now professedly Christian nations. This assertion is justified by unanswerable proofs. We can say that to these peoples the Gospel is a savour of life unto life in more senses than one. The mortality by which they were rapidly perishing has been checked, and the population has gradually increased for some years. An interesting work is also carried on among the Dahotas, the Ojibwas, and the Senecas. From all these progress is reported. Special and encouraging efforts have been made to diminish their most ruinous vice, the love of strong drink. Various cases of conversion are reported, and happy advances have been made in regard to schools and civilisation.

AFRICA.

THE ZULUS.—The American missionaries report that within the last year one new church has been formed, and that others besides its members were much interested in the subject of religion. To the ten churches established among the Zulus 283 members have been admitted in all, and most of them have walked consistently. Twenty-six were added last year, and there has been more than usual interest manifested. Indications of the special presence of the Holy Spirit appeared during the week of prayer, in January. The Christians were revived, and extraordinary meetings were continued. A second week was set apart for united prayer, and cases of conviction and conversion occurred at most of the stations. At Umvoti, more than forty

persons expressed their desire to be Christ's disciples, and most of them have, it is hoped, become Christians indeed. At no former period have prospects been brighter.

TURKEY.

MISSION TO THE ARMENIANS.—A favourable movement has been witnessed, in connection with the labours of Mr. Dunmore among the floating population, mostly from the interior. A band of men from about twenty cities and towns welcomed him as their religious teacher. They formed themselves into a Bible class of from twenty-five to fifty men, who met on Sundays, and exhibited a lively interest in the study of the Scriptures. Several times in the week, also, he received visitors, who came in numbers of from five to fifteen. The meetings were chiefly attended by Armenians, but a few Moslems, Greeks, and Bulgarians also came. Pastors have been ordained over churches at Rodosto and Biljuk. There has been a movement towards Protestantism at Broosa, among the Greeks.

SYRIA.

IN LEBANON, Messrs. Calhoun and Bliss report unusually large and attentive audiences at their respective stations and out-stations. One Greek village in the mountain, called Ain Zehalty, is now wholly under Protestant influence. Its civil ruler is a member of the Protestant Church, and its church edifice, purged of its altar and pictures, is no longer used for the Greek service, but for a purer mode of worship. From Zahle, the former stronghold of Jesuitism and Popery, have come many and earnest appeals for religious teachers, and the same calls come from various parts of the mountain. In Cana and Alma, near the sea-coast, where the Protestant communities suffered comparatively little during the war, the work continues to increase in interest. In both these places there are applicants for church-fellowship. It is also cheering to see that the spiritual desolations of many generations are being repaired in old Tyre.

INDIA.

THE MAHRATTA MISSION has been favoured with general prosperity during the past year, and there has been no interruption of the usual labours of the missionaries through sickness. Mr. Bissell has removed to Ahmednuggur, in consequence of the growing demands of the work there, especially in connection with the school for catechists and teachers, and the class for native students for the ministry. The number of church members has increased from 387 to 504. Four new churches have been organised. Of the sixteen churches connected with the mission four have regular pastors, and the rest are under the care of native teachers, superintended by missionaries.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE churches have been visited with a renewed outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Although not equally powerful, the work has been nearly universal throughout the islands. The station reports, with hardly an exception, speak of God's converting and sanctifying grace. No such blessed visitation has been known for twenty years. Fifteen hundred souls were gathered into the churches last year, and many others remained to be received. Backsliders have been reclaimed, the weak strengthened, the timid encouraged, and the most hardened and wicked sinners led to renounce their sins at the foot of the cross.

A WORD TO CHRISTENDOM.

HAD the servants of Christ, since the days of the Reformation, exerted a zeal and an activity commensurate with that manifested by the men of God in apostolic times, there is reason to believe that more than half the world would have been evangelised; and millions who now yield allegiance to idols, and millions also who venerate the false prophet and glory in the delusions of the Koran, would have "cast their idols to the moles and the bats," or have welcomed Christ as the promised Messiah.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED WITH
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

FEBRUARY 23.

PAPAL TEMPORAL AUTHORITY.—On this day in 1798, the Papal Government having ten days previously been abolished, the Pope was removed a captive to France. Presently afterwards, the States of the Church were erected into the Roman Republic. The Pope, Pius VI., died in captivity at Valence, on the 19th of August in the succeeding year; and about five weeks after his death, the port of Civita Vecchia having been blockaded, the city of Rome surrendered to the English naval force, under Commodore Trowbridge, who granted to the republicans of that city the same terms as those of Naples.

THE DIOCLETIAN PERSECUTION.—In 303, the soldiers of Diocletian demolished the principal church of Nicomedia, and committed the sacred volumes to the flames. Upon the next day was published the first of two general edicts against the Christians, by which all their religious assemblies were interrupted, their places of worship demolished, and their property confiscated. This cruel decree being torn down from a column by a Christian of high civil rank, he was instantly burnt. Caius Valerius Aurelius Diocletianus rose from the post of a common soldier, and was invested with the imperial purple in 284. His was the last persecution under the Roman empire. He abdicated in 305, being the first sovereign who had ever done so, and died in 313.

MISSIONS TO THE EAST.—These have not originated exclusively in our own age. In 1619 died Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, a missionary who was accredited by the King of Denmark; but, meeting with some opposition from the Danish authorities in India, he placed himself under the countenance and protection of the British East India Company, and published a valuable dictionary of the Malabar language. While fulfilling the object of his mission with great zeal and success, he was suddenly interrupted by death at the early age of thirty-six.

THE GOODWINS.—In 1679, died Dr. Thomas Goodwin. There were two Goodwins, and it is necessary the young student of ecclesiastical history should not confound them. Dr. Hook speaks of John Goodwin as the brother of Thomas; Chalmers makes no mention of the relationship. John Goodwin, "one of the most violent of the republican sectaries in the time of Charles I.," but "whom (as Chalmers observes) no sect seems to own," died five years after the Restoration. Though a zealous Arminian, he justified the condemnation of Charles I. When Charles II. ascended the throne, it was thought he would have been excepted from the Act of Indemnity; but though he was permitted to live, a proclamation was issued against one of his pamphlets, which was burnt by the common hangman. He fled, but returning, preached until his death in Coleman-street. His theological works are occasionally met with, and must not be mistaken for those of Thomas Goodwin. This latter celebrity was a Nonconformist of the Independent persuasion, known as having been very intimate with Cromwell, whom he attended during his last moments. Thomas Goodwin was in religious sentiment as strongly Calvinistic as John Goodwin was decidedly Arminian. He was of Christ's College, Cambridge, and afterwards of Catherine Hall, where he obtained a fellowship; but, in 1634, he went to Holland, and became pastor of the Independent congregation at Arnheim. When Parliament put down the Church, he returned, was made a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and president of Magdalen College, Oxford. At the Restoration he was deprived of his place at Oxford, on which he removed to London. He was buried in Bunhill-fields, where a monument is erected to his memory, with a lengthy Latin inscription. Copies of the earlier editions of his works are yet frequently seen; many of them have been reprinted. His entire writings occupy five folio volumes. Though holding

what many regard as extreme views, he did not forget to enforce the necessary connection between correct opinions and correct practice.

FEBRUARY 24.

THE EUCHARIST.—It was on this day, in 1383, that the English Reformer, Wycliffe, presented his seven articles against transubstantiation.

GUTENBERG.—On this day, in 1468, died the inventor of the art of printing. The "Cologne Chronicle," printed there in 1474, states that, after ten years had been spent in preparation, the art of printing began to be practised in the year 1450. The first book (this chronicle proceeds to state) that was printed was THE BIBLE. Trithemius informs us that before the first twelve sheets of the Bible were printed, Gutenberg and his partner Fust had incurred an expenditure of 12,000 florins. The Bible in question is the edition of the Latin Vulgate known as the *Mazarin Bible*, owing to a copy having been discovered about the middle of the last century in the "Bibliothèque Mazarin," but many other copies of the book have since turned up. Trithemius, who died in 1576 (though his work was not printed until 1690), expressly attributes the invention to Fust, as well as to Gutenberg. The knowledge of the art was first carried into other countries, by the dispersion of the workmen on the storming of Mayence, in 1462. By the year 1530, there were about 200 printing presses in Europe. The burning of the books of the New Testament (apparently they were those purchased at Antwerp in 1529), which took place in May, 1530, seemed to set the weight of all human authority, both civil and ecclesiastical, against the influence of the Reformation. But God had arisen, and in his hand a newly-formed and appropriate instrument for the safety, the dissemination and perpetuity of his truth. And while God shall exist, and the world endure, the Press will have its highest distinction, as the depository in which is enshrined the transcript of himself. It would seem strange that at any period since the invention of printing there should have existed opposition to the use of an art so directly related to the propagation of Divine truth. The paper-mill and the printing press have been amongst our best instruments for the eradication of ignorance, and the consequent promotion of morals, as well as of all truth. The press has cured the ignorance that opposed its beneficial agency. Shakespeare, whose chronology is not to be trusted, makes Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry VI. (who was deposed in 1461), thus accuse Lord Sands:—"Whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the *score* and the *tally*—thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill." The first book printed on paper manufactured in England, came out in 1495 or 1496 from the press of Wynkin de Worde. The insurrection of Jack Cade was ostensibly for the redress of grievances among the people; Shakespeare fixes the complaint of Cade against printing and paper-making some ten or twenty years earlier than the introduction of printing into this country; but he could not have better pointed out the ignorance of popular violence, and all violence is the result of ignorance. Whatever remains to be accomplished will go hand in hand with the continued diffusion by the press of the materials for thought. Many valuable works were once printed on parchment, which at that period was not, perhaps, much more expensive than the very best paper. Casiri, whilst employed in translating Arabic writers, discovered the place from which paper originally came. A kind of paper manufactured from silk has been known in China from time immemorial. In the 30th year of the Hegira (the middle of the 7th century) a manufactory of similar paper was established at Samarcand; and, in 706, one Youzef Amrî, of Mecca, discovered the art of making it with cotton. Thus, in more ways than one, has the cotton-plant borne a very close relation to the progress of civilisation. In Muhammed al Gazeli's "De Arabicarum Antiquitatum Eruditione," we find the following passage:—"A certain Joseph Amrî first of all invented paper in the city of Mecca, and taught the Arabs the use of it." The Arabians, and not, as has been affirmed, the Greeks of the

lower empire, were the inventors of cotton paper. A Greek, mentioned by Montfaucon as having been employed in the reign of Henry II. in forming a catalogue of the manuscripts in the king's library at Paris, calls the article *Damascus paper*. The subsequent construction of paper from *hemp* or *flax* has given rise to much controversy. Italy and Germany have contended for the honour. But no one adduces any instance of its use anterior to the 14th century. There is a letter in France, from Joinville to St. Louis, written shortly before 1270. Paper was used in Spain a century before that time, but it came from the Arabs, who, on their arrival in Spain, where both silk and cotton were rare, made it of hemp and flax. The Arabic MSS., which are much older than the Spanish, were mostly written on satin paper, gaily embellished with ornamental work in resplendent colours. It is probable that the first printers did not take off more than a few hundred copies of their works, if so many; and, therefore, the earliest printed books must have been still expensive, and the number of persons able to read and to purchase them comparatively limited. Caxton was a cautious printer. In his "Legends of Saints," he says, "I have submysed (submitted) myself to translate into English, the 'Legend of Saints,' called 'Legenda Aurea' in Latin; and William, Earl of Arundel, desired me, promising to take a reasonable quantity of them, and sent me a worshipful gentleman, promising that my said lord should during my life give and grant to me a yearly fee, that is to note, a fat buck in summer, and a doe in winter." We modernise the orthography of Caxton. In 1471, Sweynheim and Pannartz, who settled in Rome, and who printed many beautiful editions of the Latin classics, thus memorialised the Pope:—"We were the first of the Germans who introduced this art of printing into your holiness' territories: if you peruse the catalogue of our works, you will admire how and where we could procure a sufficient quantity of paper, or even rags. The total of these books amounts to 12,475, a prodigious heap, and intolerable to us, your holiness' printers, by reason of those remaining unsold." Such records provoke a smile when contrasted with the fact that in our own day 10,000 copies, the first edition of a religious pamphlet, "Watson's Apology for the Bible," went off at once; and how many subsequent editions and copies have been circulated and sold, it were difficult to estimate. In the lapse of time, as the facilities for the acquisition of knowledge produced readers (for books are among those articles of which the supply creates the demand), the trade of printing books for general use became one of less risk, and dealers in literature could afford more and more to dispense with individual patronage. The bent of civilisation is to make all really good things accessible from their cheapness. This is peculiarly true and applicable to all processes which involve or imply copying, of which printing is the foremost. And to the religiously thoughtful mind, is there not a wonderful adaptation, in the providence of God, of the means as conducive to the end, and the evolution of the end, as subsequently, by an inevitable circle of operation, multiplying the further development of additional means?

FEBRUARY 25.

THE DISSENTERS.—In 1703, Daniel Defoe was prosecuted as the writer of the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters"—a work which was regarded as reflecting in a bad spirit both upon the Government and the Church. The House of Commons voted it a seditious libel, for which the author was sentenced to the pillory, fined, and imprisoned. Defoe was a man of great and very varied talent; he had fought for Monmouth, he had opposed King James, he had vindicated the Revolution, and panegyrised King William. He had defied the supposed rights of the people. Queen Anne subsequently employed him in the furtherance of the union with Scotland. The author of "Robinson Crusoe," "Religious Courtship," the "Family Instructor," and many other and very various works, was a man of no ordinary genius and talent. His versatile ability involved him in suffering, from his complicity in the mixed political and religious party controversies of the period.

FEBRUARY 26.

GALILEO.—In 1616, Galileo appeared before Cardinal Bellarmine, to answer for his heretical opinions. His discoveries by means of the telescope with regard to the Milky Way, the satellites of Jupiter, and the phases of Venus, brought him under the ban of the Inquisition, as a very dangerous character, but his able defence at Rome for a short time silenced his persecutors. In March, 1616, the Pope, Paul V., granted him an audience, and assured him of his personal safety, with the understanding that he was prohibited from teaching the Copernican doctrines of the motion of the earth. In 1632, Galileo completed his celebrated dialogue on the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems. The Pope, Urban VIII., fancied he was the person held up to ridicule in one of the interlocutors, who maintained the Ptolemaic argument. His holiness was grievously offended, and summoned the writer to Rome, though he was then seventy years of age, and loaded with infirmities. After some months' residence at Rome, he was called before the Inquisition, and was compelled to abjure on the Gospels the doctrines he had taught. Rising from his knees, he whispered to a friend, "*E pur si muove*"—"it moves, for all that."

FEBRUARY 27.

DR. GROVE.—in 1738, died Henry Grove, a learned divine among the Nonconformists, who studied under Rowe, and was a friend of Dr. Watts. He wrote some valuable works on "Saving Faith," on "Secret Prayer," and on many other subjects, which were published, some of them during his lifetime, and others after his death.

FEBRUARY 28.

INTEMPERANCE.—In 1736, a proposal was submitted to the English House of Commons, to impose and levy a duty on distilled spirituous liquors, so as to prevent, in the opinion of the advocates of that duty, the "ill consequences of the poorer classes drinking spirits to excess." It was stated, as a fact in argument for the necessity of such a legislative enactment, that some alehouse and tavern signs, where spirituous liquors were sold, bore the following inscription: "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing."

THE POPE'S LIBERALITY.—The occupant of the Papal chair in 1759, Clement XIII., permitted the Bible to be translated into all the languages of Catholic States.

DONCASTER CHURCH.—In 1853, the parish church at Doncaster was destroyed by fire. This extensive and beautiful edifice was regarded as a type of parish churches, and had been newly repaired and decorated. The beautiful west window, considered the finest perpendicular window in England, had recently been filled with stained glass, at the expense of upwards of seven hundred pounds. The organ was a celebrated instrument, built by Harris, and is traditionally said to have been the one which contested the claim for superiority with that built by Schmidt for the Temple Church, London. The church was in the form of a Latin cross, with a tower 141 feet in height. The oldest part of the building is said to have dated back to the year 1070, and the nave and tower were of the reign of Henry III. Thirty-five thousand pounds were immediately contributed for the erection of a new church on the same site.

MARCH 1.

MASSACRE OF HUGUENOTS.—On this day at Vassy, in 1562, occurred a horrible massacre of the Huguenots. The Roman Catholic party, under the direction of the Duke of Guise, fell upon a body of Protestant Calvinists, who were singing the psalms of their worship in a barn. Sixty of these unhappy people were killed, and two hundred were wounded. This event was the prelude to civil war throughout the kingdom. Condé and Coligny collected their naval forces at Orleans, Rouen was taken from them by Antony of Navarre, English auxiliaries arrived, and Havre de Grace was given up to them. The Huguenots were subsequently defeated at Dreux, the hostile commander being made prisoner, but their own general, Condé, fell into the hands of the enemy.

READINGS IN BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,

EX-LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

VI.—PROBATION.

THE teaching of Revelation as to a future life having been confirmed by analogy, the reality of a moral government of the world being matter of present experience, and the continuance and completion of this moral government hereafter a reasonable inference and a revealed doctrine—the consideration of the present life as preparatory to the future, as a state of probation and of moral discipline, naturally demands our thoughtful attention. An immortal and moral being, placed in such a state by Him who is the righteous governor of the world, accountable to Him who will judge the world in righteousness, and reward every man according to his works—such a being has an unspeakable interest in the solemn practical question, What is our proper business in this preparatory stage of our earthly existence? But it may here be asked, What is meant by a state of probation? It may be supposed that in effect it amounts to the same thing as to say (what has been said and shown already) that we are under the moral government of God; but it brings out more distinctly the state of trial in which we are placed, with allurements to wrong, difficulties in adhering uniformly to what is right, and the danger of miscarrying by such temptations.

The pleasures and the pains already shown to be the generally appointed and foreseen consequences of our actions under God's natural government, imply this—that he has made our happiness and misery, or our interest, to depend *in part* upon ourselves. So far as we have temptations to any course of action which will probably occasion us greater temporal inconvenience and uneasiness than satisfaction, so far our temporal interest is in danger, and we are in a state of trial with respect to it. There is a practical proof in the probability which is sufficient to influence conduct; there is a temptation to gratify a passion sufficient to try and to prove us. We blame others and blame ourselves for misconduct in temporal matters. We miss happiness sometimes that we feel conscious we might have attained, and we incur misery which we acknowledge that we might have avoided. All these show that we encounter temptation and incur the peril, and often the penalty, of miscarrying.

In the peculiar circumstances of youth, and from the temptations to certain courses of vice, both our present and our future interests may suffer severely. Thus we are in a state of difficulty and danger, analogous to what we are taught to believe is our present state of trial or probation with reference to a future life.

There are external temptations from objects without, and internal from passions within; these temptations coincide and mutually imply one another. There are objects which, being present to the senses or offering themselves to the mind, excite emotions suitable to their nature, not only in cases where they might be gratified innocently, but where the gratification must be imprudent

and sinful. The object being present, the affection is excited which, though it cannot be lawfully gratified, remains a propension, constitutes temptation, and necessitates the duty of self-denial; the moral difficulty of this is the element of danger. This self-denial is as really necessary to secure the present interest which imprudence endangers, as the future interest which sin puts in peril. We are thus in a like state of trial with respect to both, by the very same passions excited by the very same means. We may be tempted by present gratification of our passions to forego what is upon the whole our temporal interests; and our state of trial in regard to it is so analogous to that in which we are taught to believe we are placed with reference to our future interest, that we have but to substitute future for temporal, and virtue for prudence, in order to make the description of the former applicable to the latter.

We may make like observations with regard to the behaviour of those who seem to be blinded and deceived by inordinate passions in their worldly concerns, as much as in religion. Some are forcibly carried away by their passions against their better judgment and feeble resolutions of amendment; others are utterly reckless of all consequences in time or eternity. Thus temporal interests are often consciously disregarded, as well as the higher interests of eternity. Our trial as to both, our difficulties and our dangers, proceed from the same causes, have the same effect upon conduct, and are evidently analogous.

In both cases our difficulties and dangers are increased, and would seem to be in a manner made by means of others. Wrong education, bad example, the dishonest artifices which are got into business of all kinds, and the corruption of religion into superstitions which indulge men in their sins, may fearfully increase the peril of miscarrying as to our higher interests. So the difficulty of acting prudently in matters relating to our present interest, and the danger of being misled in regard to it, may be increased by an imperfect or foolish education, by the extravagance or carelessness of those with whom we have intercourse in maturer life, by mistaken notions about happiness—popular fallacies and current prejudices, which are taken up for common opinion. Negligence and folly in temporal matters, sinful practices and habits of indulgence, may accumulate difficulty, and undermine the authority of conscience; wrong behaviour in youth, when the feelings are fresh and impressible, the memory tenacious and the passions strong, may fatally increase the power of temptation in maturer life, and at least give to man a subsequent trial, the sharp severity of remedial chastisement, in mercy inflicted before the door is shut.

No account can be given in the way of reason for the wilful sacrifice of man's acknowledged interest to the temporary gratification of passion. This Butler dwells upon impressively in the celebrated sermon on the "Character of Balaam." Man is a fallen creature. There are natural appearances, he says, of our being in a state of degradation. "Reason alone, whatever any one may wish, is not in reality a sufficient motive of virtue in such

a creature as man"—(Serm. on Compassion, vol. ii., 56). But notwithstanding our actual condition, and the circumstances in which we are placed, he says in the chapter now before us—that there is no more required than what we are well able to do; no more than we naturally consider to be equitable, supposing it to be required by proper authority.

It has been suggested by some, whose opinions deserve our respect, that Butler seems to have here overlooked the great revealed truths of the atonement of Christ, and the operation of the Holy Spirit; but I think this objection has been unadvisedly made. His professed design in this part of the treatise is to show that *the state of trial* which religion teaches us we are in, is rendered credible by its being throughout uniform, and of a piece with the general conduct of Providence towards us, in all other respects within the compass of our knowledge. In showing this, he directs our attention to the facts of our experience, the course of our daily lives, the order of Nature, in respect of our present and temporal interest. Whatever speculative difficulty may be suggested as to the future, there can be no dispute about present matters of fact which are obvious; and these are equally open to the same speculative abstract objections, though not in the same degree, yet to such a degree as to render the facts a practical answer to the speculative objections. He does not at this stage introduce those weighty truths which are stated in the second part of the treatise, where he deals with revealed religion. He is, in this first part, engaged in clearing the ground of objections to what religion teaches as to man's state of probation in this life, and the conditions of trial, difficulty, and danger, to which he is subjected. We have no more right to isolate this, and then to condemn it as partial and incomplete, than we would have to separate a verse of Scripture from its context, or a text of the Old Testament from the truths revealed in the New. Take the second chapter of the Epistle to the Romans—read it by itself alone; then follow the course of the argument to its completion, until you have mastered the sublime logic of the eighth chapter, and then turn back, and you will find that this second chapter, and every verse from the first, has been made significant and consistent, as integral parts of a complete whole. The analogy to which he refers is peculiarly clear and convincing, to show that there is nothing incredible in the doctrine, that the way to our security and happiness hereafter is one which requires self-denial, and is beset with many difficulties and many dangers.

As a matter of fact, we find the way to our temporal happiness and the security of our present interest is beset with like difficulties and dangers, like in kind, though not in degree. The miseries of life, although certain to the foreknowledge of God, are yet contingent to us, as contingent and undetermined as the conduct of which they are the appointed consequences, and left to be determined by it. Our present interest is not forced upon us, nor offered to our acceptance simply, but to our acquisition by the means which God has appointed for the purpose. This may also be the case (at least it is perfectly credible that it may be so) as to the chief and final good which religion proposes to us.

The analogy throughout is striking and suggestive; you will see in all this there is nothing stated which may not be made completely consistent with the lessons of the Gospel economy. Indeed, the acknowledged fact of our moral degradation—the avowed insufficiency of reason alone to guide us in the path of duty—these confessions of human nature, these cries of helplessness—invite at least the offices of mercy—and welcome the glad tidings of the Gospel, which came not to make

void but to establish the law. The objections which Butler encounters—if sufficient to displace the teaching of religion as to our state of trial, and as a preparation for and precursor of our future state beyond the grave—must also displace the facts of our experience, and the natural course of life in reference to our temporal interests. The God of Nature must be given up, if we give up the God of Revelation.

But it may be said that although the analogy may be complete in kind, it fails because of the difference in degree between the interests at stake, and the relative hardship of the trial in respect of these unequal interests. The argument involved in this objection ignores the true character of God. His righteousness or his justice cannot be vindicated by any process of gradation. It is not here a matter of degree as to his justice, but of the principles of his government. One solitary point of the law broken establishes guilt before God; one jot or tittle cannot therefore be compromised without breaking in upon Divine perfection. They who reason on degrees, who would acquiesce in a smaller degree of injustice, however reduced, but denounce and repudiate a greater, would be compelled to admit the possible sacrifice of the highest interests and most blessed hopes of man to the demands of other portions of the universe, as compared with which ours might be found to be relatively unimportant. To reason on degrees, when surrounded by a universe so boundless, is alike derogatory to God and destructive of our dearest hopes.

The semblance of injustice there may be to a shallow observer, in finding such a creature as man, in such a state of trial, whether in relation to his temporal or eternal interests; but in neither have we a right to say that any real injustice exists. Mere difficulty is not, nor is extreme danger allowed by ourselves to be, a valid excuse for the wilful disregard of an acknowledged and imperative duty. The analogy should teach us that God may be as essentially just in the least as in the greatest. His own Word declares that he is just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus.

In the passage which I quoted from the sermon on "Compassion," in which Butler speaks of the insufficiency of reason to secure virtuous conduct in such a creature as man, he adds—"But this reason joined with those affections which God has impressed upon his heart—when these are allowed scope to exercise themselves, but under strict government and direction of reason—then it is we act suitably to our nature, and to the circumstances God has placed us in." Our nature, be it remembered, is confessedly in a state of degradation; and Butler observes that if upright creatures may want to be improved, depraved creatures want to be renewed. Education and discipline in all degrees and sorts of gentleness and severity are absolutely necessary for such a creature as man. This leads him in the fifth chapter to consider this life as a school of discipline for eternity; to show that we are so constituted, and such is our condition, that we may here, by the use of the means which God has appointed and provided, qualify ourselves for the state which is to follow the present.

You will see how at the beginning of this important chapter he puts aside certain speculative questions as not only irrelevant but as altogether beyond the legitimate province of human inquiry. He confines himself to the practical question—What belongs to man, what is his business here on earth, what duties has he to fulfil in this school of discipline? He does not introduce into the arguments, at this stage, the vital truth of the gracious work of the Holy Spirit; but it is not just to say, that he has overlooked it, and we cannot say that he has ignored what he afterwards sets forth in the

second part of the treatise. It is doubtless most needful for us, in the study of this chapter, not to forget the necessity of the aid of Him from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed. The future state to which we are taught to look forward as a blessed hope, is one of "*security and happiness*;" and, therefore, we may reasonably infer that this present life was intended to be a school of discipline and suitable preparation for such a state.

Such is the teaching of religion. We find that under the Christian economy none of the laws of our mental and moral nature have been repealed; the Holy Spirit sanctifies, but does not supersede the process under which man's moral culture is to be advanced, in accordance with these laws. By reason of use (says the inspired Apostle), the senses are exercised to discern both good and evil. Our passive impressions are weakened, our active principles strengthened by exercise; these are laws of our nature on which is founded our capacity of moral improvement. Happiness results from our nature and our condition jointly; and, therefore, there must be some character and qualifications, some determinate capacities to render us capable of future happiness in heaven, just as there must be some without which men could not enjoy life or happiness on earth.

The constitution of man, and the course of Nature in the successive stages of life, show that we are capable of becoming qualified for states of life for which we were previously wholly unqualified. We find it to be a general law, that all our faculties are made for enlargement—for acquirement of experience and habits. We can perceive and know; we can store up ideas and knowledge by "memory." We can not only act as voluntary agents, but we are susceptible of impressions which for the moment may be made upon us, and we are capable of getting a new facility in any kind of action, and of settled alterations in our temper and character.

This new facility, these settled alterations, depend on what is called the *law of habits*. Under this law, vivified by the power of Him who is the Divine helper of our infirmities, we may have a transformation wrought in us by which our hearts will be fixed, our imaginations controlled and regulated, our wills no longer wilful, but submissive to the sovereign will of God our Father. "The process (says Archdeacon Hare) by which this transformation is to be brought about, is set forth by Butler in his excellent chapter—the most valuable perhaps in the whole 'Analogy'—on a state of moral discipline, where he shows that while passive impressions grow weaker by repetition, practical habits are formed and strengthened by repeated acts. So that the true preparation for heaven is a life of godliness on earth."

The word habit implies a thing possessed—somewhat gained or acquired and made our own; gained or acquired in accordance with certain laws of association already explained in the valuable lecture of Dr. McCosh, and by means of certain movements within us, to which it is proper more precisely to refer. It is familiarly described as a second nature. We acquire the habit of speaking or writing with facility; of understanding what we hear or what we read. There are habits of bodily activity, and motions graceful or unbecoming, which are owing to use: there are also habits of life and conduct, of submission to constituted authority; of veracity, justice, charity, attention, self-government, envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness—these are formed by repeated acts, as well as those of the body. For habits of the mind, of the moral nature, are produced by the exertion of inward practical principles, by carrying them into act, or acting upon them; the principles of obedience, of veracity, justice, and charity. It is not the act in itself which forms the

active habit of virtue, but the exertion of the inward principle. The resolution to do well, and the endeavour to enforce upon our own consciences a practical sense of virtue or to beget it in others, are acts, in a limited sense, and will contribute to some extent towards forming good habits. But here you must remember there is a habit of insensibility, which above all others requires to be noticed, and against which Butler gives us a solemn and significant caution. By a law of our nature, impressions which are often repeated are felt less sensibly. Whilst we are passive they are transient—they flit away as the clouds of the morning, chased by the passing breeze. The moral efficacy, therefore, of such impressions depends on this: whether we act upon them according to conscience. "If ye know these things," said He who spake as never man spake, "happy are ye if ye do them." Remember how he has pointed out the difference between him who built on the solid rock and him who chose for his foundation the shifting sand. Both heard the same Divine lessons under the same circumstances: one was a doer of the word which both had heard; he acted upon the impressions made upon his heart by the words of our gracious Redeemer—he built an enduring edifice, on a sure and tried foundation. The other was a hearer only; the passive impression passed away, like the baseless fabric of a vision; the foundation failed, the superstructure fell to the ground.

Thus, then, we have, in the testimony of our blessed Lord, this law of our nature, the law of habit, manifestly recognised. To know or to hear the highest truths, is not of itself a blessing to us; but to be made happy and secure, we must do them—that is to say, we must act upon them, according to opportunity, and as God may enable us. To him that hath—that maketh a profitable use of—shall be given. You cannot fail to remember the many instances in which this practical lesson is enforced in the New Testament; never, indeed, in the way of leading man to prefer a claim founded on any supposed merit of his own, in any form or under any pretence, but as the willing obedience of a true faith, a faith which works by love—a love which is the fulfilling of the law. This obedience of faith, this work of love, this diligence in duty, forms the habits which fix the character; and the character as finally fashioned measures the capacity for enjoyment of the reward which is given, according to the works which thus (as it were) have been incorporated into the character, and so follow into heaven the blessed dead who die in the Lord, in whom they have lived. The reward is not the less a gift, it is not the less of grace, because it has been so adjusted as to have not merely provided for endless happiness freely bestowed, but also for the security of the believer, by the discipline of his life on earth. To make this discipline effectual for its high and holy purposes, the laws of our moral nature are quickened (not repealed) by the Spirit which helps our infirmities; every element of our being which can be made available to the gracious purpose is called in aid to take part in the conflict, in which conscience and passions are more or less engaged, in the temptations which constitute our trial and our discipline. In what way, or by what higher agencies, the Holy Spirit helps the believer in this conflict we cannot tell—we have not the means of knowing, perhaps not the faculties for apprehending. But so far as it is fit for us to know, that we may see what our proper part is in a conflict so vital, we can find in this law of habit in our nature and constitution what must be to us deeply interesting and important.

In active habits, there is first a movement of the will—a *volution*; then a mechanical effort—then an act done: by the repeated acts, and the law of association, the

effort at last disappears, and the act follows on the volition.

In the passive habit, there is first an impression made; next an effort of attention; then an idea: here again the second term is made to disappear by repetition, and the idea follows at once on the impression. This is a habit because formed by exercise, and passive because exercised voluntarily or in obedience to the essential laws of association. A readiness acquired in speaking or writing is an instance of active habits; our readiness in understanding languages upon sight or hearing of words, an instance of passive habits. There is further the habit of insensibility, which may be acquired by receiving impressions, and remaining passive when it is our duty to act on the impressions made upon us, which are intended to influence us, and not to be exhausted in mere sentimentality, or buried in the language of exaggeration.

There is a very striking testimony to the Divine origin of the Gospel, in its avoidance of all abstraction or mere philosophic system; in its way of fixing our hearts on Him who is the great exemplar for man; its historical reality as a religion of facts; the actual dealings of God, personally and practically communing with us as a Father in heaven with his children on earth. "There was another particular," says David Hume, "which contributed more than anything to waste my spirits, and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smitten with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death and poverty, and shame and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These, no doubt, are exceedingly useful when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection, works into the soul and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it."

Now, is it not exquisitely and Divinely arranged by a wisdom and a goodness which characterise the God of Revelation, that the present life with all its activities, its daily duties, in the home, in the town, in the kingdom, in the wide world—the family relations, the claims of vicinity, of country, of humanity—should be consecrated to the purpose of our discipline in duty; a provision so bountifully made for the constant exercise of those principles of our moral nature by which, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, we are trained for heaven; and without which, by the ascertained law of that unaided nature, we must sink into deeper degradation? "How can we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" If we are immortal as well as moral beings, is there not, in the indelibility of the character which may be fashioned in this our state of discipline, an element of endless happiness or of endless misery? We thus see how and why it is that duty is so vital to man, and how gracious is the Gospel which presses it on him at every stage of his progress. We see that it is truly a reasonable service which is required of us—not only no more required on our part than we are well able to do (to use Butler's words in the fourth chapter), but I would say no less than is useful to complete our happiness, and perfect our security hereafter in a heavenly home.

THE SCOFFING FARMER.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACT.

"OUR friend Fletcher, of Oriol, tells me, in a note, that you have had a serious conversation with his old parishioner, Burley, the farmer. I knew this man some years ago, and always regarded him as shrewd, but wrong-headed. I understand he resides now in your parish, and this, I presume, has led to your acquaintance."

"Exactly so. I paid him a pastoral visit, and we had a conversation upon important topics. Still, I have deemed it courteous to him not to repeat that discussion."

"Burley himself speaks of it, and, at the same time, expresses thankfulness for your visit, and for your fidelity. As an opinion prevails that the man is not cherishing his former views, I am anxious to ascertain by what train of reasoning you were enabled to produce this favourable change in his mode of thinking."

"As he is not silent, I need not be silent; and if he commenced his observations in error, I am bound in charity to hope that he ended in truth. If you will be good enough to take a seat with me on yon bench beneath my favourite tree, the conversation shall be repeated, and we can enjoy the shade and the cool air at the same time. What say you?"

"Accepted. Both my ears are at your service, upon the terms proposed. Let us be going. A shaded seat on a well-trimmed lawn has always charms for me; to say nothing, my worthy sir, of your good conversation."

"Report had described Burley, and from that report I anticipated no large amount of courtesy, when, as in my case, I had not learned 'even to agree to differ.' I intended to be faithful, but I was resolved that no faithfulness of mine should—as it does sometimes with men—degenerate into rudeness. I accosted him politely, and was received with civility, certainly, but economically dispensed; however, this was not worthy of a thought—I wanted from the man something of higher value than his friendly greetings."

"After speaking of his family, Burley made a remark which induced me to inquire if he attended any place of worship."

"Not very often," was the reply.

"Do you deem it right," was my response, "to live in the neglect of this duty?"

"It is not a subject that occupies my thoughts. I tell you plainly that I do not think much about it."

"Are you fully aware of the importance of what you say?"

"I am not in the habit of saying things which I do not mean, nor things which I do not understand."

"Then, by your own statement, you think but little of public worship, and, of course, attach but slight importance to the religious design of the Sabbath?"

"I do not trouble myself much upon these points."

"I am at a loss to understand how you can be at ease, while neglecting a Christian duty, when it is written, 'Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is.' I see a large book on that table, pray what is the book?"—pointing to one.

"That," said he, "is a Bible."

"I thought so, when I made the inquiry. Permit me to make another—Do you believe what that book declares?"

"Part I do, and part of it I do not."

"You are not at liberty to treat the book in that manner."

"Well, then, I do not believe it."

"May I ask your reason for the rejection?"

"I look upon the book as the production of priestcraft."

"Ask your own good sense, could there be anything gained by thirty or forty men, priests or not priests, writing a book which would condemn their own conduct, and which cost most of them the loss of liberty or the loss of life? I suppose you know that many of the writers suffered death in its most cruel forms rather than relinquish their belief in the facts recorded, and in the doctrines stated, and in the prophecies and promises contained in that Book."

"Whatever I may know, I still cling to my opinion, sir."

"As I perceive you have an abundance of books, I may take it for granted that your leisure hours are often devoted to reading?"

"Yes; I read whenever I am disengaged."

"Then, possibly, you may have read these lines of Dryden—

"Whence but from heaven could men unskilled in arts,
In different ages born, and different parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? Or how, or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gains and martyrdom their price."

I imagine your charge of fraud can never stand against these arguments."

"My objections are not confined to this one point."

"What other objections have you to this Book that induce you to reject it?"

"I reject it because there are contradictions in it."

"Apparent, I grant, but not real."

"No; they are real."

"I maintain they are apparent contradictions, and not one of them is real, unless it be some misprint."

"I assert that they are real, and not apparent."

"Then, name them, that I may judge."

"I will do so. The Bible states in one part that God spake to Moses "face to face," and in another it tells us that "no man hath seen God at any time."

"If this be the best arrow your quiver contains, it will not do much, for this contradiction is speedily reconciled. If you consult any learned man, he will tell you that, owing to the inadequacy of our language, expressions differing in the Hebrew are translated into one and the same word in English, as in the case of the 110th Psalm, where the Psalmist says, "The Lord said unto my Lord;" thus sometimes the force of the original term is not seen, and hence an apparent contradiction arises."

"The passages of Scripture which you have selected are of that kind; for where we are told that God spake to Moses, it denotes the Adonai, that is to say, Christ, the second Person in the sacred Trinity; and in the New Testament, the person spoken of is God the Father, that is to say, the first Person in the Trinity; therefore, there is no contradiction when these portions of the Bible are rightly understood."

"If you take pleasure in contradictions, I can assist you by helping you to some of them. What do you think of a book that tells us a certain king would be taken a prisoner to Babylon, and yet that same book declares in another part of it that this king would never see Babylon? Observe, this is said of the same king, and in the same book. Of course you would reject such a book as undeserving of credit, and you would say, "I do not believe it because these are contradictions, and in this case they are so glaring that any child may discover them." Now you and I are at issue; we cannot ourselves settle this point, therefore we will appeal to good authority. First, what are the words of Scripture? Jeremiah says, "Those eyes shall behold the king of

Babylon, and he shall speak with thee mouth to mouth, and thou shalt go to Babylon;" and Ezekiel's words are, "I will bring him to Babylon, yet shall he not see it, though he shall die there."

"Now what does history tell us? It tells us that Zedekiah, the last of the kings of Judah, having greatly offended Nebuchadnezzar, was taken prisoner, and led to Babylon, but before he arrived in sight of the city, his eyes were put out, and in this sightless state he was brought to Babylon, and there he died. Thus he was taken to Babylon, but never saw Babylon, and both Scriptures were fulfilled. By the easy manner in which this difficulty is removed, do you not perceive how cautious men ought to be before they venture to question the veracity of the Scriptures?"

"But now arises a very momentous question: If you disbelieve the Scriptures, what hope have you when this life is passed? What can you expect?"

"Expect!" he exclaimed. "I expect to go to heaven!"

"A delightful hope, if you have any ground for it. You expect at death that your soul will enter upon a new state of existence, and that a state of felicity?"

"I do."

"Why so?"

"Because God is love."

"God is love! Can you say this? for, remember, you have rejected the Bible. Is it possible that you venture to assert that God is love? You disbelieve the Holy Scriptures: you are, therefore, speaking, not of the God of Redemption, as exhibited in the Bible, but of the God of Creation, as exhibited in Nature, and yet you dare tell me that God is love! I deny it; I boldly deny your statement, and challenge you to prove it. I maintain that the God in whom you trust is not a God of love. I ask you, Is there love in the thunderbolt? is there love in the lightning? is there love in the hurricane and the whirlwind? is there love in the earthquake? is there love in the scenes that pierce with terror the hearts of men? No; for God out of Christ is a consuming fire. The God of whom you speak is the God of Creation; but the God in whom I wish you to confide is not only the God of Creation, he is also the God of Redemption. In the one character he is to be approached, in the other he is not. Know this, it is a fearful thing for you or for me to found our hope of happiness upon God without the atonement offered by his Son, Christ Jesus, the promised and the appointed deliverer. I hope you see this, and are willing to take back your Bible; and if you will read it diligently, not trusting alone to your own powers to understand it, but seeking the aid promised by the Holy Spirit, then you will find that God in Christ is indeed a God of love, bearing with the contradiction of sinners, and daily, by his mercy, drawing them to his footstool."

"Now, God works by means, not in weakness, but in wisdom: when he feeds us, it is by food; when he warms us, it is by the sun; when he cools the earth, it is by the breeze. He condescends to employ instruments, and I humbly trust he has employed one this day for your good. Who can tell but that God, in his providence, has said to my mind, by his unseen guidance, "Go to yon house; there dwells a man who offends me daily, for I have lent him talents to be employed in my service, and he has given those talents to the devil, to be employed for my dishonour. Go to him, as my ministering servant; convince him of his ingratitude, his baseness, and his great sin. Speak to his conscience, speak to his heart, and I will speak by you, and accompany my own message with my own power; drive him to his chamber; drive him in penitence to his knees, and tell him, *there* I am ready to

meet him, not as the God of Creation, to consume him, but as the God of love, to pardon him. Tell him, in prayer I will hear him, and I will answer him; yea, I will forgive his iniquities, and remember them no more; yea, I will bless him; I will be unto him a Father, and he shall be unto me a son."

"In effect God speaks after this manner. Therefore, trusting to the Divine aid, I now, in the name of the Eternal God, my Master, whom I imperfectly serve, offer to you pardon, peace, and happiness after death, if you will approach your heavenly Father in and through Christ, the way, the truth, and the life—that is, the Author of the way, the Teacher of the truth, and the Giver of life."

"With a subdued tone of voice the man exclaimed, 'Sir, I never saw the subject in this point of view. Never before did I see it in this light. This is quite new to me. I thank you for coming to see me. I am indebted to you for your fidelity. I feel there is truth in what you have said.'

"I rejoice to hear your tribute to truth. Pray that you may have power to pray, power to repent, and power to believe."

"How ought I to pray?"

"As did David of old: 'O Lord, for thy name's sake pardon my iniquity, for it is great.' No extenuation, no attempting to defend what was wrong, but a full and free confession; for if we regard iniquity in our hearts the Lord will not hear us. And as God cannot show mercy to you without a reason, and he can find no reason in you why he should bestow mercy, like David, implore him to find the motive in his own nature, 'for thy name's sake.' In other words, that which your sinful nature can never merit, to grant for Christ's sake; for, as one of the early writers expresses it, 'Christ is the second name of the awful majesty of God.' And as regards repentance, I would wish you also to know that repentance is a gift from God in answer to prayer, for we read, 'Christ is exalted as a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance.' Ask, that you may receive. Reflect, believe, and live."

"I hope so, indeed, for I have hitherto never understood these things."

"By nature we are not only ignorant, but we are also ignorant of our ignorance. For you I will henceforth hope wiser things. Think of what I have said."

"Yes, indeed, for I thought I knew something; but now I perceive that I knew nothing as I ought to know it. I hope, sir, you will visit me again; and I trust you will see me where I ought to have been seen, for I have been sadly mistaken in my mode of passing the Sabbath."

"Mr. Burley, I also rejoice in this visit, and desire you to regard me as your Christian friend, for we shall part in a friendly and a Christian spirit; and pray remember this, and tell it to others, that God's promises are for God's people, and that there is not a single promise in the Bible made to sinners out of Christ; and tell them that there is no advocate with the Father for Christless men in a Christian land. Farewell. The blessing of the Father, the Son, and the eternal Spirit be with you."

"Let us humbly hope that my conversation with Burley may prove to be a word spoken in due season, and that his future conduct may testify that my pastoral visit was not made in vain."

"My good sir, I deem myself fortunate that I was induced to speak to you upon the subject; and the least I can do is to make known to our friend Fletcher the conversation which his note has called forth. I must be going. I can only say, Accept my thanks."

Scripture Illustrations.

CORN IN EGYPT.

(Gen. xlii, xliii.)

CHAPTER 42.—In the 56th verse of the previous chapter, we read in our version that "the famine was over all the face of the earth;" and in the 57th verse, that "all countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy." The Hebrew does not require us by any means to understand so much as this, and simply says, "the famine was upon all the face of the land;" and "all the land came to Egypt to buy corn." The famine extended into all the surrounding regions, including that in which Jacob dwelt with his sons, namely, Canaan, in a district afterwards included in Samaria. Jacob heard that there was corn in Egypt, and sent his sons thither to buy. They were admitted to Joseph's presence, and bowed themselves down before him with their faces to the ground. It would be easy to quote many texts from the Old and New Testaments in reference to this custom of bowing before any one in token of respect. Thus Abraham "bowed himself toward the ground" (Gen. xvi. 2) before the angels. Thus Jacob "bowed himself to the ground seven times" before his brother Esau. Thus, too, the women who visited the sepulchre (Luke xxiv. 5), when they saw the angels, "bowed down their faces to the earth." Even to modern times this mode of paying respect is continued. Sandys, the old English traveller, says of the Orientals, that when they salute a person of great rank, they bow almost to the ground, and kiss the hem of his garment. Dr. Kitto speaks of "that humiliating prostration at the feet which Oriental kings are still in the habit of exacting, and which is often mentioned in Scripture as a manifestation of the most profound respect." We may observe in passing that, by this act of bowing before their brother, the ten sons of Jacob were unconsciously fulfilling the prophetic dream recorded in chap. xxxvii. 5—11.

Verse 9. Joseph said to them: "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come;" that is, you are spies, who have come to see its helpless and feeble condition, to ascertain how and where it may most safely be invaded. The custom of sending out spies for such purposes is often mentioned in the Old Testament and other ancient writings. Moses employed them (Numb. xiii. 16); David employed them (1 Sam. xxvi. 4); Absalom employed them (2 Sam. xv. 10); and it was customary for such persons either to go in secret, or in disguise. Joseph pretended that his brothers were spies disguised as honest men.

Verse 16. The mention of imprisonment has occurred before, and it would seem to have been a common form of punishment. (See chap. xxxix. 20, &c.)

Verse 25. Sacks and money are here named. The Hebrew of this verse is, "And Joseph commanded that they should fill their vessels with corn, and to return every man's silver to his sack." In all probability the word sack refers to a material woven either from wool or from camel's hair. It is curious that in the original we have the self-same word *sak*. The money was not coined but weighed, and hence it is that we have the word *shekel* both for a sum of money and for a weight.

Verse 27. One of Jacob's sons opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn. The word "provender" does not mean more than fodder, and we cannot suppose that when corn was so precious it would be given to asses. The original word only occurs in this narrative in the Scriptures. It will be noticed that they employed asses as beasts of burden, and that the same extensive use of the animal continues in the East to this day. The ass

was not despised, but honoured by the Orientals, and men of rank thought it not beneath their dignity to ride upon them. The "inn" referred to in the text merely means a place to pass the night in, a halting-place, and does not imply that there was any building on the spot. Eastern travellers can supply many like examples of pitching their tent and passing the night where darkness overtook them.

We are not to suppose that the one who found his money in the sack, found it among the corn. Probably the sack contained in separate compartments the personal effects of the owner, as well as the corn and the fodder. The corn would remain undisturbed till the end of the journey. This man's money was found in what is called the sack's mouth, and was at once discovered when he went for the fodder. For some cause, the money of the others was not found till they reached home, and then they too found it in their sacks. The "bundles" of money were, no doubt, small packages of silver tied up, as the original suggests, and are therefore properly called bundles. The old Greek version says the money was found in a pouch or purse, leading us to suppose that a smaller bag was placed within the larger one or sack; and this is very probable.

Chapter xlii. 11. Jacob bids his sons undertake a second journey into Egypt, and this time he says, "Take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds." It might seem strange that, in time of famine, Jacob should have these things to send; but we all know that the failure of the corn crop does not of necessity imply the failure of all other crops. Possibly, also, Jacob mentioned honey, nuts, and almonds, because, in this time of scarcity, they were peculiarly valuable. Of the balm, the spices, and the myrrh, we have already had mention in chap. xxxvii. The Midianites who carried Joseph into Egypt took these things for sale. The sons of Jacob who went to buy corn took them as presents to the brother they had sold. Some think that the honey was *not* the bee-honey which abounds in Egypt, and therefore would be of little value as a present; but the *grape honey*, by the Arabians called *dibs*, by the Persians *dushab*, prepared from the juice of the grape boiled down to a jelly. Ezekiel (xxvii. 17) speaks of it as an article of merchandise which Judah carried to Tyre. In modern times, large quantities are brought from the neighbourhood of Hebron into Egypt. Dr. Robinson says, "*Dibs* is much used by all classes wherever vineyards are found, as a condiment with their food. It resembles thin molasses, but is more pleasant to the taste."

The *nuts* are evidently those of the pistachio tree, which are flat on one side and round on the other. Dr. Kitto says they are about the size of a hazel-nut. The kernel is soft, oily, and very agreeable to the taste, having much resemblance to the sweet almond in flavour. They are supposed to be an antidote to the bite of serpents and to poisons, and to be generally useful in strengthening the stomach. The tree is not found in Egypt, but grows in Palestine and Syria. *Almonds* are so well known as to require no description, and it is needless to say that they are common in the Holy Land.

Verse 16. Joseph said, "Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon." It has been objected to this, that it is not in harmony with Egyptian customs; but the objection is founded in ignorance, because there are many monuments which represent the killing and cooking of animals for food.

Verse 32. "They set on for him by himself." Among the Egyptians, the family and their dependents and in-

feriors sat at different tables. "The Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews." This is explained in chapter xlii. 34, and it is proved that the Egyptians held shepherds in contempt and abhorrence.

Verse 33. "They sat before him." It was the custom in Egypt to sit, and not to recline, as is shown by the representations of chairs and other seats, and by the pictures of feasts which are to be seen upon monuments. Thus, in the minutest details the providence of God has placed within our reach facts which illustrate and confirm his own true Word.

THE BRAMBLE.

'Tis silent noontide: as I walk
By stubbles edged with meadow grass,
Where busy reapers blithely talk,
And pluck from off their thorny stalk
The bramble berries as I pass.

And now I call the bank to mind,
Where golden broom so gaily shone,
Where we in spring were wont to find
Round grassy nests with feathers lined—
O'er which the blossomed brambles twined—
And ripened fruit in autumn brown.

These, like the orange trees, unite
Upon a single spreading bush;
The blackened cluster glancing bright,
The berry green, the blossom white,
Or tinted with a rosy flush.

The bramble berries, black as jet—
Like mimic beehives in their shape—
By frosty dews in autumn wet,
And ripened when the sun hath set,
Are soft as clusters of the grape.

Dear Sister, I have promised long—
And you deserve a ditty sweet;
But truly I have not a throng
Of serious thoughts to choose among;
And to inscribe to you a song
Without a moral were not meet.

These berries, ripened by the frost,
As thus I mused, a story told
Of human hearts with self engross'd,
On whom the warmth of love was lost,
Made soft and sweet by sorrow's cold.

Nor is it well we should escape
The wintry winds and hoary rime,
Unless we grow to perfect shape
And softness, like the tender grape,
That ripens in the summer time.

Woman's Sphere.

THE MOTHER.

WE have contemplated woman before marriage; let us contemplate her now after marriage, intrusted with that precious fruit which Scripture calls "a heritage from the Lord;" let us turn to the wife now become a mother. Towards this son, whom God has given you, Christian mother, you occupy a position not of inferiority, as the daughter, nor of equality as the wife; but of *superiority*, and that, too, a superiority which does not exclude the renunciation peculiar to the mission of woman. It is not good that the child should be alone, and God, who has given him to you, has given to him, at the same time, in you, a "helpmeet." Even the tender cares which his physical development claims are dear to your heart. Anxious, by nourishing him from your own life, to prolong the pride of communicating to him being, you will not, without a necessity thrice demonstrated, deprive him of the treasures with which Nature has enriched you, through him, and for him, nor deprive yourself of the holy pleasure of being an undisputed mother. Yet a graver interest pre-occupies us at this time; the aid which you owe before all others to this

little one is education, the birth-giving of the soul, which follows by right that of the body, and which no one should dispute with you.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

It is the recognised duty of a parent to promote the welfare of his child, and to fit him for his part in life. This is an instinct of natural affection, and is enforced by conscience. To sacrifice a child's real interests and happiness for any selfish end is universally considered unnatural and wicked. The pains, labour, and expense necessary to fit a child for his sphere in life are so universally regarded the bounden duty of a parent, that their faithful provision finds little commendation, while any neglect is indignantly condemned. This is true of the provision requisite for the body. Who commends a parent for providing food, and clothing, and recreation for his child? He has done that only which it was his duty to do. But he who, through indolence, intemperance, or heartlessness, fails to make this provision, is counted "worse than an infidel." It is equally so with the training of the mind. The best education attainable by a parent is only what we expect. The covetousness, indifference, or narrowness of mind which withholds it is a subject of reproach. The same is true of a child's social position. To seek a child's happiness by the culture of his moral sensibilities, and to fit him for an honourable course in life by wise establishment of moral principle, is the acknowledged duty of a parent. To neglect, still more to debase him in these respects, is estimated the foulest of wrongs.

How can a parent have done his duty towards the happiness of a child, while the wants of the soul have been uncared for? How incalculably, also, do the soul's immortal nature and destiny transcend all earthly interests! All these are but the scaffolding for the erection of that spiritual temple—but the school-days which prepare for that real life. He is but a ruined fool who has gained the whole world, and lost his own soul. What then shall be thought of the parent who has trained his child to do it? For he who has suffered his child to grow up without "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," has as much trained him to lose his soul, as he who suffers him to grow up without industry and self-control has trained him to lose this world. The universally-recognised duty of a parent, and the immortality of a child's soul, thus taken together, establish the obligation of the careful, diligent, religious training of a household.

Additional force is given to this obligation by the fact that God has made children so subject to good or evil impressions, especially from their parents. All know how impressive is the soul of childhood. All its sensibilities are acute. Its soft clay yields to every touch of the potter. Good and evil alike wield easy and permanent influence. It almost seems as if the child were given up without restraint to the power of early associations.

Think of this, ye parents, and feel the solemnity of your position; think of this, and realise the responsibility which rests upon you; think of this, and enter into faithful covenant with God, like him of old: "As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Such are the responsibilities of parents. Such a sacred trust has God committed to your hands in every child whose birth brought love into your dwelling; saying, as he gave the treasure, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me; and I will pay thee thy wages." How have you discharged that trust? Have your purpose and labour been to bear them with yourselves in faith's pilgrimage to a better country? or have you been dragging them down with yourself to the worm that dieth not? What heavier millstone about the neck will sink ungodly sinners than lost children's souls? What brighter jewel will adorn the crown to be laid at Jesus' feet than children taught to know and love a father's God?

CHRIST, THE CHILD'S EXAMPLE.

Such as Christ was, such should his children be. He was our example—at every age the beautiful pattern of sinless

humanity, the lofty standard whereto, under guidance of his Spirit, we should aspire. In his conceived demeanour childhood and youth may find in every crisis their heavenward guidance. Jesus of Nazareth, now "for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour," is the model of our life, the incentive to our exertions. Nor does he, though King of Glory, forget that he was once a child. Touched with the feeling of the infirmities of childhood, he beholds with tenderness the little ones whom once he folded in his arms and blessed. He feels their sorrows. He knows their temptations. He solicits their love. He will smile upon their devotion. He will bless their labours. And their souls, gathered early or late from the duties and trials of earth, he will welcome to himself with the same love which once thrilled in the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A STORY OF FILIAL LOVE.

How beautiful is filial love! How admirable is a daughter's gratitude! Behold an affecting example, in a scene that occurred some seventy years ago. See, in a scantily-furnished chamber a patriarchal man, with his wife, an aged and feeble dame. On both Time has set deep seals. Their faces are wrinkled, the palsy of feebleness is on their limbs, and they sit upon their straight-backed chairs, dependent on the attentions of an only daughter.

And there she sits in gloomy silence, gazing on the cheerless grate. She is young, but grave beyond her years. Why is she so sad? Alas! she has ample reason for sorrow. Her hands have been the support of her parents; but it is a season of public distress, and work has failed. The last crust has been eaten, the last stick of wood burned, the last penny expended. Dread starvation stares her and her parents in the face. But see! A ray of sunshine darts from her tearful eyes. Her face lights up, for a thought of love has suddenly found birth in her heart. With haste she leaves the chamber. Let us follow her.

Her steps are rapid, and directed towards the principal street of the city. She pauses before a dentist's office. She had heard that he had offered three guineas for every sound front tooth that the owner would permit him to extract. This affectionate daughter had determined to sacrifice her teeth to save her aged parents from death. Entering the office, she proposes to the dentist to dispose of all her front teeth at three guineas for each.

"But why do you make this sacrifice, young lady?" the dentist inquires, astonished that a girl should make such a proposal.

With aching heart she tells her simple story, fearful lest the dentist should refuse to make the purchase. Fortunately, he is a man of feeling. His heart is touched; tears fill his eyes; he opens his purse, gives her ten guineas, and refuses to make the purchase. Filial love has conquered, and the happy daughter hastens to comfort the desponding spirits of her aged parents, and preserve their lives.

THE DEAD SEA.

I HAVE repeatedly gazed in silent thoughtfulness upon the leaden surface of the Sea of Sodom. In that deep basin, more than thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, slumber the bitter waters of what the Arab, with more force than appears in the English translation of his words, calls the "Sea of Death." It is all of that. Though it is every moment receiving large accessions from the Jordan, and some other smaller streams, it has no outlet, and renders no account of itself. No living creature moves in its waters; no vegetable life appears on its shores. It is a still and awful scene of death—death everywhere—death unbroken by a single lingering sign of life; a picture of desolation never to be forgotten by one who, with his eyes fixed upon it, has seriously studied its impressive lessons.

But I have looked upon other scenes, fitly symbolised

by the "Sea of Death," which have left on my mind a still deeper impression. We have, indeed, only to look abroad from any stand-point, and in any direction, to behold a sea which, though ever receiving countless and increasing streams from "the land of the living," has never as yet yielded up its dead. It has, to us, rendered no account. It has, to human view, no outlet. It is a dark, still, vast, unfathomable deep, over and around which lingers no indication of life. It is a "Dead Sea."

BEING GOOD.

Those who are accustomed to attend Sabbath-school meetings undoubtedly have heard this expression: "You must learn to be good children." It is often repeated by those who have a sincere and earnest desire to convey correct instruction. It is not unfrequently tacked on the end of a story, as a moral to a fable; but too often the story is remembered while the injunction is forgotten, for children have a wonderful tact at picking out the plums and leaving the pudding. The expression is not definite. To the child gingerbread is good; to slide down-hill is good; not to tell a lie is good; to obey parents is good. It is a hazy generality. To be a good marksman one must take correct aim. What if a bright-eyed, inquisitive boy, who wants to know why and wherefore, should ask, "What is it to be good?" Many an earnest Christian teacher might possibly find it difficult to give an intelligent answer. If precise in definitions, he would reply: "Having moral qualities best adapted to its design and use, as the qualities which God's law requires." This would need explanation—a setting forth of virtue, piety, and religion, as opposed to vice, wickedness, and irreligion. Here we come upon the boundary line which divides mere morality from the religion of Jesus Christ—the distinction between moral qualities and the exercise of the heart's affections toward a Saviour for sinners. A man may be good without being a Christian. To be a Christian is to believe in Christ as our atoning Saviour. To be moral is to be good, but it is far from ultimate goodness, as that which is righteousness before God. Confucius, Socrates, Plato, and Theodore Parker taught goodness, but they did not teach Christ. The young man who had kept the commandments from his youth up had learned to be good, and Jesus loved him, but he could not inherit eternal life through the exercise of moral qualities. To be a Christian, it was necessary for him to sell all that he had and give to the poor. That was something more than morality. That would be believing in and obeying Christ; that would make him a Christian—a follower of Christ. True goodness lies far beyond the exercise of mere moral qualities; it is in "a broken spirit and a contrite heart." Subordinate to a radical change of the heart's affections is all morality. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

The design of evangelical Sabbath-school instruction, in class or otherwise, is not, therefore, to teach morality alone, but the religion of Jesus Christ; and any teachings which fall short of that end are defective. The intentions of the teacher may be sincere, but the aim is below the mark. Real, ultimate, unsurpassed, perfect goodness is in Jesus Christ alone. If we say "you must learn to be good," we are indefinite in our instruction. If we add moral precepts as the way of attaining goodness, we shall rise but little higher than the religion of Socrates; but if we teach Jesus Christ, we aim at infinite perfection. Teaching of Jesus we also teach morality, for the less is comprehended in the greater. Moral perfection alone is found in Him who taketh away the sins of the world.

The distinction is important. On one side is the religion of "morality," on the other the religion of Jesus. If we teach only the first, we inevitably gravitate toward the so-called "liberal" doctrines; but that instruction which on the one hand exhibits the enormity of sin, and the wickedness and danger of the sinner, and on the other presents the infinite love of the atoning Saviour—which makes a sharp dividing line between learning to be good and confessing that Jesus only is a sacrifice for sin—will raise still higher the true standard of goodness. The future welfare of all Evangelical Churches depends in no small degree upon this discrimination. The teaching of morality, the learning to be good, is good as far as it goes. Dr. Kane relates that for several days he picked his way northward, making ten or a dozen miles by daylight, and fastening to the ice for anchorage at night; that on each morning his observations found him mysteriously back to a lower latitude; that finally he discovered that the great wall of ice was slowly drifting south, thus carrying him at night back to his latitude of the previous day. So the Church which fastens to mere moral precepts, instead of taking that anchorage which is sure and steadfast, will drift slowly, perhaps imperceptibly to itself, but most certainly, to a lower latitude.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

THERE is among Christians far too little *personal* investigation of scriptural truth. Their knowledge of the Bible is obtained too much by proxy. They are willing to attend upon sermons, lectures, and Bible-classes—to have religious truth poured into their minds by some one whom they deem competent to perform the operation. They are satisfied to receive the results which have been attained through the examinations made by others, but are unwilling to take the trouble of examining for themselves. This passive method of acquiring an acquaintance with Divine revelation will never lead to that extent and thoroughness of information at which every one should aim. Besides, such a course is unworthy of our dignity as thinking beings. The Bible is addressed to us as reasonable creatures, competent to reflect and examine, and, like rational men and women, we should apply ourselves to the task of ascertaining its contents. Sabbath-school teachers are especially called upon to make high attainments in Biblical knowledge. They cannot be too well informed in regard to the facts and principles, the doctrines and precepts of the Bible. The sacred volume should be their one great book, the subject of their daily study, and that, too, for a lifetime. They should grow, day by day, in the knowledge and love of its elevating and sanctifying truths.

THE ALPINE HORN.

In the high mountains of Switzerland the Alpine horn is used not only to sound the *ranz des vaches* (or cow call), but has also a religious and solemn significance. When the sun has set in the valley, and only a dim light still gleams on the summit of the snowy mountains, the shepherd who lives on the highest peak seizes his horn, and calls through this speaking-trumpet, "Praise ye the Lord!" As soon as the shepherds in the vicinity hear this call, they step out of their huts, seize their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This continues often for a quarter of an hour, whilst the rocks and mountains echo and re-echo with the name of God.

At length a solemn stillness reigns. All kneel in prayer with uncovered heads. In the meantime it has become quite dark. "Good night!" now cries the shepherd from the highest peak through his trumpet

"Good night!" resounds from all the mountains, from the horns of the shepherds, and from the clefts of the rocks; upon which each re-enters his homely hut, and seeks repose in sleep.

Youths' Department.

THE OLD CASTLE.

How pleasant the parlour looked on the evening of "Flaxy's" birthday. Lights fell softly on the heavy red curtains, and on the roses in the carpet, and the sparkling rays danced in the eyes of the happy children.

The children had been having a "splendid time." They had played games, and put together dissected maps, and tried puzzles, and read in Flaxy's wonderful books; and now they were resting.

"Well, what shall we do now?" cried little Prue, who could not bear that a minute should be wasted in mere sitting still.

"Why, isn't it a good time for some one else to tell his story?" asked Flaxy.

"Just the thing!" was the unanimous response. "Another story! A story!" and then a voice cried, "And let Dudley Wyld tell it."

"Well," said Dudley, slowly, "if I must tell a true story about myself, I'm afraid it won't be much to my credit; but as Flaxy wasn't a coward about it, I'll try to be as brave as a girl. Shall I tell you something that happened to Bernard and me?"

"Oh, please don't tell that story, Dud," pleaded Bernard with reddening cheeks; but all the rest cried, "Oh, yes; go on, go on!" and Dudley began:—

"You all know that Bernard and I were both left orphans when we were almost little babies, and Uncle Wyld sent for us to come and live with him; for me first, and Bernard about a year afterwards. I was only six years old when Bernard came, but I remember I was very angry about it. Old Joe, the coachman, and I had had a quarrel that morning, and he told me uncle 'would never care for me any more after cousin Bernard came, for he was a much finer boy than I, and looked like a young lord, with his blue eyes and white skin; but I was a little, dark, ill-tempered foreigner (my mother was Italian, you know), and he wondered how uncle could like me at all.'"

"But uncle did love you dearly, you know," broke in Bernard.

"A great deal better than I deserved, that's certain," said Dudley; "but I couldn't bear the thoughts of his loving any one better than me. So all the day that Bernard was expected I stood sulkily by the window, and would not play, nor eat, nor even speak, when Uncle Wyld came and took me in his lap.

"'Poor child!' said uncle, at last; 'he needs some one of his own age to play with. I hope the little cousins will be fine company for each other.'"

"Just then the carriage drove up, and uncle ran out and took such a lovely little boy in his arms; but when I heard him say, almost with a sob, 'Darling child, you are just the image of your dear mother,' then I thought, 'There, it is all true what Joe said, uncle loves him the best already;' and I bit my fingers so that when uncle bade me hold out my hand to my cousin, he was frightened to see it covered with blood, and drew back with a shiver; and then I grew angry about that, too, and called him *proud*, and went and hid away every plaything I could find.

"Well, I have not time to tell you every little thing, only that as Bernard and I grew up together, I did not

love him any better. He was almost always kind and good."

"Now, Dud, you must not say so," said Bernard blushing; "I did everything to tease you."

"You must not interrupt," cried Dudley. "This is my story, remember. You never teased me much, but the great thing I couldn't forgive you for was that uncle loved you best."

"No, I'm sure he didn't," cried Bernard.

"No more interruptions," said all the children, and Dudley went on.

"One day, when I had been playing with my dog Sambo half the morning, and riding Lightfoot the rest of the time, I was called on to recite Latin to uncle, and didn't know one word. But Bernard recited well; and when it was over, uncle did not scold me—he never did—but gave Bernard the picture I had long been wanting, of the boy climbing up over crag and ice, shouting 'Excelsior!'"

"That very afternoon we had planned to take a walk together to an old ruined castle, but I was so cross and sullen, I wonder Bernard did not slip away and go alone. I cannot tell you how envious and unhappy I felt, and I quarrelled so with him about every little thing, that at last he scarcely opened his mouth."

"I don't believe the story is true," said Flaxy, indignantly. "I'm sure the Dudley Wyld we know was never so bad and quarrelsome."

Dudley smiled, while Bettine whispered softly, "But he's different now, Flaxy. Do you know his uncle says he is trying to be a Christian?"

Flaxy looked up with a bright tear of sympathy, as Dudley continued.

"At last we reached the castle, where we had often been before, and for a while I was more good-natured, for there was nothing I liked better than climbing up and down the broken stairway, which wound round and round like a great screw, or looking into every queer little room hid away in the thick walls, or climbing to the turrets to wave my handkerchief like the flag of a conquering hero.

"But this afternoon there was something new to see. In the great hall just under the stairs the floor had lately caved away, and you could see down into a deep vault. Bernard and I lay down with our faces just over the edge, and tried to see the bottom, but it was dark as pitch, and we couldn't make out anything.

"'I shouldn't wonder if they buried dead people there a great while ago,' said Bernard, with a little shiver, and when we both got up, feeling very grave, he said, just to raise our spirits—

"'Let's have a race up the steps, and see which will get to the roof first.'"

"Off we started. I could generally climb like a wild cat, but in some way I stumbled and hurt my knee, and Bernard gained very fast. I felt my quick temper rising again. 'Shall he beat me in everything?' I said to myself, and, with a great spring, I caught up to him, and seized his jacket. Then began a struggle. Bernard cried 'Fair play,' and tried to throw me off, but I was very angry, and strong as a young tiger, and all of a sudden—for I didn't know what I was about—I flung him with all my might right over the edge, where the railing was half broken down."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried little Prue, bursting into tears, "did it kill him?"

A merry laugh from Bernard, followed by a hearty chorus from the rest, restored bewildered little Prue to her senses. But Dudley went on:—

"Bernard screamed as he went over, and with that scream all my anger died in a minute, and I sat down on

the stairs, shaking from head to foot. Then I listened, but I didn't hear a sound. I don't know how long I sat there, but at last I got up very slowly, and began to come down just like an old man. It was so dreadfully still in the old castle that I felt as if I must be very careful too, and I stepped on my tip-toes, and held my breath. When I got to the foot, I felt as if a big hand held my heart tight, and when I tried to walk towards the spot where I thought Bernard must have fallen, I could not move a step. But after a great while—it seemed like a year—I managed to drag myself to the place, and, do you know, no one was there!"

"Why! where could he be?" cried the astonished children.

"Well, I thought he might have fallen, and rolled off under the stairs into that dreadful vault."

"Oh, don't let him get in there, please," cried tender little Prue.

"Then," said Dudley, slowly, "I leaned over the vault, and called his name, 'Bernard! Bernard!' and then I jumped back, and almost screamed; for I thought some other boy had spoken. I did not know my own voice, it sounded so strange and solemn. But no one answered, and I dragged myself away, feeling as if that awful hand grew tighter on my heart, and thinking, as I went out of the door, how two of us went in, and *why* I was coming out *alone*. Then I sat down on the grass; and though it was warm summer weather, I shivered from head to foot, and I remember thinking to myself, 'This queer boy sitting here isn't Dudley Wyld; this boy *couldn't* get angry; he's as cold as an icicle; and Dudley Wyld's heart used to beat, beat, oh! so lively and quick; but *this* boy's heart is under a great weight, and will never stir again—this boy will never run again, nor laugh, nor care for anything—this boy isn't, he *can't* be Dudley Wyld;' and I felt so sorry for him, I almost cried. Then, all of a sudden, I remember, I began to work very hard. I picked up stones out of the path, and carried them a great way off, and worked till I was ready to drop. Then I took some flowers, and picked them all to pieces—so curious to see how they were put together, and I worked at that till I was nearly wild with headache. Then I sat very still, and wondered if that boy who *couldn't* be Dudley Wyld was ever going home; and then I thought that perhaps if he sat there a little while longer, he would *die*, and that was the best thing that could happen to him, for then he would never hear any one say—'Where is Bernard?' So I sat there in this sad way, waiting for the boy to die, when I heard a noise, and, looking up, saw—"

"Oh, what?" cried little Prue, clasping her hands. "A griffin, with claws?"

But Dudley could not speak, and Bernard went on, "It's too bad for Dud to tell that story, when he makes himself so much worse than he really was. I was as much to blame as he in that quarrel, and I ought to have had my share of the misery. You see, when he threw me over, my coat caught on the rough edge of the railing, and held me just a minute, but that minute saved me, for in some way, I hardly know how, I swung in, and dropped safely on the steps just under Dud. Then I hurried into one of those queer little places in the wall, and hid, for I was angry, and meant to give him a good fright; and as I happened to have a little book in my pocket, I began to read, and got so interested that I forgot everything till it began to grow dark. Then I hurried down, wondering that everything was so still. But when I saw Dud," said he, turning with an affectionate glance to his cousin, "I was frightened, for he was so changed I hardly knew him, and I was afraid he was

dying. So I ran to him, and took him in my arms, and called him every dear name I could think of, but he only stared at me, with the biggest, wildest eyes you ever saw. 'Dud,' said I, 'dear old fellow, what is the matter, don't you know me?' Then all of a sudden, he burst out crying. Then he flung his arms tight around my neck, and kissed me for the first time in his life—kissed my cheeks, and my hair, and my hands, and then he laughed, and in the midst cried as if his heart would break, and I began to understand that poor Dud thought he had killed me. No one knows how long we laughed, and cried, and kissed each other; but when we grew a little calmer, we went back into the old castle, and on the very steps where we had our quarrel, we knelt down, holding each other's hands, and promised always to love each other, and try to keep down our wicked tempers."

"And we asked God to help us to keep the resolution," said Dudley, gently.

"Well, how is it?" said little Prue, with a bewildered air. "Was it you and Dud that went and knelt on the steps to pray?"

"Yes, Dud and I."

"Well, then, what became of that other wicked boy that wasn't Dudley Wyld at all?"

Another shout covered poor Prue with confusion, as Bernard answered—

"Would you believe it, you dear little Prue, we have never seen anything of him from that day to this?"

HUNGRY JOHNNY.

Nor many winters ago there lived in a large city a little boy, whom we shall call Johnny. His father was dead, and his mother, a very wicked woman, occupied a cellar in one of the lanes or alleys of the city. As she was frequently intoxicated, what little she could earn when sober was spent for liquor, instead of buying food and clothes for her little boy. So poor Johnny often went to bed cold and hungry. Very often, too, he might be seen going across the street to a public-house, with a dirty tin cup and a penny, which he had begged to buy rum for his mother.

About the time our story begins, Johnny's mother had found some work to do, for which she had been paid partly in money and partly in bread. But the money was spent as before, and the crust that remained had made Johnny meals for two days.

Late on Sunday afternoon Johnny's mother awoke from her drunken stupor, and knew that her liquor was all gone: so calling her little boy, she said—

"Johnny, you must go and beg a penny to buy some whisky with."

"But," said Johnny, "I cannot go—it is very cold; and what shall I tell them I want the penny for when they ask me?"

"Tell them you want to buy bread," said his mother.

Johnny began to cry. "Mother," said he, "I have no coat, no stockings, and my shoes are all worn out: I shall freeze to death."

This fanned the last spark of a mother's love in the drunken woman's heart, and she said—

"Well, Johnny, go, and get Charley to go with you."

Charley was a boy four or five years older, and lived a little further up the alley.

So off the poor little fellow started in the cold, and, finding Charley at home, he said—

"Charley, my mother wants me to go and beg a penny to buy liquor with. Will you go with me?"

"Why, no, Johnny," exclaimed Charley; "you will freeze to death—it is so cold!"

"But I must go," said Johnny; "and if you will not go with me, I must go alone," and he began to cry again as though his heart would break.

"Well, I will go with you, Johnny," said Charley, at last.

Then they went up a street to a large church where they had been before. They went in and sat down near the wall. Here they quietly waited for the service to close, when they should have an opportunity to beg. Very soon Johnny heard the preacher say, "God loves the truthful!" and he began to think, "I am not truthful; I have told a great many lies; I am very wicked."

Again the minister said, "God loves the truthful, but hates all lying!" Turning around, Johnny said, "Charley, I am very wicked. I've lied a great deal, and God does not love me. Nobody loves me, not even my mother!"

But Charley replied, "Yes, Johnny, somebody loves you; I love you!"

"Charley, I'll try never to tell another lie as long as I live," said Johnny.

Presently the sermon was ended, and the people began to pass out, when little Johnny stepped up to a gentleman and said—

"Please give me a penny, sir?"

"What do you want with a penny?" he asked.

"I will not tell a lie!" said Johnny to himself, and then answered, "My mother wants it to buy whisky with."

The gentleman passed on with a stare of surprise, and did not give the money.

Another came up, and Johnny held out his hand and asked.

"Will you give me a penny, sir?"

"And why a penny?" inquired the gentleman.

"God loves the truthful," thought Johnny, "and I will not be a liar! My mother wants it to buy whisky with," he replied.

The gentleman stopped and looked Johnny full in the face.

"What's your name, my boy, and where do you live?" he asked. So Johnny told him, and he wrote the name of the street in his pocket-book.

"Now what made you tell me that your mother wanted to buy whisky?"

"Because she does want it, and I heard the minister say, in the church there, that God loves the truthful, so I thought I would not tell any more lies."

The gentleman smiled pleasantly, for he was the preacher in the church, only Johnny did not know him again, because it was so dark. He put a shilling into Johnny's hand and said—

"Give it to your mother, and ask her if she will please to buy you some supper with it; and before you go to sleep, kneel down and pray God to teach you how to love him, for Jesus Christ's sake." And so he passed on.

For a moment Johnny's sad heart almost danced for joy as he exclaimed—

"What a nice supper I'll have, for I've had nothing to eat to-day."

When Johnny got home he found his mother had fallen asleep, so he crept away to his filthy straw, for this was all the bed he had. The next morning he awoke with a burning fever and was very ill. During the day he sent for Charley, to whom he repeated the words the clergyman had said the evening before, and told him how badly he felt because he had been so wicked, and had told so many falsehoods. The third day he had grown much worse, and sent for Charley again. When he arrived, Johnny said—

"I am very sick. I think I am going to die, and God

does not love me! Nobody loves me but you, Charley. I wish I knew where to find the man that said, 'God loves the truthful!' Maybe he would tell me how to love God, and whether he will love me."

While he was speaking they heard a tap at the door, and when Charley opened it, he was surprised to see the preacher himself come in. When Johnny saw his face and heard his voice, he knew that the gentleman he saw in the church was the same that met him outside and gave him the shilling.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad you have come!" he exclaimed. "You said God loved the truthful, but I have been very wicked. I have told a great many lies. And now I am going to die, and God does not love me! No one loves me but Charley. Can't you tell me how to love God, and whether he will love me or not?"

Then the good man told him of the Saviour's love, and prayed beside him; and while he prayed, little Johnny prayed too, and his face beamed with joy, and he cried out—

"Now I know that God loves me! Jesus loves me! It seemed, sir, when you were praying, as though the Saviour came down and lifted a great load from my heart! I am going to live with Jesus! I shall not be wicked any more. I shall never feel hungry again. I shall never be cold!"

His mother, who was sober now, presently came in, and wept bitter tears over him, and he put his hand on her head and whispered her to pray God to make her love him.

The minister then went away, saying that he would call again the next day. He did so, but found Johnny lying cold and white as marble on his bed of straw. He had died early that morning, and his spirit had gone to live with the God of truth for ever.

In the church where Johnny went that Sunday, there are a great many free seats; and on one of these seats, near the wall, you may see regularly, at the morning and evening service, a poor woman, decently dressed, but very pale, and weak, and careworn. She joins devoutly in the worship, and her aspect is that of a humble penitent, who receives with meekness the Word of Life. That is Johnny's mother.

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYONS," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE RETURN HOME.

It almost seemed, to the grateful heart of Mr. Channing, as if the weather had prolonged its genial fineness on purpose for him. A more charming autumn had never been known at Borecette, and up to the very hour of Mr. Channing's departure, there were no signs of winter. Taking it as a whole, it had been the same at Helstonleigh. Two or three occasional wet days, two or three cold and windy ones; but they soon passed over: and people said to each other how this fine weather would shorten the winter.

Never did November turn out a more lovely day than the one that was to witness Mr. Channing's return. The sun shone brightly; the blue sky was without a cloud. All Nature seemed to have put on a smiling face to hail him a welcome. And yet—to what was he returning?

For once in his life, Hamish Channing shrunk from meeting his father and mother. How should he break the news to them? They were arriving full of joy, of thankfulness at the restoration of health to Mr. Channing; how could Hamish mar it with the news regarding Charles? Told it must be; and he must be the one to do it. In good truth, Hamish was staggered at the task. His own hope-

ful belief that Charley would some day "turn up," was beginning to die out; for every hour that dragged by, without bringing him, certainly gave less and less chance of it. And even if Hamish had retained hope himself, it was not likely he could impart it to Mr. or Mrs. Channing.

"I shall get leave from school this afternoon," Tom suddenly exclaimed that morning at breakfast.

"For what purpose?" inquired Hamish.

"To go up to the station and meet them."

"No, Tom. You must not go to the station."

"Who says so?" sharply cried Tom.

"I do," replied Hamish.

"I daresay! that's good!" returned Tom, speaking in his hasty spirit. "You know you are going yourself, Hamish, and yet you would like to deprive me of the same pleasure. Why, I'd not miss being there for anything! Don't say, Hamish, that you are never selfish."

Hamish turned upon him with a smile, but his tone changed to sadness. "I wish with all my heart, Tom, that you, or somebody else, could go and meet them, instead of myself, and undertake what I shall have to do. I can tell you I never had a task imposed upon me that I found so uncongenial as the one I must go through this day."

Tom's voice dropped a little of its fierce shade. "But, Hamish, there's no reason why I should not meet them at the station. That will not make it the better or the worse for you."

"I will tell you why I think you should not," replied Hamish; "why it will be better that you should not. It is most desirable that they should be home, here, in this house, before the tidings are broken to them. I should not like them to hear of it in the street or at the station; especially my mother."

"Of course not," assented Tom.

"And, were you at the station," quietly went on Hamish to him, "the first question would be, 'Where's Charley?' If Tom Channing can get leave of absence from school, Charley can."

"I could say——"

"Well?" said Hamish, for Tom had stopped.

"I don't know what I could say," acknowledged Tom.

"Nor I. My boy, I have thought it over, and the conclusion I come to, if you appear at the station, is this: either that the tidings must be told to them, then and there; or else an evasion, bordering upon an untruth. If they do not see you there, they will not inquire particularly after Charles; they will suppose you are both in school."

"I declare I never set my mind upon a thing, but some hindrance starts in to frustrate it!" cried Tom, in vexation. But he relinquished his intention from that moment.

Chattering Annabel put up her head. "As soon as papa and mamma come home, we shall put on mourning, shall we not? Constance was talking about it with Lady Augusta."

"Do not talk of mourning, child," returned Hamish.

"I can't give him up, if you do."

Afternoon came, and Hamish proceeded alone to the station. Tom, listening to the inward voice of reason, was in school, and Arthur was occupied in the Cathedral; the expected time of their arrival being towards the close of afternoon service. Hamish had boasted that he should walk his father through Helstonleigh for the benefit of beholders, if he happily came home capable of walking; but, like poor Tom and his plan, that had to be relinquished. In the first half-dozen paces they would meet half-a-dozen gossipers, and the first remark from each, after congratulations, would be, "What a sad thing this is about your little Charles!" Hamish lived in doubt whether it might not, by some untoward luck, come out at the station, in spite of his precaution in keeping away Tom.

But, so far, all went well. The train came in to its time, and Hamish, his face lighted with excitement, saw his father once more in possession of his strength, descending without assistance from the carriage, walking alone on the platform. Not in the full strength and power of yore: that

might never be again. He stooped slightly, and moved slowly, as if his limbs were yet stiff, limping a little. But that he was new in a good sound state of health was evident; his face betrayed it. Hamish did not know whose hands to clasp first; his, or his mother's.

"Can you believe that it is myself, Hamish?" asked Mr. Channing, when the first few words of thankful greeting had passed.

"I should hide my head for ever as a false prophet if it could be anybody else," was the reply of Hamish. "You know I always said you would so return. I am only in doubt whether it is my mother."

"What is the matter with me, Hamish?" asked Mrs. Channing.

"Because you would make about two of the thin, pale, careworn Mrs. Channing that went away," cried he, turning his mother round to regard her, deep love shining out from his gray blue eyes. "I hope you have not taken to rouge your cheeks, ma'am, but I am bound to confess they look uncommonly like it."

Mrs. Channing laughed merrily. "It has done me untold good, Hamish, as well as papa; it seems to have set me up for years to come. The seeing him grow better day by day would have effected it, without any other change."

Mr. Channing had actually gone himself to see after the luggage. How strange it seemed! Hamish caught him up. "If you can give yourself trouble now, sir, there's no reason that you should do so, while you have your great lazy son at your elbow."

"Hamish, boy, I am proud of doing it."

It was soon collected. Hamish hastily, if not carelessly, told a porter to look to it, took Mr. Channing's arm, and marched him to the fly, which Mrs. Channing had already found. Hamish was in lively dread of some officious friend or other coming up, who might drop a hint of the state of affairs.

"Shall I help you in, father?"

"I can help myself now, Hamish. I remember you promised me that I should have no fly on my return. You have thought better of it."

"Yes, sir—wishing to get you home before bed-time, which might not be the case if you were to show yourself in the town, and stop for all the interruptions."

Mr. Channing stepped into the fly. Hamish followed him, first giving the driver a nod. "The luggage! The luggage!" exclaimed Mrs. Channing as they moved off.

"The porter will bring it, mother; he would have been a month putting it on the fly."

How could they suppose anything was the matter? Not a suspicion of it ever crossed them. Never had Hamish appeared more light-hearted; in fact, in his self-consciousness, Hamish a little over-did it. Let him get them home before the worst came!

"We find you all well, I conclude!" said Mrs. Channing.

"None of them came up with you! Arthur is in college, I suppose, and Tom and Charles are in school."

"It was Arthur's hour for college," remarked Hamish, conveniently ignoring the rest of the sentence: "but he ought to be out now. Arthur is at Galloway's again," he added. "He did not write you word, I believe, as you were so shortly expected home."

Mr. Channing turned his glance on his son like lightning. "Cleared, Hamish?"

"In my opinion, yes. In the opinion of others, I fear not much more than he previously was."

"And himself?" asked Mr. Channing. "What does he say now?"

"He does not speak of it to me."

Hamish put his head out at the window as he spoke, nodding to somebody who was passing. A question of Mr. Channing's called it again.

"Why has he gone back to Galloway's?"

Hamish laughed. "Roland Yorke took an impromptu departure one fine morning, for Port Natal, leaving the office and Mr. Galloway to do the best they could with each other. Arthur buried his grievances, and offered himself to

Mr. Galloway in the emergency. I am not quite sure that I should have been so forgiving."

"Hamish! He has nothing to forgive Mr. Galloway. It is on the other side."

"I am uncharitable, I suppose," remarked Hamish. "I cannot like Mr. Galloway's treatment of Arthur."

"But what is it you say about Roland Yorke and Port Natal?" interposed Mrs. Channing. "I do not understand."

"Roland is really gone, mother. He has been in London these ten days, and it is expected that every post will bring news that he has sailed. Roland has picked up a notion somewhere that Port Natal is an enchanted land, converting poor men into rich ones; and he is going to try what it will do for him. Lord Carrick is fitting him out. Poor Jenkins is sinking fast."

"Changes! changes!" remarked Mr. Channing. "Go away but for two or three months, and you must find them on return. Some gone; some dying; some—"

"Some restored, who were looked upon as incurable," interrupted Hamish. "My dear father, I will not have you dwell on dark things the very moment of your arrival; the time for that will come soon enough."

Judy nearly betrayed all; and Constance's aspect might have betrayed it, had the travellers been suspicious. She, Constance, came forward in the hall, white and trembling. When Mrs. Channing shook hands with Judy, she put an unfortunate question—"Have you taken good care of your boy?" Judy knew it could only allude to Charles, and for an answer she set up a noise, between a cry and a sob, that might have been heard in the far off college school-room. Hamish took Judy by the shoulders, bidding her go out and see whether any rattletaps were left in the fly, and so turned it off.

They were all together in the sitting-room—Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Hamish, Constance, Arthur, and Annabel; united, happy, as friends are and must be when meeting after a separation; talking of this, talking of that, imparting notes of what had occurred on either side. Hamish showed himself as busy as the rest; but Hamish felt all the while upon a bed of thorns, for the hands of the time-piece were veering on for five, and he must get the communication over before Tom came in. At length Mrs. Channing went up to her room, accompanied by Constance; Annabel followed. And now came Hamish's opportunity. Arthur had gone back to Mr. Galloway's, and he was alone with his father. He plunged into it at once; indeed, there was no time for delay.

"Father!" he exclaimed, with deep feeling, his careless manner changing as by magic, "I have very grievous news to impart to you. I would not enter upon it before my mother; though she must be told of it also, and at once."

Mr. Channing was surprised, more surprised than alarmed. He never remembered to have seen Hamish betray so much emotion. A thought crossed his mind that Arthur's guilt might have been brought clearly to light.

"Not that," said Hamish. "It concerns— Father, I do not like to enter upon it! I shrink from my task. It is very bad news indeed."

"You, my children, are all well," cried Mr. Channing, hastily, speaking the words as a fact, not as a question. "What other news 'very bad' can be in store?"

"You have not seen us all," was the answer of Hamish. And Mr. Channing, alarmed then, looked inquiringly at him.

"It concerns Charles. An—an accident has happened to him."

Mr. Channing sat down and shaded his eyes. He was a moment or two before he spoke. "One word, Hamish: is he dead?"

Hamish stood before his father and laid his hand affectionately upon his shoulder. "Father, I wish I could have prepared you better for it!" he exclaimed, with emotion. "We do not know whether he is dead or alive."

Then he explained—explained more in summary than in detail—touching lightly upon the worst features of the case, enlarging upon his own hopeful view of it. Bad enough it

was, at the best, and Mr. Channing found it so. He could feel no hope. In the shock of grief, he turned almost with resentment upon Hamish.

"My son, I did not expect this treatment from you."

"I have taken enough blame to myself; I know he was left in my charge," sadly replied Hamish; "but, indeed, I do not see how I could have helped it. Although I was in the room when he ran out of it, I was buried in my own thoughts, and never observed his going. I had no suspicion anything was afoot that night with the college boys. Father, I would have saved his life with my own."

"I am not blaming you for the fact, Hamish; blame is not due to you. Had I been at home myself, present, I might no more have stopped his going out than you did. But you ought to have acquainted me instantly. A whole month, and I to be left in ignorance!"

"We did it for the best. Father, I assure you that not a stone has been left unturned to find him; alive, or—or dead. You could not have done more had you hastened home; and it has been so much suspense and grief spared to you."

Mr. Channing relapsed into silence. Hamish glanced uneasily to that ever-advancing clock. Presently he spoke.

"My mother must be told before Tom comes home. It will be better that you take the task upon yourself, father. Shall I send her in?"

Mr. Channing looked at Hamish, as if he scarcely understood the import of the words. From Hamish he looked to the clock. "Ay; go and send her."

Hamish went to his mother's room, and returned with her. But he did not enter. He merely opened the door, and shut her in. Constance, with a face more scared than ever, came and stood in the hall. Annabel stood there. Judy, wringing her hands, and sending off short ejaculations of lament in an under tone, came to join them. They remained looking at the parlour door, dreading the effect of the communication that was going on inside.

"If it had been that great big Tom, it wouldn't matter so much," wailed Judith, in a tone of resentment. "The missis would know that he'd be safe to turn up, some time or other; a strong fellow like him!"

A sharp cry within the room. The door was flung open, and Mrs. Channing came forth, her face pale, her eyes wild, her hands lifted. "It cannot be true! It cannot be! Hamish! Judith! Where is he?"

Hamish folded her hands in his, and gently drew her in again. They all followed. No reason why they should not, now that the communication was made. Almost at the same moment, Mr. Huntley arrived.

Of course, the first thought that had occurred to the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Channing was, that had they been at home to direct affairs in the search, Charley would have been found. It is the thought that would occur to us all: we never give other people credit for doing as much as we should have done. "This might have been tried, and the other might have been tried." It makes little difference when told that they *have* been tried; for then we fall back upon some other suggestion. Mrs. Channing reproached Hamish with keeping it from them.

"My dear lady, you must blame me, not him," interposed Mr. Huntley. "Left to himself, Hamish would have started Arthur off to you, post haste. It was I who suggested the desirability of keeping you in ignorance; it was I who brought Hamish to see it; and I know that, when the brunt of your grief shall have passed, you will acknowledge that it was the best, the wisest, and the kindest course."

"But there are so many things that we could have suggested; that perhaps none but a father or mother would think of!" urged Mrs. Channing, lifting her yearning face. They wished they could see her weep.

"You could have suggested nothing that has not been done," returned Mr. Huntley. "Believe me, dear Mrs. Channing! We have had many good suggestors, many good counsellors. Butterby has had the conducting of the search."

Mr. Channing turned to them. He was standing at the far window. "I should like to see Butterby."

"He will be here in an hour's time," said Hamish. "I knew you would wish to see him, and I requested him to come."

"The worst feature of the whole," put in Judith, with as much acrimony as ever was displayed by Mr. Ketch, "is that them boys should not have got their deserts. They have not as much as had a birching; and I say that the college masters ought to be hooted. I'd 'ghost 'em!"

"The punishment lies in abeyance for the present," explained Hamish. "A different punishment from any the head master could inflict will be required, should—"

"should—" Hamish stopped. He did not like to say, in the presence of his mother, "should the body be found." "Some of them are suffering pretty well, as it is," he continued, after a brief pause. "Master Bill Simms lay in bed for a week with fright, and was obliged to have Mr. Hurst to him. Report goes, that Mr. Hurst soundly flogged his son, by way of a commencement, for his share."

A pushing open of the outer door, a bang, and hasty footsteps in the hall. Tom had arrived. Tom, with his sparkling eyes, his glowing face. They sparkled for his father only in that first moment; his father, who turned and walked to meet him.

"Oh, papa! What baths those must be!" cried honest Tom. "If ever I get rich, I'll go over there and make them a present of a thousand pounds. To think that nothing else should have cured you!"

"I think something else must have had a hand in curing me, Tom."

Tom looked up inquiringly. "Ah, papa! You mean God."

"Yes, my boy. God has cured me. The baths were but instruments in His hands."

CHAPTER LIV.

"THE SHIP'S LOST!"

REJECTING all offers of refreshment—the welcome-home meal which Constance had planned, and Judith prepared, both with so much loving care—Mr. Channing resolved to seek out Butterby at once. In his state of suspense, he could neither wait, nor eat, nor remain still; it would be a satisfaction only to see Butterby, and hear his opinion.

Mr. Huntley accompanied him, scarcely less proud than Hamish would have been, to walk once more arm in arm with Mr. Channing. But as there is not the least necessity for our going to the police station, for Mr. Butterby could tell us no more than we already know, we will just pay a short visit to Mr. Stephen Bywater.

That gentleman stood in the cloisters, into which he had seduced old Jenkins, the bedesman, having waited for the dusk hour, that he might make sure nobody else would be there. Ever since the last day you saw old Jenkins in the cathedral, he had been laid up in his house, with a touch of what he called his "rheumatiz." Decrepit old fellows were all the bedesmen, monopolising enough "rheumatiz" between them for half the city. If one was not laid up, another would be, especially in winter. However, old Jenkins had come out again to-day, to the gratification of Mr. Bywater, who had been wanting him. The cloisters were all but dark, and Mr. Ketch must undoubtedly be most agreeably engaged, or he would have shut up before.

"Now then, old Jenkins!" Bywater was saying. "You show me the exact spot, and I'll give you sixpence for smoke."

Old Jenkins hobbled to one of the mullioned windows near to the college entrance, and looked over into the dim grave-yard. "Twere about four or six yards off here," said he.

"But I want to know the precise spot," returned Bywater. "Get over, and show me!"

The words made old Jenkins laugh. "Law, sir! me get over there! You might as well ask me to get over the college. How be I to do it?"

"I'll hoist you up," said Bywater.

"No, no," answered the man. "My old bones be past

hoisting now. I shouldn't never get back alive, once I were propelled over into that there grave-yard."

Bywater felt considerably discomfited. "What a weak rat you must be, old Jenkins! Why, it's nothing!"

"I know it ain't—for you college gents. 'Twouldn't have been much for me when I were your age. Skin nor clothes war'n't of much account to me then."

"Oh, it's that, is it?" returned Bywater, contemptuously.

"Look here, old Jenkins! if your things come to the wars, I'll get my uncle to look you out some of his old ones. I'll give you sixpence for bacca, I say!"

The old bedesman shook his head. "If you give me a waggin load of bacca, I couldn't try at getting over there. You might just as good put a babby in arms on the ground, and tell it to walk!"

"Here! get out of the way for an old muff!" was Bywater's rejoinder; and in a second he had mounted the window-frame, and dropped into the burial-ground. "Now then, old Jenkins, I'll go about, and you call out when I come to the right spot."

By these means, Bywater arrived at a solution of the question, whereabouts the broken phial was found; old Jenkins pointing out the spot, to the best of his ability. Bywater then vaulted back again, and alighted safe and sound in the cloisters. Old Jenkins asked for his sixpence.

"Why, you did not earn it!" said Bywater. "You wouldn't get over!"

"A sixpence is always useful to me," said the old man; "and some of you gents has 'em in plenty. I aint paid much; and Joe, he don't give me much. 'Taint him; he'd give away his head, and always would—it's her. Precious close she is with the money, though she earns a sight of it, I know, at that shop of her'n, and keeps Joe like a king. Wine, and all the rest of it, she have got for him, since he was ill. 'There's a knife and fork for ye, whenever ye like to come,' she says to me, in her tart way. But dence a bit of money will she give. If it weren't for one and another friend a giving me a odd sixpence now and then, Master Bywater, I should never hardly get no bacca!"

"There; don't bother!" said Bywater, dropping the coin into his hand.

"Why, bless my heart, who's this, a prowling in the cloisters at this hour?" exclaimed a well-known, cracked voice, advancing upon them simultaneously with shuffling footsteps. "What do you do here, pray?"

"You would like to know, wouldn't you, Mr. Calcraft?" said Bywater. "Studying architecture. There!"

Old Ketch gave a yell of impotent rage, and Bywater decamped, as fast as his legs would carry him, through the west door.

Arrived at his home, or, rather, his uncle's, where he lived—for Bywater's paternal home was in a far-off place, over the sea—he went straight up to his own room, where he struck a match, and lighted a candle. Then he unlocked a sort of bureau, and took from it the phial found by old Jenkins, and a smaller piece which exactly fitted into the part broken. He had fitted them in ten times before, but it appeared to afford him satisfaction, and he now sat down and fitted them again.

"Yes," soliloquised he, as he nursed one of his legs—his favourite attitude—"it's as sure as eggs. And I'd have had it out before, if that old helpless muff of a Jenkins had been forthcoming. I knew it was safe to be somewhere near the college gates; but it was as well to ask."

He turned the phial over and over between his eye and the candle, and resumed—

"And now I'll give Mr. Ger a last chance. I told him the other day that if he'd only speak up like a man to me, and say it was an accident, I'd drop it for good. But he won't. And find it out, I will. I have said I would from the first, just for my own satisfaction; and if I break my word, may they tar and feather me! Ger will only have himself to thank; if he won't satisfy me in private, I'll bring it against him in public. I suspected Mr. Ger before; not but what I suspected another; but since Charley

Channing—oh! bother, though! I don't want to get thinking of *him*!"

Bywater re-locked up his treasures, and descended to his tea. That over, he had enough lessons to occupy him for a few hours, and keep him out of mischief.

Meanwhile Mr. Channing's interview with the renowned Mr. Butterby had brought forth nothing, and he was walking back home with Mr. Huntley. Mr. Huntley strove to lead his friend's thoughts into a different channel: it seemed quite a mockery to endeavour to whisper hope for Charley.

"You will resume your own place in Guild Street at once?" he observed.

"To-morrow, please God."

They walked a few steps further in silence; and then Mr. Channing entered upon the very subject which Mr. Huntley was hoping he would not enter upon. "I remember, you spoke, at Borcette, of having something in view for Hamish, should I be able to attend to business again. What is it?"

"I did," said Mr. Huntley; "and I am sorry that I did. I spoke prematurely."

"I suppose it is gone?"

"Well—no; it is not gone," replied Mr. Huntley, who was above equivocation. "I do not think Hamish would suit for the place."

Mr. Channing felt a little surprised. There were few places that Hamish might not suit for, if he chose to put out his talents. "You thought he would suit, then?" he remarked.

"But circumstances have since induced me to alter my opinion," said Mr. Huntley. "My friend," he more warmly added to Mr. Channing, "you will oblige me by allowing the subject to drop. I candidly confess to you that I am not so pleased with Hamish as I once was, and I would rather not interfere in placing him."

"How has he offended you? What has he done?"

"Nay, that is all I will say. I could not help giving you a hint, to account for what you might have deemed caprice. Hamish has not pleased me, and I cannot take him by the hand. There let it rest."

Mr. Channing was content to let it rest. In his inmost heart he entertained no doubt that the cause of offence was in some way connected with Mr. Huntley's daughter. Hamish was poor: Ellen would be rich; therefore it was but natural that Mr. Huntley should consider him an ineligible *parti* for her. Mr. Channing did not quite see what that had to do with the present question; but he could not, in delicacy, urge it further.

They found quite a levee when they got in: the Reverend Mr. Pye, Mr. Galloway—who had called in, with Arthur, upon leaving the office for the night—and William Yorke. All were anxious to welcome and congratulate Mr. Channing; and all were willing to tender a word of sympathy, touching Charles. Possibly Mr. Yorke had also another motive: if so, we shall come to it in due time.

Mr. Pye stayed but a few minutes. He did not say a word about the seniorship, neither did Mr. Channing to him. What, indeed, could either of them say? The subject was unpleasant to both sides; therefore it was best avoided. Tom, however, thought differently.

"Papa!" he exclaimed, plunging into it the moment Mr. Pye's back was turned, "you might have taken the opportunity to tell him that I shall leave the school. It is not often he comes here."

"But you are not going to leave the school," said Mr. Channing.

"Yes, I am," replied Tom, speaking with unmistakable firmness. "Hamish made me stay on until you came home: and I don't know how I have done it. It is of no use, papa! I cannot put up with the treatment—the insults. It was bad enough to lose the seniorship, but that is as nothing to the other. And to what end should I stop in, when my chance of the exhibition is gone?"

"It is not gone, Tom. Mr. Huntley—as word was written to me at Borcette—has declined it for his son."

"It is not the less gone for me, papa. Let me merit it as I will, I shall not be allowed to receive it, any more than I

did the seniorship. I am out of favour, both with masters and boys; and you know what that means, relative to a public school. If you witnessed the way I am served by the boys, you would be the first to say I must leave."

"What do they do?" asked Mr. Channing.

"They do enough to provoke my life out of me," said Tom, falling into a little of his favourite heat. "Were it myself only that they attacked, I don't know but I might stop and brave it out; but it is not. They go on against Arthur in a way that would make a saint mad."

"Pooh, pooh!" interposed Mr. Galloway, who was standing by. "If I am content to accept the innocence of Arthur, surely the college school may be."

Mr. Channing turned to the proctor. "Do you now believe him innocent?"

"I say I am content to accept his innocence," was the reply of Mr. Galloway; and Arthur, who was within hearing, could only do as he had had to do so many times before—school his spirit to patience. "Content to accept," and open exculpation, were things essentially different.

"Let me speak with you a minute, Galloway," said Mr. Channing, taking the proctor's arm and leading him across the hall to the drawing-room. "Tom," he added, looking back, "you shall tell me of these grievances another time."

The drawing-room door closed upon them, and Mr. Channing spoke with eagerness. "Is it possible that you still suspect Arthur to have been guilty?"

"Channing, I am fairly puzzled," returned Mr. Galloway. "His own manner relating to it has not changed, and that manner is not compatible with innocence. You made the same remark yourself, at the time."

"But you have had the money returned to you, I understand."

"I know I have."

"Well, that surely is a proof that the thief could not have been Arthur."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Galloway. "It may be a proof as much against him—as for him; it may have come from himself."

"Nay. Where was Arthur to get twenty pounds to send to you?"

"There are two ways in which he might get it. But"—Mr. Galloway broke off abruptly—"I do not like to urge these things on you; they can only inflict pain."

"Not greater pain than I have already undergone," was Mr. Channing's answer. "Tell me, I pray you, all your thoughts—all you suspect: just as though you were speaking to any indifferent friend. It is right that I should know it. Yes, come in, Huntley," Mr. Channing added, for Mr. Huntley at that moment opened the door, unconscious that any private conference was going forward. "I have no secrets from you. Come in. We are talking of Arthur."

"I was observing that there are two means by which the money could have come from Arthur," resumed Mr. Galloway, when Mr. Huntley had entered: "the one, by his never having used the note originally taken; the other, by getting a friend to return it for him. Now, my opinion is, that he did not pursue the first plan. I believe that, if he took the note, he used it. I questioned him on the evening of its arrival, and at the first moment his manner almost convinced me that he was innocent. He appeared to be genuinely surprised at the return of the money, and ingenuously confessed that he had not possessed any to send. But his manner veered again—suddenly, strangely—veered round to all its old unsatisfactory suspiciousness; and when I hinted that I should recall Butterby to my counsels, he became agitated, as he had done formerly. My firm belief"—Mr. Galloway added, laying his hand impressively upon Mr. Channing—"my firm belief is, that Arthur did get the money sent back to me through a friend."

"But what friend would be likely to do such a thing for him?" debated Mr. Channing, not in the least falling in with the argument. "I know of none."

"I think"—and Mr. Galloway dropped his voice—"that it came from Hamish."

"From Hamish!" was Mr. Channing's echo, in a strong accent of dissent. "That is nonsense. Hamish would not lend himself to screen guilt. Hamish has not twenty pounds to spare."

"He might spare it in the cause of a brother: and for a brother's sake he might even screen guilt," pursued Mr. Galloway. "Honourable and open as Hamish is, I must still express my belief that the twenty pounds came from him."

"Honourable and open as Hamish is!" The words grated on the ear of Mr. Huntley, and a cynical expression rose to his face. Mr. Channing observed it. "What do you think of it?" he involuntarily asked.

"I have never had any other opinion but that the money did come from Hamish," drily remarked Mr. Huntley. And Mr. Channing, in his utter astonishment, could not answer.

"Hamish happened to call in at my office the afternoon that the money was received," resumed Mr. Galloway. "It was after I had spoken to Arthur. I had been thinking it over, and came to the conclusion that if it had come from Arthur, Hamish must have done it for him. In the impulse of the moment, I put the question to him—Had he done it to screen Arthur? And Hamish's answer was a mocking one."

"A mocking one!" repeated Mr. Channing.

"A light, mocking, careless answer; one that vexed me, I know, at the time. The next day, I told Arthur, point blank, that I believed the money came from Hamish. I wish you could have seen his flush of confusion! and deny it he did not. Altogether, my impression against Arthur was rather confirmed than the contrary, by the receipt of the money; though I am truly grieved to have to say it."

"And you think the same!" Mr. Channing exclaimed to Mr. Huntley.

"Never mind what I think," was the answer. "Beyond the one opinion I expressed, I will not be drawn into the discussion. I did not intend to say so much: it was a slip of the tongue."

Mr. Huntley was about to leave the room as he spoke, perhaps lest he might make other "slips." But Mr. Channing interposed and drew him back. "Stay, Huntley," he said, "I cannot rest in this uncertainty. Oblige me by remaining one instant, while I call Hamish."

Hamish entered in obedience. He appeared somewhat surprised to see them assembled in conclave, looking so solemn; but he supposed it related to Charles. Mr. Channing undeceived him.

"Hamish, we are speaking of Arthur. Both these gentlemen have expressed a belief—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Huntley. "I said that I should be obliged if you would leave me out of the discussion."

"What does it signify?" returned Mr. Channing, his tone one of haste. "Hamish, Mr. Galloway has expressed to me a belief that you have so far taken part with Arthur in that unhappy affair, as to send back the money to him."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hamish; and his manner was precisely what Mr. Galloway had described it to have been at the time; light, mocking, careless. "Mr. Galloway did me the honour to express something of the same belief, I remember."

"Did you send it, Hamish?" asked his father, a severe look crossing his face.

"No, sir, I did not," emphatically replied Hamish. And Mr. Huntley turned and bent his keen eye upon him. In his heart of hearts he believed it to be a deliberate falsehood.

"I did not send the money, and I do not know who did send it," went on Hamish. "But as we are upon the subject, perhaps I may be allowed to express my opinion that, if there were as much labour taken to establish Arthur's innocence as it seems to me there is to prove him guilty, he might have been cleared long ago."

That the remark was aimed at Mr. Galloway there was no doubt. Mr. Huntley answered it; and had they been suspicious, they might have detected a covert meaning in his tone.

"You, at any rate, must hold firm faith in his innocence."

"Firm and entire faith," distinctly assented Hamish. "Father," he added, impulsively turning to Mr. Channing, "put all notion of Arthur's guilt from you at once and for ever. I would answer for him with my life."

"Then he must be screening some one," cried Mr. Galloway. "It is one thing or the other. Hamish, it strikes me you know. Who is it?"

The red flush mounted to the brow of Hamish, but he lapsed into his former mocking tone. "Nay," said he, "I can tell nothing of that."

He quitted the room as he spoke, and the conference broke up. It appeared that no satisfactory solution could be come to, did they keep it on till midnight. Mr. Galloway took leave, and hastened home to dinner.

"I must be going also," remarked Mr. Huntley. But, nevertheless, he returned with Mr. Channing to the other room.

"You told me at Borette that you were fully persuaded of Arthur's innocence: you were ready to ridicule me for casting a doubt upon it," Mr. Channing remarked to him in a low tone, as they crossed the hall.

"I have never been otherwise than persuaded of it," said Mr. Huntley. "He is innocent as you, or as I."

"And yet you join Mr. Galloway in assuming that he and Hamish sent back the money! The one assertion is incompatible with the other."

Mr. Huntley laid his hand upon Mr. Channing's shoulder. "My dear friend, all that you and I can do is to let the matter rest. We should only plunge into shoals and quicksands, and lose our way in them, were we to pursue it."

They had halted at the parlour door to speak. Judith came bustling up at that moment from the kitchen, a letter in her hand, and looking as if in her hurry she might have knocked them over, had they not made way for her to enter.

"Bad luck to my memory, then! It's getting not worth a button. Here, Master Arthur. The postman gave it me at the door, just as I had caught sight of the fly turning the corner with the master and missis. I slipped it into my pocket, and never thought of it till this minute."

"So! it has come at last, has it?" cried Arthur, recognising the handwriting of Roland Yorke.

"Is he really off?" inquired Tom.

"Yes, he is really off," replied Arthur, opening the letter and beginning to glance over the contents. "He has sailed in the ship Africa. Don't talk to me, Tom. What a long letter!"

They left him to read it in peace. Talking together—Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Mr. Huntley, William Yorke, Hamish, Constance—all were in a group round the fire, paying no attention to him. No attention, until an exclamation caused them to turn.

An exclamation half of distress, half of fear. Arthur had risen from his chair, and stood the picture of excitement, his face and lips blanching.

"What is the matter?" they exclaimed.

"Roland—the ship—Roland—" and there Arthur stopped, apparently unable to say more.

"Oh, it's drowned! it's drowned!" cried quick Annabel. "The ship's lost, and Roland with it!" And Arthur sunk back in his chair again, and covered his face with his hands.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Don't Chance It; and An Alphabetical Prayer for a Little Child. By the Rev. JAMES HARRIS, M.A., Rector of Pablesam, Essex. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Co.

MR. HARRIS relates that in the course of a morning's walk, he entered into conversation with an old man who had always seemed quiet in his demeanour, and was provident in his habits, in regard to temporal things, but who had

never evinced any anxiety as to the welfare of his immortal soul. Mr. Harris urged upon him the necessity of seeking salvation, and at last "pressed him with the question—'What will become of you in the day of judgment, if, knowing that these things about which I have spoken are true, you fail to practise the duties which God has enjoined?' His answer immediately was, 'Well, I don't know; I suppose I must chance it.'" Scarcely a week had passed away, when this poor man was suddenly summoned to his account. Not long afterwards, Mr. Harris heard the same phrase used by another old man, in the course of a similar conversation. Hence he asked himself, whether this might not be the secret thought of many with whose opinions he was unacquainted? and, in the hope of arresting the attention of such persons, the little tract before us has been penned. It seems to be well adapted for that purpose. Mr. Harris's style is pleasing, and, at the same time, forcible; and the spirit in which he writes is that of an earnest pastor, "speaking the truth in love."

The prayer in verse is very suitable for a child. It has been put into an alphabetical form, we presume, in order to assist the childish memory.

Royal Truths. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Sixth Thousand. Edinburgh: Strahan and Co.

WE know nothing of the origin of this book, but it is preceded by an alphabetical table of topics. The volume itself consists of a great many paragraphs, each of which expresses some idea on some moral, philosophical, or religious question. It is a book containing many opinions, by one man, upon many subjects. Take the first few articles of the index, as an explanation of what we mean:—"Abelard and Heloise; Accessibility of Men; Advantage of having a Rule of Life; Adversity the Test of Hope; All things Naked and Open; American Slavery not Hebrew Slavery, but Roman; Annie Howard; Another Life." We can discover nothing like order or arrangement in the distribution of the contents, and we could imagine that they were portions of sermons, lectures, and newspaper articles, collected and sent to the printer with no further care. Nor can we say that we always agree with Mr. Beecher, even when, as usual with him, he speaks very positively. In our judgment some of the passages are not so much "royal truths," as Mr. Beecher's opinions. And yet there is much in the book that is true, striking, and beautiful. It is a book for vacant moments, and for thoughtful readers, who know how to discern. Taken as a whole, it may be regarded as interesting and suggestive.

The Postman's Bag, and other Stories. By the Rev. J. DE LIEFDE. Edinburgh: A. Strahan and Co.

PRINTERS, artists, and binders have conspired to give this book a very attractive appearance. Not only have the separate stories ornamental headings, but there are twelve very pretty illustrations, supplied by several different artists, and most of them having the twofold merit of being really illustrations and of being well executed. The stories, which are fourteen in number, remind us that Holland is the country of the author. To some extent, their being continental is a disadvantage, because youthful readers cannot always so well appreciate that which is cast in a foreign mould. Domestic stories, or the gorgeous fancies of Oriental imagination, are commonly most delighted in. But it must be owned that Mr. de Liefde wields a ready and a graceful pen, that his sketches are graphic, and that their moral is good. Although a foreigner, he has a rare command of the English language, and this enables him to express himself in thoroughly idiomatic phrase. To such an extent is this the case, that many might suppose these were translations, which we understand is not the case. Probably few of his own sex could have written the book which Mr. de Liefde here presents us with. Some of the children are a little too precocious, but otherwise it is a volume which is likely to be popular in the family circle.

Heavenward Thoughts for Christian Households: being brief Meditations, or a Family's Daily Texts for the Year. By D. O. H. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. W. CHAMPNEYS, M.A. Second edition. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.

THIS little volume is well introduced by a brief preface from the pen of Canon Champneys, and a prefatory note by a friend, now no more on earth. The object and spirit of the work will be gathered from its title: it is simply brief meditations upon Scripture texts for every day in the year. These meditations are simple, affectionate, and evangelical. They are suited for those for whom they are intended—earnest, loving, and practical disciples of the Lord Jesus. Most of them are upon striking and well-known texts, and two or three minutes daily will be well devoted to their perusal. With God's blessing they will edify and encourage His children.

The Shadow of the Almighty. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. London: Nisbet and Co.

MR. HALL is so well known, not only as one of our most successful and popular ministers, but as a useful and acceptable writer, that he requires no introduction from us. The little book in our hands is another tribute which the author pays to his love of truth and grace. It is a series of meditations upon Psalm xci. 1—8, calculated to revive and encourage the hearts of the disciples of Christ. Although so small, it contains many precious thoughts, and will not fail to be a favourite with those who peruse it. It is practical, earnest, and devout.

Rough Diamonds; a Story Book. London: Sampson Low, 1862.

A LITTLE bundle of tales selected from current periodicals. The story "What is a Pound? a Currency Allegory," originally inserted in "Good Words," tells how two dustmen wasted a sovereign in attempting to solve the question. They ultimately got drunk with the money. The story has its moral. "The Phantom Genius" is an amusing satire upon a modern mania. The wood engravings are very clever.

The Historical Finger-Post. A Handy Book of Phrases, Terms, Epithets, &c., in connection with Universal History. Lockwood and Co. 1861.

THIS little compilation, which might be taken for an abridgment of similar books always useful for reference, and which it can never supersede, may be useful for young persons. The arrangement of the subjects is good, and on comparing at random two or three words with other authorities, we find no discrepancy.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.—The frail tenure of life and health is continually brought home to us in the newspapers. Two months since, the 217 miners who were impured in the sepulchre at New Hartley were in the enjoyment of health and strength. Temperate in habit, strong in constitution, prosperous in their respective positions in life, they probably looked forward to a peaceful, happy, and prolonged existence in the midst of their families. But the slender thread of their lives was abruptly severed, and 406 individuals were deprived of that protection and means of support which they had hitherto enjoyed. Such an event as this, followed closely by the catastrophe at Merthyr Tydfil, is calculated to remind us of the duty of making an immediate and adequate provision for those dependent upon us, so that, in the event of our lives being cut off, they may not be left for the means of support to eleemosynary and uncertain sources of supply. The means of doing this effectually is afforded by such institutions as the Accidental Death Insurance Company, which, during twelve years and a half, has paid, in compensation and death claims, upwards of £169,268, on account of 8,890 persons killed or injured by accidents.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED WITH
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

MARCH 2.

JOHN WESLEY.—In 1791 died John Wesley, a man whose name is indelibly associated with that of a widely extended section of the Christian Church. He was born in 1703 at Epworth, in Lincolnshire. His ancestors were eminent for piety. When about six years of age, his father's house was set on fire, and the child was saved with great difficulty from destruction. This miraculous escape seems to have awakened in his mother a peculiar interest for her son John. In allusion to his preservation, and her plans respecting his tuition, she remarks in her diary:—"I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou has so mercifully preserved. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely, and bless my attempts with good success." The history of his education at the Charter-house, and at Christchurch, Oxford, presents no record of unusually precocious intellect, or of early and surprising acquirements. At sixteen he commenced the study of Hebrew, and in 1724 began to think seriously of entering into deacon's orders. In 1725 the Bishop of Oxford ordained him, and the next year he became a candidate for a fellowship in Lincoln College, and obtained it. Of this step he said many years afterwards, "Entering now as it were into a new world, I resolved to have no acquaintance by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me on my way to heaven." He was soon appointed Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes. While absent for a short period, during which he officiated for his father, his brother Charles, who was pursuing his studies at Christchurch, had associated himself with a few of the undergraduates, for the purpose of religious improvement. Their peculiarity of conduct speedily brought down upon them the ridicule of the profane, and one person having remarked in reference to their *methodical* manner of life that a new sect of methodists had sprung up (a word very familiar to schoolmen, though differently applied), the name obtained currency; and as, similarly, the Society of Friends have been derisively denominated "Quakers," so "Methodist" became the title bestowed as an opprobrious epithet upon the great religious denomination which undoubtedly originated in the exertions of the brothers John and Charles Wesley. The original intention of these eminent men was not to found a new sect, but to become, in the hand of the great Head of the Church, the instruments of the extension of practical godliness. Hervey, the author of "Theron and Aspasio," and whose theological views were certainly not those of Wesley, and George Whitefield, of whom the same may be said, were members of this little party. The father of John Wesley died in 1735, and the son refusing to accept the vacant living, it passed into other hands. It was then that Dr. Burton introduced him to the governor of the colony of Georgia, who requested him to remove to America, and engage in the conversion of the Indians. His mother favoured the scheme, and said, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice if they were all so employed, though I should never see them more." Having consented to become a missionary, he embarked in October, 1735, at Gravesend, accompanied by his brother. They landed near Savannah, Mr. Wesley remaining in the colony nearly two years, preaching the Gospel, to use his own words, "not as he ought, but as he was able." He returned to England in 1738, and found that George Whitefield had sailed only the day before for the colony he had left, after having made a great impression in London and elsewhere by his preaching. Wesley's first sermon on his return, from the text, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," marked its author as the evident successor to the fame of Whitefield, and as one well calculated to deepen and widen the impression that energetic preacher had made. The pulpit of St. Andrew's, Holborn, was closed to him, after the utterance of a similar discourse, and perhaps it was the mani-

festation of unexpected hostility that led him from the pale of his own Church to subsequent intercourse with the Moravian brethren. It is certain that about this time the two brothers, with about fifty other persons, formed themselves into a society, which met in Fetter Lane (the present locality of a Moravian chapel) every Wednesday evening, ostensibly that they might enjoy free conversation, and build each other up in the principles of religious faith. In the hope that by communion with the Moravian brethren benefit would arise to his own soul, Mr. Wesley made a visit of a fortnight's duration to their settlement at Herrnhut, stopping by the way at Marienborn, where he conversed with Zinzendorf. Though they did not exactly agree, Wesley seems to have been delighted with his visit, declaring he would gladly have spent his life there, but for the labour he believed his Master had for him to do in another department of his vineyard. Charles Wesley, meanwhile, had continued with the society at Fetter Lane, and it was increasing rapidly, when his brother John returned from Germany, Mr. Whitefield having also returned from America. John Wesley now immediately commenced those systematic labours, which constituted him the founder of a great denominational body. Whitefield had commenced the practice of field preaching; they were both of them ordained ministers of the establishment, and he invited Wesley to join him. The invitation to Bristol for that purpose was accepted. But it soon appeared that there were insuperable obstacles to cordial co-operation, arising from diversity of views on doctrinal truth. This gradually led to their estrangement, and to a separation, existing to this day between the societies over which they respectively presided. Into the specification of these differences, and into any estimate of the comparative merit or truth of either of them, this is not the place to enter. Wesley gave his followers the advice to speak no word against opinions, to fight not against notions, but to oppose sins. The approach of old age did not in the least abate his diligence. The history of Wesleyan Methodism is a monument of almost incredible exertion. The last annual conference at which he presided was held at Bristol in 1790. At that time there were in the connexion 216 circuits, 511 preachers, and 120,233 members. All this had been done in less than fifty years, and a great part of it was owing to John Wesley's personal exertions. The annual report presents a wonderful increment now. In 1790 he found his eyes growing dim: he was then eighty-eight. He frequently repeated in his dying moments—"The best of all is, God is with us." His friends may feel satisfied with the admission which has been made by writers hostile to the denomination he founded—that, perhaps, not another man then living could have been found, who would have acquitted himself with greater credit to his own personal character, and, judging from results, with greater advantage to the cause in which he was engaged, than did John Wesley.

VARIOUS EVENTS.—In 1492, the Jews were banished from Spain by an edict of Ferdinand V. They numbered no fewer than 800,000 souls, who, refusing to be baptised, quitted the country. The year is memorable, as that of the consolidation of the Spanish monarchy, in the erection of the symbol of the Christian faith on the towers and battlements of Granada. The conquest of that country from the Mohammedans may be regarded as a compensation in some sense for the loss of Constantinople, which a few years previously had been seized by the Turks, under Mahommed II., marking the final extinction of the Roman empire, and of a professedly Christian power in the East. Contemporaneously with these events in 1492, was the sailing of Columbus from Cadiz, and the discovery of the New World.

MARCH 3.

MARYLAND COLONISED.—On this day in 1634, the first colony arrived at Potomac, for the settlement of Maryland, under Lord Baltimore. It consisted of 200 Catholics from England. The soil was purchased from the natives, and the foundation of the province was laid on the avowed basis of security to property and freedom in religion. In illustra-

tion of the extent of change since that day, it may be stated that so long ago as 1853, there were 521 miles of railway in operation in Maryland, and the state had expended fifteen millions of dollars on railways and canals. There are now more than nine hundred churches of all denominations in this state, and church property valued at nearly four millions. There were, in 1852, five colleges in Maryland, and 34,467 children were in attendance at schools, upon which establishments are annually expended 225,260 dollars. The public revenue of the state is nearly two millions. Such has been the history of progress since 1634.

VITRINGA.—In 1722 died Campeggio Vitringa, a most eminently learned Protestant divine, whose commentaries have long been accepted as highly valuable contributions to sacred literature. He was a doctor of divinity of the University of Leyden, and successively professor of Oriental languages, divinity, and sacred history. His best known work is his commentary on Isaiah, two volumes folio, in Latin.

GEORGE HERBERT.—In 1633 died that eminent ornament of the Church, George Herbert. Becoming debarred, through the death of influential friends, from rising at court, he became inspired with a better ambition. King James, the Duke of Richmond, and the Marquis of Hamilton were dead. His mind took a new turn. He determined to dedicate himself to the Church, and, to use his own words, "to consecrate all his learning, and all his abilities, to advance the glory of that God who gave them." Such was his resolution, and he was enabled to keep it. Few men have more literally fulfilled it. He rebuilt the parish church of Leighton, as one of his first acts on becoming prebendary; and subsequently at Bemerton, to the living of which he was inducted in 1630, he passed the remainder of his days, discharging the duties of a parish priest in a manner so exemplary, that the history of his life at this place, as detailed by Walton, or better by himself, in his "Country Parson," may justly be recommended as a model. As a sacred poet, Herbert ranks with Donne, Quarles, and Crashaw, and is by many, who are fond of the quaint style of that age, considered as inferior to none of them. His life was a practical transcript of his writings, which were those of a man of unfeigned piety and humility.

MARCH 4.

EVENTS.—The patent of Massachusetts was confirmed by Charles I. in 1629, by the name of the "governor and company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." Plymouth colony was first settled by the Puritan emigrants in 1620, and Salem, Charleston, and Boston in 1628 and 1630. The state comprises an area of only 7,800 square miles, but it is perhaps the most enterprising state of the union. It has 1,430 churches of all denominations, and the church property is valued at nearly eleven millions. The population in 1855 was 1,132,369, and it has 3,987 public schools, attended by 22,000 pupils; 785 unincorporated academies, four colleges, and three theological seminaries.

MARCH 5.

EVENTS.—On this day in 1660 (the Rump Parliament not being dissolved until the middle of the month, and a Convention Parliament assembling in April), the solemn league and covenant was ordered to be printed and set up in churches. On the same day in 1686 James II. forbade the bishops to preach on controverted topics. The same anniversary marks the death in 1695 of Henry Wharton, an English divine of uncommon abilities. He was a voluminous writer, and his early death was much lamented by the clergy, to whom his studious labours and publications on church affairs had been very acceptable. His memory is deserving of veneration, as that of an ecclesiastical antiquary of uncommon zeal and untiring assiduity. On this day in 1708 occurred the death of the well-known William Beveridge, Bishop of St. Asaph. His grandfather, father, and brother had occupied the vicarage of Barrow, in Leicestershire, where he was born in 1636. He held various appointments in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, and ultimately, refusing the see of Bath and Wells, accepted that of St. Asaph. His

works were many and full of great variety of learning. His "Private Thoughts upon a Christian Life, or necessary directions for its beginning and progress upon earth, in order to its final perfection in the beatific vision," is perhaps the best and most generally known of his many works. He was a person of the most exemplary charity, and great zeal for practical piety, and left "one hundred and fifty sermons on various subjects," printed in twelve volumes in 1708, and reprinted in two folio volumes in 1719, besides an explanation of the Church Catechism, and various other equally useful books.

MARCH 6.

13. B.C.—The Emperor Augustus assumed the office of Pontifex Maximus, and immediately destroyed 2,000 books or manuscripts of prophecy, the writers of which were unknown or of no authority. He also began to reduce the calendar to that regularity designed by his uncle, Julius Cæsar, and called the sixth month, which had hitherto been named Sextilis, by his own name, because in that month he entered upon his first consulate, B.C. 42, and obtained his most considerable victories. Festivals were observed at ancient Rome on this day, in honour of Vesta.

MARCH 7.

THE NONES.—It may be interesting to observe why the "nones" of March, May, July, and October, fell on the seventh day. The nones, a division of time in the Roman almanack, were derived from the Etrurians, with whom every ninth day was a day of business, on which their kings gave audience and administered justice. Thirty-eight of these weeks of eight days comprised the Tuscan year of ten months. But the Romans only retained the form of this institution. The custom of reckoning by *weeks* was not introduced at Rome until the third century, and from a better model, the Egyptians. With them, in the months of March, May, July, and October, the "nones" fell on the seventh day; consequently, reckoning up to the "calends" they were six in number, but in all the remaining months, only four, because that period occurred two days sooner. The nones of a month among the Romans may then be understood as being the next days after the "calends," or first days of every month; and are so called because from the last of the said days to the "ides" were always nine days. The "ides" of a month were eight days reckoned backward to the end of the "nones" in every month. The term "none" is also applied to designate one of the seven canonical habits of the Church of Rome.

THOMAS AQUINAS.—In 1274 died Thomas Aquinas, styled the "angelical doctor." He was of high descent, from the counts of Aquino in Italy. There was a great contest for him between his family and the monks, when he was a youth, but he eluded the vigilance of his friends and became a very conspicuous and noted theologian. Adopting the general ideas of the age in which he lived—that theology is best defended by the weapons of logic and metaphysics—he mixed the subtleties of Aristotle with the language of Scripture and the reasonings of the Christian fathers, and, after the manner of the Arabian schools, framed abstruse questions without end, upon various topics of speculative divinity, well illustrative of the "vain philosophy" against which the Apostle Paul has warned us. Aquinas left a vast number of works which are now forgotten. They were printed in seventeen volumes in folio at Venice, in 1490, and subsequently at other places.

MARCH 8.

WALTER THE PENNILESS.—In 1096 Walter the Penniless departed from France with his company of Crusaders. By the Council of Clermont, this the first expedition was appointed to depart on the 15th of August, but Walter, Peter's lieutenant, was compelled by the zeal, or hunger and want, of his followers to commit a pious breach of that decree. The consequence was that 300,000 of these needy and unorganised tribes perished, before Godfrey and the other chiefs had received the crimson badges of their mission; and these warriors only discovered by a heap of bones the direful fate of their plebeian companions.

READINGS IN BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,

EX-LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

VII. PROBATION—(continued).

THE consideration of the present life, as vitally connected with the future, for which we find it to be a state of preparation, where our characters are to be formed by a course of moral discipline, with the Divine help which God has graciously provided—this has been the subject of the last reading, and I propose to follow it up, in the present, so as to conclude the examination of the impressive and important chapter which is now before us. Butler tells us that, in our natural state, we find ourselves, at the first, "unformed, unfinished creatures; utterly deficient and unqualified (before the acquirement of knowledge, experience, and habits) for that mature state of life which was the end of man's creation, considering him as related only to this world." But these deficiencies may be supplied by acquired knowledge, experience, and habits; and the condition of infancy, childhood, and youth is fitted for the acquiring of the qualifications which are needed in mature age. In the arrangements of family life, authority, softened and commended by natural affection, trains the young to subordination, and habituates them to a willing obedience. They are thus gently and gradually qualified for submission to civil authority, and the restraint of self-government in society. They learn, insensibly yet perfectly, rules of action and conduct, which may be mistaken for instinct, though they have been really acquired by exercise and experience. Processes are silently active long before their effect is manifested. The fresh feelings have received impressions and impulses which go forward into manhood, upon which is visibly impressed the character of the training of the child. Thus at the start, in the domestic constitution, provision is made for giving the key-note to life's duties; it inculcates order, cherishes kindness, commands unity, and hallows peace. At this stage, instruction, example, and the care of others, are requisite; but, moreover, there is much left to ourselves to do; part is easily done, part demands diligence, thoughtfulness, self-denial, and a sustained sense of duty. According to the use made of this early period of life, the character of the man is formed or made to appear; it is an opportunity put into our hands, which, when lost, is not to be recovered. All this will be at once admitted as what may be said to be common-place, because it is what we all find to be true in the routine of life. Butler has observed, in the preface to the first edition of this treatise, "If the reader should meet here with anything which he had not before attended to, it will not be in the observations upon the constitution and course of Nature—these being all obvious—but in the application of them." If, then, we find ourselves placed in a state of discipline, during childhood, for mature age, and our character and qualifications for our position in life are moulded by this discipline, and dependent on the success with which it has been conducted, is it not credible and probable that this life may be a like state of discipline for

the future, and our finding ourselves placed in it under such discipline a providential disposition of things, making our condition, in both respects, uniform, and of a piece, and comprehended under one general law?

That we are capable of moral improvement by discipline, is undeniable; that we require it, is obvious. From the very constitution of a finite creature, habits of virtue may be necessary for a security against the danger of deviating from what is right. The great wickedness of many, the imperfections of which the best are conscious, show how greatly we want moral culture. Our nature is made up of various affections towards particular external objects, and these affections are naturally and of right subject to the government of the moral principle as to the occasions upon which they may be gratified, the times, degrees, and manner in which the objects of them may be pursued. But (as he truly adds) "the principle of virtue can neither excite them, nor prevent their being excited." The presence of the objects naturally excites the affections towards it—what we call "*the propension*;" and if it cannot be gratified lawfully, but may be gratified by unlawful means, then so long as in such circumstances the affection continues to be excited, it has a tendency to incline us to venture upon such unlawful means, and so far to put us in danger. The excitement of the affection, and its continuing in the mind for a time, may be natural, necessary, and innocent; but the danger we are placed in by this is greater or less according to the strength of the power of resistance within us, and this may depend, to an extent we may not be able to define, on the improvement of the practical principle of virtue—the moral principle invigorated by discipline and exercise—by our attending to the equity and right of the case, in whatever we are engaged, whether it be in greater or lesser matters, and accustoming ourselves always to act upon it. If we do not steer, we must drift. The habit of resistance, as it is acquired, strengthens the practical principle and weakens the power of that opposite propension, which will be excited in like forbidden circumstances.

In a future state, he says, it is scarce possible to avoid supposing that particular affections, as a part of our nature, will remain. If so, the regulation of them by acquired habits of restraint may be necessary. Indeed, in any event, habits of virtue acquired by a moral discipline are improvements in virtue, and under the moral government already established, and which we have found to be moving forwards towards completion hereafter, and which we expect will be perfected in righteousness, improvement in virtue must be advancement in happiness, and the strength of the principle, as improved, will be at least an element of security against the danger to which finite creatures are, from their very constitution, more or less exposed. We can see how such creatures, though made upright, may fall; but if enabled to preserve their uprightness, by so doing may be raised themselves to a more secure state of virtue. Particular propensions must be felt by creatures having particular affections, and placed in circumstances in which there are objects which must, in their very nature, excite these affections. All this may so far be

innocent and lawful, natural and necessary. The inward constitution of such creatures may be such, that the several principles—natural and moral—are in the most exact proportion; that is to say, in a proportion the most exactly adapted to their intended state of life. Such would be at the first upright or finitely perfect. But the presence of the object which naturally excites a particular propension, may be accompanied with circumstances in which the propension cannot be gratified with, but may be gratified without, the allowance of the moral principle, or by contradicting it. The excitement of this propension may be repeated by a greater frequency of occasions naturally exciting it, than of occasions of exciting others. The least voluntary indulgence in **FORBIDDEN CIRCUMSTANCES** (these words are emphatic), though but in thought, will increase the tendency to induce the creature to the forbidden gratification—peculiar conjunctures perhaps conspiring, the tendency becomes effect; the danger of deviating from right ends in actual deviation. The danger, you may observe, arises from the very nature of the propension, and therefore could not be prevented, though it might have been escaped—that is to say, got through innocently. Is not this an exact analysis of the temptation and fall of our first parents, which is recorded for our instruction in the word of God? "It is impossible (Butler adds) to say how much even the first full overt act might disorder the inward constitution, unsettle the adjustments, and alter the proportions which formed it, and in which the uprightness of its make consisted." Then the repetition of similar acts would produce habits. Thus the constitution would be spoiled, and creatures made upright become corrupt and depraved in their settled character; whereas, if they had persevered in their integrity by steadily following the moral principle, and, notwithstanding the unavoidable danger of defection which necessarily arose from the natural propension, the danger would have lessened, and the security against it have increased. Vicious indulgence is not merely in itself sinful, but it depraves and deteriorates the inward constitution and character. On the other hand, the exercise of the virtuous principle may be such as to lessen the danger of defection, and fortify against what remains of it; and the higher perfections of our nature may consist in habits of virtue formed in a state of discipline, and a more complete security remain to proceed from these habits. But here let me say, though (as it is admitted by Butler) we cannot adequately estimate the moral consequences of the fall—the derangement and degradation, the debasing fear, the sense of alienation from God—yet, as the mysterious shock thus given to our moral nature is to some extent, at least, a matter of which we are conscious, and in all its solemn reality a fact revealed, it cannot consist with reason, and it is contrary to Revelation to set up any system of human effort, or any method of discipline, however refined, as sufficient of itself to re-adjust the framework of this our fallen nature, to repair the ruin, to restore the lost image of Him who made man upright.

Depraved creatures (says Butler) want not merely to be improved, but to be *renewed*. When, therefore, Revelation teaches us that this is the special and sacred office of the Holy Spirit; that he is the helper of our infirmities; that the processes of moral discipline which are, on our part, to be carried on, according to the laws of our moral being, the analogy of common life, and in the course of our daily duties; that these are quickened by him, in all who are children of God by faith in Christ, so as to make them meet to be partakers of the joys of heaven, let us accept the glorious announcement with thankful and confiding hearts. Let us not

presume to limit the influence nor define the operation of the blessed Spirit. We may not be able to analyse what we may feel in the very depths of our being—a witness within us—but we can at least see, on the human side, the moral obligations imposed, the reasonable service required, the discipline of duty in order to a growth in grace; we may observe the care and the diligence, so becoming our position under the Gospel dispensation, the jealous vigilance ever to be exercised, that we may not grieve Him by whom the believer is sealed unto the day of redemption.

It is our part to fill the water-pots to the brim; the converting process is the work of God alone. So far as practically concerns us, our duties, our moral preparation for that future state which we have had under consideration, the present world is peculiarly fit to be a state of discipline for this purpose to such as will use it according to the appointment and will of God. The experience of life, the facts which it presents to our observation, the evidences of our frailty, of our capacity of misery; that the constitution of Nature is such as to admit the possibility, the danger, and the actual event of creatures losing their innocence and happiness, and becoming sinful and wretched; this has a tendency (Butler tells us) to give us a *practical* sense of things, very different from a mere *speculative* knowledge, that we are liable to vice and capable of misery. Our temptations, difficulties, need of thought and care—all the trials of our daily life—render the present world peculiarly fit to be a state of discipline, because, from the very make of our nature, the continued exercise of the virtuous principle, the virtuous effort carried into act has a peculiar tendency to form habits of virtue, and so to fix the character. The continuance of temptations calls for the continued exertion of the virtuous principle, which grows and is strengthened, as the exercise of it is more continued, oftener repeated and more intense, as it must be, in circumstances of danger, temptation, and difficulty of any kind, and in any degree; and in such case the tendency to form and fix the habit of virtue is increased proportionably, and a more confirmed habit is the consequence. The labour is not in vain in the Lord. In the work which he has allotted to us in our position and circumstances, whatsoever they be, we are encouraged to be always abounding. The law of growth is one of silent progress, which is manifested at intervals in the results which we find in the several stages—such as the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear. Character, in like manner, grows insensibly and continuously; influences from above co-operate with energies below, at the proper season; and if either be wanting in its season, the appointed consequence follows. God, of his sovereign wisdom, may have fixed a limit beyond which the highest effort of any cannot go; but he has encouraged all of us to a patient continuance in well-doing, and enjoined us not to be weary. He has invited us to press onward, not by impulsive and intermittent efforts, but by steadfast and sustained diligence—"always and abounding." We need to be admonished as well as encouraged. The world is made by many a discipline of vice rather than of virtue. Whether the analogy which he suggests as to the seeds of vegetables and the bodies of animals which are suffered to be wasted and lost without coming to perfection,—whether this can be at all compared with the ruin of moral and immortal beings, I do not here offer an opinion. Butler suggests that the appearance of such a waste in the one may be as difficult for us to account for as the ruin in the other. Be this as it may, it is but speculative; what we are concerned to know is practical—that this world is adapted to be a taste of moral discipline for those who feel that it is their

wisdom and their safety to obey a merciful and righteous God, rather than to follow fallen man. Nor is this a mere appeal to the selfish part of our nature. Veracity, justice, and charity—regard to God's authority and to our own chief interest—are all coincident.

It is not only that we have in this present life the means of cultivating the active principle of virtue and the obedience of faith, but we may also cultivate the habit of passive submission or resignation to the will of God. This is an essential part of a right character, and is not less needed in the hour of our wealth, in the sunshine of prosperity, than in the day of adversity and depression. In the second sermon upon "Compassion," he observes: "Mitigations and reliefs are provided by the merciful Author of Nature for most of the afflictions in human life. There is kind provision made even against our frailties, as we are so constituted that time abundantly abates our sorrows, and begets in us that resignation of temper which ought to have been produced by a better cause—a due sense of the authority of God and our state of dependence." This is very beautifully expanded in the second sermon on the "Love of God" (see page 179).

Habits of resignation—of submission to God's will, contentment with our appointed position, our lot in life as God has arranged it—habits formed by use, may be necessary for our happiness and security hereafter; and the proper discipline for this is affliction, a right behaviour under it, receiving it as from the hand of God, as his appointment, his chastening for our profit: this will habituate the mind to a dutiful submission. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," was the sublime and pious assurance of the afflicted servant of God. Prosperity, says Lord Bacon, is the blessing of the Old Testament. Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are crushed.

It is (as Butler observes) the habit of dutiful submission, together with the active principle of obedience, which makes up the temper and character in man which answers to the sovereignty of God. It is a necessity of human nature. The inspired apostle has taught this in weighty and solemn words: "*Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience of the things which he suffered, and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.*" "The conclusion is," to use the words of Butler in his sermon "On the Ignorance of Man," "that in all lowliness of mind we set lightly by ourselves; that we form our temper to an implicit submission to the Divine Majesty; beget within ourselves an absolute resignation to all the methods of his providence in his dealings with the children of men; that in the deepest humility of our souls we prostrate ourselves before him and join in that celestial song—'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints! Who shall not fear thee, O Lord! and glorify thy name?'"

ALEXANDRIA.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has started on his eastern tour, and as Alexandria is the first place of importance on his route, some of our readers will like to know something of its history. This city is called by the Arabs Iskanderieh, and occupies an artificial neck of land which joins the African continent to the ancient island of Pharos. When Alexander the Great visited Egypt in 332 B.C., he ordered the erection of the city, and appointed Dinocrates, a Macedonian, as architect. It had two main streets which intersected each other. The main land was connected with the island of Pharos by an artificial dyke, and upon Pharos itself a splendid lighthouse was afterwards erected. This lighthouse is said to have been 400 feet high. In one portion of the city a museum was built, and in another there were the palaces and the tomb of Alexander. Canals were dug for commercial purposes and to supply the city with water. The first inhabitants were principally Greeks and Jews. The Ptolemies, who succeeded Alexander, made it their residence, and under them it became very populous and magnificent. Ptolemy Soter founded an academy, and a library which his successors enlarged till it contained, we are told, 700,000 volumes. Another of the Ptolemies procured for this library the first translation of the Old Testament in Greek. The history of this version, is, however, so involved in fable that little is known of the true facts, but it is most probable that this famous work, called the Septuagint, was at least begun about 285 B.C. In the war with Julius Cæsar, about 50 B.C., a large part of the library was burned. Cleopatra sought to repair this loss by adding many new books. Its final destruction took place under Omar, one of the Mohammedan khalifs, about A.D. 640.

The population of Alexandria is said to have been 300,000 when Diodorus was there, about 60 B.C.; but after the Mohammedan conquest it rapidly diminished, and although it is now increasing, the number is probably not much over 60,000. During the time of its ancient grandeur, Alexandria was celebrated for its commerce and its learning. Ships from all parts traded at its port, and men of all nations sought instruction in its schools. Christianity found an early entrance there, no doubt in the times of the Apostles. Its nearness to the Holy Land, its great importance, and the fact that our Lord himself had passed a portion of his human infancy in Egypt, may account for the speedy formation of a church there. Jews from the Alexandrian synagogue disputed with Stephen (Acts vi. 9, 10); Apollon was a native of Alexandria (Acts xviii. 24); and Paul was twice a passenger on board Alexandrian ships (Acts xxvii. 6; xxviii. 11). Tradition says that St. Mark became the first Bishop of Alexandria; Anianus or Hananias the second; and Melianus or Abilius the third. After a time the bishops of Alexandria were called archbishops, and later still patriarchs. Their succession has continued to the present time. Some of the most eminent Christian writers, or Fathers of the Church, have been connected with Alexandria. There was there a school of Christian philosophers, whose speculations and discussions still excite the curiosity of learned men. In that city was written the famous Greek manuscript of the Scriptures now in the British Museum, and called the Codex Alexandrinus. This venerable book is at least 1,400 years old. There also was executed a Syriac translation of the Scriptures known as the Philoxenian, about A.D. 620, a few years before Omar established the Mohammedan power. Amrou was the general who took the city, and the following is the dispatch he sent to Omar:—"I shall not pretend to give a particular descrip-

tion of the city I have taken, nor send you an account of all the curious and valuable things contained in it. At present it will be sufficient to observe, that I have found in it 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 40,000 Jews that pay tribute, 400 places set apart for public diversions, and 12,000 gardeners, who supply the city with all kinds of vegetables in great plenty."

Under the Mohammedan rule, Alexandria shrank into insignificance, compared with what it had been. About A.D. 700 Arculf speaks of it as still very large; in 1168, the Jewish traveller, Benjamin of Tudela, declares that people from all Christian kingdoms resorted thither, and that it was still extensive and important; in 1322, Sir John Maundeville alludes to it as a place remarkable for its strength; Arnold von Harff, in 1497, says it was not much less than Cologne, but he adds, "It is a very ruinous city within, and full of old fallen buildings, although it has good walls, towers and ditches, like our own." The last-named writer says there were six *fontigos* or trading-houses for the Venetians, Genoese, Catalonians, Turks, Moors and Tartars, where merchandise was deposited and sold. Also, says he, "Christian men and women, boys and young maidens, who have been captured in Christendom, are daily sold for a little money, for 15, 20, or 30 ducats, according to their condition."

The discovery of a passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was a sad blow to Alexandria, because it was no longer the necessary mart of Eastern merchandise. It had recovered from many shocks, however, and there remained commerce enough to keep it alive. A traveller in the reign of King Edward VI., after describing its walls, says that the interior of the city was mostly full of ruins, that it had been destroyed when the kings of France and Cyprus drove the Sultan out of it, and that it would be of no account but for the trade there carried on by Christian merchants. From that date matters seem to have become worse and worse. Aaron Hill, early in the last century, speaks of the place as thinly peopled and for the most part meanly built. In 1737 Norden says its "opulent and numerous people had given way to a little number of foreign traders, and a multitude of wretches that are the servants of those on whom they depend." Many of its noble monuments have disappeared, and before the French invasion its population had shrunk to 16,000 people. In 1801 it was estimated at 7,000.

Since then there has been a great improvement. Alexandria is the only port in Egypt, and is on the direct route to India. Travellers to Egypt and Palestine, equally with merchants to Hindostan, find it convenient to pass that way. Steamers from England, France, and other countries regularly visit it, and sailing vessels frequent it for corn, cotton, and other articles of commerce. Many of those who embark and disembark at Alexandria make no stay there beyond what is necessary. The great majority proceed at once to Cairo, and thence to Suez or elsewhere. As might be expected, Alexandria is not a desirable place of residence. The air is insalubrious, and discomforts of all sorts abound. The population is a perfect Babel of Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Copts, Frenchmen, and other nations, who are mostly intent upon trade, servants, officials, and the like. The traveller who can find time to leave the modern city and turn aside to explore the ruins of the ancient city will see much to remind him of the vanity of human grandeur. As for the modern town, it is almost as bad as when Juvenal declared "that good men are so few, they are scarcely equal in number to the gates of Thebes or the mouths of the Nile." Yet Alexandria may have a great future before it, and the Gospel may do for it again what it did seventeen centuries ago.

SNOW STORIES.

Snow nourishes animal life. It holds in its bosom numerous animalcules: you may have a glass of water, perfectly free from *infusoria*, which yet, after your dissolving in it a handful of snow, will show itself full of microscopic creatures, shrimp-like and swift; and the famous red snow of the Arctic regions is only an exhibition of the same property. It has sometimes been fancied that persons buried under the snow have received sustenance through the pores of the skin, like reptiles embedded in rock. Elizabeth Woodcock lived eight days beneath a snow-drift, in 1799, without eating a morsel; and a Swiss family were buried beneath an avalanche, in a manger, for five months, in 1775, with no food but a trifling store of chestnuts and a small daily supply of milk from a goat which was buried with them. In neither case was there extreme suffering from cold, and it is unquestionable that the interior of a drift is far warmer than the surface. A knowledge of this fact reveals the full force of the Psalmist's comparison—"He giveth snow like wool." Snow resembles wool not only in its whiteness, but in its warmth as a covering. The greatest snow-storm recorded in England, I believe, is that of 1814, in which for forty-eight hours the snow fell so furiously that drifts of sixteen, twenty, and even twenty-four feet, were recorded in various places. An inch an hour is thought to be the average rate of deposit. A storm occurred on the steppes of Kirgheez, in Siberia, in 1827, destroying two hundred and eighty thousand five hundred horses, thirty thousand four hundred cattle, a million sheep, and ten thousand camels; "the thirteen drifty days," in 1620, killed nine-tenths of all the sheep in the south of Scotland. On Eskdale Moor, out of twenty thousand, only forty-five were left alive, and the shepherds everywhere built up huge semicircular walls of the dead creatures, to afford shelter to the living, till the gale should end. But the most remarkable narrative of a snow-storm which I have ever seen was that written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in record of one which took place January 24th, 1790.

James Hogg at that time belonged to a sort of literary society of young shepherds, and had set out, the day previous, to walk twenty miles over the hills to the place of meeting; but so formidable was the look of the sky, that he felt anxious for his sheep, and finally turned back again. There was at that time only a slight fall of snow, in thin flakes, which seemed uncertain whether to go up or down; the hills were covered with deep folds of frost-fog, and in the valleys the same fog seemed dark, dense, and, as it were, crushed together. An old shepherd, predicting a storm, bade him watch for a sudden opening through this fog, and expect a wind from that quarter; yet when he saw such an opening suddenly form at midnight (having then reached his own home), he thought it all a delusion, as the weather had grown milder, and a thaw seemed setting in. He therefore went to bed, and felt no more anxiety for his sheep; yet he lay awake in spite of himself, and at two o'clock he heard the storm begin. It smote the house suddenly, like a great peal of thunder—something utterly unlike any storm he had ever before heard. On his rising and thrusting his bare arm through a hole in the roof, it seemed precisely as if he had thrust it into a snow-bank, so densely was the air filled with falling and driving particles. He lay still for an hour, while the house rocked with the tempest, hoping it might prove only a hurricane; but, as there was no abatement, he awakened his companion-shepherd, telling him "it was come on such a night or morning as never blew from the heavens." The other at once arose, and, opening the door of the shed where they slept, found a drift as high as the farm-house already heaped between

them and its walls, a distance of only fourteen yards. He floundered through, Hogg soon following, and, finding all the family up, they agreed that they must reach the sheep as soon as possible, especially eight hundred ewes that were in one lot together, at the farthest end of the farm. So, after family prayers and breakfast, four of them stuffed their pockets with bread and cheese, sewed their plaids about them, tied down their hats, and, taking each his staff, set out on their tremendous undertaking two hours before day.

Day dawned before they got three hundred yards from the house. They could not see each other, and kept together with the greatest difficulty. They had to make paths with their staves, rolled themselves over drifts otherwise impassable, and every three or four minutes had to hold their heads down between their knees to recover breath. They went in single file, taking the lead by turns. The master soon gave out, and was speechless and semi-conscious for more than an hour, though he afterwards recovered and held out with the rest. Two of them lost their head-gear, and Hogg himself fell over a high precipice, but they reached the flock at half-past ten. They found the ewes huddled together in a dense body, under ten feet of snow, packed so closely, that, to the amazement of the shepherds, when they had extricated the first, the whole flock walked out one after another, in a body, through the hole.

How they got them home it is almost impossible to tell. It was now noon, and they sometimes could see through the storm for twenty yards, but they had only one momentary glimpse of the hills through all that terrible day. Yet Hogg persisted in going by himself afterwards to rescue some flocks of his own, barely escaping with life from the expedition; his eyes were sealed up with the storm, and he crossed a formidable torrent, without knowing it, on a wreath of snow. Two of the others lost themselves in a deep valley, and would have perished but for being accidentally heard by a neighbouring shepherd, who guided them home, where the female portion of the family had abandoned all hope of ever seeing them again.

The next day was clear, with a cold wind, and they set forth again at day-break to seek the remainder of the flock. The face of the country was perfectly transformed; not a hill was the same, not a brook or lake could be recognised. Deep glens were filled in with snow, covering the very tops of the trees; and over a hundred acres of ground, under an average depth of six or eight feet, they were to look for four or five hundred sheep. The attempt would have been hopeless, but for a dog that accompanied them; seeing their perplexity, he began snuffing about, and presently scratching in the snow at a certain point, and then looking round at his master; digging at this spot, they found a sheep beneath. And so the dog led them all day, bounding eagerly from one place to another, much faster than they could dig the creatures out, so that he sometimes had twenty or thirty holes marked beforehand. In this way, within a week, they got out every sheep on the farm except four, these last being buried under a mountain of snow fifty feet deep, on the top of which the dog had marked their places again and again. In every case the sheep proved to be alive and warm, though half suffocated; on being taken out, they usually bounded away swiftly, and then fell helplessly in a few moments, overcome by the change of atmosphere; some then died almost instantly, and others were carried home and with difficulty preserved, only about sixty being lost in all.

Snow-scenes less exciting, but more wild and dreary, may be found in Alexander Henry's "Travels with the Red Indians," in the last century. In the winter of

1776, for instance, they wandered for many hundred miles over the farthest north-western prairies, where scarcely a white man had before trodden. The snow lay from four to six feet deep. They went on snow-shoes, drawing their stores on sledges. The mercury was sometimes thirty-two degrees below zero; no fire could keep them warm at night, and often they had no fire, being scarcely able to find wood enough to melt the snow for drink. They lay beneath buffalo-skins and the stripped bark of trees: a foot of snow sometimes fell on them before morning. The sun rose at half-past nine and set at half-past two. "The country was one uninterrupted plain, in many parts of which no wood nor even the smallest shrub was to be seen: a frozen sea, of which the little coppices were the islands. That behind which we had encamped the night before soon sank in the horizon, and the eye had nothing left save only the sky and snow." Whole families, Henry said, frequently perished together in such storms. No wonder that the aboriginal legends are full of "mighty Peboan, the Winter," and of Kabibonokka in his lodge of snow-drifts.

A snow-flake is a most beautiful object. The process of crystallisation seems a microcosm of the universe. Radiata, mollusca, feathers, flowers, ferns, mosses, palms, pines, grain-fields, leaves of cedar, chestnut, elm, acanthus: these and multitudes of other objects are figured on your frosty window; on sixteen different panes I have counted sixteen patterns strikingly distinct, and it appeared like a show-case for the globe. More than a hundred different figures of snow-flakes, all regular and kaleidoscopic, have been drawn by Scoresby, Lowe, and Glaisher, and may be found pictured in the encyclopædias and elsewhere, ranging from the simplest stellar shapes to the most complicated ramifications. Snow-flakes have been found in the form of regular hexagons and other plane figures, as well as in cylinders and spheres. As a general rule, the intenser the cold the more perfect the formation, and the most perfect specimens are Arctic or Alpine in their locality.

Interesting observations have been made on the relations between ice and snow. The difference seems to lie only in the more or less compacted arrangement of the frozen particles. Water and air, each being transparent when separate, become opaque when intimately mingled; the reason being that the inequalities of refraction break up and scatter every ray of light. Thus, clouds cast a shadow; so does steam; so does foam: and the same elements take a still denser texture when combined as snow. Every snow-flake is permeated with minute airy chambers, among which the light is bewildered and lost; while from perfectly hard and transparent ice every trace of air disappears, and the transmission of light is unbroken. Yet that same ice becomes white and opaque when pulverised, its fragments being then intermingled with air again—just as colourless glass may be crushed into white powder. On the other hand, Professor Tyndall has converted slabs of snow to ice by regular pressure, and has shown that every Alpine glacier begins as a snow-drift at its summit, and ends in a transparent ice-cavern below. "The blue blocks which span the sources of the Arveiron were once powdery snow upon the slopes of the Col du Géant."

The varied and wonderful shapes assumed by snow and ice have been best portrayed, perhaps, by Dr. Kane, in his two works; but their resources of colour have been so explored by no one as by Professor Tyndall, among the Alps. It appears that the tints which, in temperate regions, are seen feebly and occasionally, in hollows or angles of fresh drifts, become brilliant and constant above the line of perpetual snow, and the higher the

altitude the more lustrous the display. When a staff was struck into the new-fallen drift, the hollow seemed instantly to fill with a soft blue liquid, while the snow adhering to the staff took a complimentary colour of pinkish yellow, and on moving it up and down it was hard to resist the impression that a pink flame was rising and sinking in the hole. The little natural furrows in the drifts appeared faintly blue, the ridges were grey, while the parts most exposed to view seemed least illuminated, and as if a light brown dust had been sprinkled over them. Thus the snow has its peculiar beauty and usefulness, and like all the other works of the Great Creator, has been designed to minister to the wants of man.

THE JEW OF SMYRNA.

THE following narrative tells a tale of "tribulation," endured for the sake of the truth, such as we hope will refresh the hearts of all who read it. We receive it on the authority of the clerical agent of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews at Smyrna.

A young man of Hebrew parentage, of the upper class of society, whom we shall designate N—I—, had been for some time diligently studying the Scriptures of both the Old and New Testament. He was frequently at the house of Mr. Goldberg, whenever he wished to have any difficulty solved, or objection removed. His father-in-law, one of the leaders of the community, began to suspect that all was not right with the young man. Expressions now and then escaped him, which, while they evinced an increasing love for the Word of God, betrayed, at the same time, a growing disregard for all that is merely human and traditional. An explanation was shortly demanded by the father-in-law, in the course of which he declared his solemn conviction that their long looked-for Messiah had come already, in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

To a man of his father's stamp, proud, ignorant, and bigoted in the extreme, the announcement was terrific; his indignation knew no bounds. He waited not for explanation; he would listen to no protestations of fidelity and affection to family and friends; he pointed to the door, and ordered poor N—I— to quit his home forthwith. Literally turned into the streets of Smyrna, and deprived of wife, child, home, and all that he possessed, Mr. Goldberg felt it his duty to allow him a corner in his house.

Meanwhile, the circumstance was quickly spread abroad, and became the general topic of conversation throughout the city. The Jews began to call, in increasing numbers, some to see poor N—I—, others to inquire into the grounds of the faith which he had embraced. On several occasions, so many as thirty and forty of them came together, to whom was conveyed the message of mercy, as connected with their crucified Messiah (1 Cor. i. 23). This circumstance enabled Mr. Goldberg to ascertain the condition of mind of many of them. Several came and declared that they were secret believers in the Lord Jesus, but, as it was of old, for fear of the Jews, they dared not confess him. Two, however, were found ready to stand forth and testify their willingness to follow his example, and others united in their admiration of the holy doctrines and precepts of the Gospel. The new convert frequently attended the public places of resort, and invited his friends and acquaintances to call on him. He assured them he had not denied the God of Israel, nor discarded his holy law; but that, like Philip of old, he had found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. Thus matters went on for some little time, numerous opportunities

being afforded for the circulation of the Scriptures, and for telling good tidings to Zion.

But days of darkness were at hand. The rabbis were alarmed at this sudden appearance of life and light, and resolved, by every means in their power, to extinguish it. A large meeting was called, in order to consult as to the best mode of effecting this desired object. Rabbinism, in practice at least, holds the doctrine of Rome; that the *end* justifies the *means*, that for the sake of supporting rabbinical rescripts the chief rabbi may (and here often does) give dispensation to bear false testimony.

Accordingly, it was resolved, without scruple, that poor N—I— should be thrown into prison for pretended debts, and that no effort should be spared to keep him there. He consequently, in the first instance, received several invitations to converse with the chief rabbi. After much hesitation he consented to do so, and was accompanied by one of his brothers.

The rabbi at first spoke kindly to him, and inquired if he had any disagreement with his family; accompanying his inquiry with the offer to compose all differences for him. He assured the rabbi that he had no complaint to make against any of his friends, and that his sole desire was to be left alone, since he had become convinced, after long and anxious study, that the Messiah his nation had for so many centuries been looking for was already come.

"Be the Messiah come or not, what is that to you?" said the rabbi. "You had better look to your shop, and to the maintenance of your family."

"Excuse me, rabbi," was poor N—I—'s reply. "If the Messiah has already come, it is my duty to believe in him, to rely upon the atonement he has made, and the deliverance he has wrought for mankind. According to the word of God, by Daniel and other prophets, it appears to me evident that the Messiah must have come."

Quoting a few passages in Hebrew, he continued, "I am at the same time open to conviction. If you show me that I have erred in the meaning of these passages, I am ready to give up my opinion."

On hearing this, the tone of the rabbi was completely altered; his kindness gave place to wrath, and his soft words to maledictions.

"Accursed wretch—excommunicated heretic!" he cried, "I will have you punished according to your deserts: lands and imprisonment, chains and castigations shall be your lot, if you do not at once recant your impudent words."

Poor N—I— took up his slippers in alarm, and said, "Rabbi, I came here, in obedience to your request, to listen to your counsel and advice; but, since you are angry, I will go."

"Go!" cried the old man; "that you will *not*. Officers, take him, manacle him; fetch the police, and put him in prison."

Forthwith there sprang upon the captive a band of Jews, hitherto concealed; others ran for the police, and poor N—I— was ruthlessly delivered into their hands.

Tidings were speedily brought to me (says Mr. Goldberg) by one who is himself inquiring, that N—I— had been taken to prison, and I went down to see what could be done for him. His accusation was read to me by the registrar, as follows:—"N—I— acted wrongfully against the Jewish community, and owes 5,500 piastres."

The charge of having "acted wrongfully" is a very convenient one. Many a poor Jew has suffered imprisonment, or endured punishment on account of it, without the apathetic Turks ever troubling themselves to inquire wherein the alleged misconduct consisted.

Mr. Goldberg explained to the registrar that the young man declared himself a Protestant, and that the Jews were not at liberty to construe such a declaration into an act of hostility against themselves.

The pecuniary claim being of necessity allowed to be decided according to law, Mr. Goldberg maintained that bail must be admitted for the prisoner, and through the timely intervention of an Armenian Protestant, N——'s person was released.

The chief rabbi, disappointed thus far in his expectations, increased the claim of 5,500 piastres to 50,000 on the following day, on the strength of which poor N—— was once more committed to prison.

To be the inmate of an English prison and of one in Smyrna are two widely different things. Under the improved regulations of the Canonon Namé, criminals are indeed lodged in a different locality from those who are imprisoned for debt; but even the wards for the latter would be looked upon by civilised nations as miserable in the extreme. A room measuring forty feet by twenty, with but one window for the admission of light and air, is made the receptacle for as many prisoners as there may happen to be—a number ranging from twenty to forty and upwards. All must lie on the floor at night, as no beds are provided, and make up their minds to participate in the multiplied miseries of an Oriental sleeping-apartment of the lowest class.

Those who have friends to plead their cause, are the favoured few; long weeks and even months may await such as have not, without any inquiry being made as to the cause of their incarceration. On being thrust into prison, our faithful convert found there a motley assemblage of the lowest, as well as of the more respectable classes. As might be expected, his fellow-prisoners inquired as to the cause of his imprisonment, and no sooner had he told his story, than several Greeks and Armenians came forward with offers of kindness and assistance. "You are imprisoned for professing your belief in Christ," they said; "for his sake, therefore, we ought to help you as much as we can." They invited him to partake of their supper, and make use of their mattresses. There were also two Jews in the same prison, who, for their part, entered into the question, whether Jesus be "Christ" (Messiah) or not. Thus we see the Lord, in these latter, as in former days, taking pity on his imprisoned saints, and by their lips conveying his messages of mercy to the doubly fettered sinners in their cells.

On subsequently going into the court of the Pasha, Mr. Goldberg observed that matters had evidently changed for the worse. The bail of the Armenian Protestant was now refused, as well as that of others, equally respectable, who presented themselves. The Jews having thus far gained their object, sought by every means to make the most of it. The captive's brothers and other relatives importuned him to the utmost. They called his attention to the manifest weakness of the Protestant community, who had not even power enough to rescue him from that loathsome prison, and therefore evidently would be as little able to help him on future occasions. Failing by all such means to produce any impression on their brother, they put a blank paper into his hands, and asked him to write down any conditions, or make any stipulations he desired, and both the chief rabbi and his father-in-law would sign their names, as guarantees that every one of them should be performed, so soon as he returned to the Jews.

Poor N—— made his "stipulation" in the following words:—"My sole wish and desire is, to be suffered to profess my faith in the Messiah, the Lord Jesus."

Undaunted by this, on the following Saturday (the

Sabbath) the court of the Conack, the residence of the Pasha, was crowded with Jews, who came, some with the view to induce their friend to renounce his faith, or, as was the case with others, to scoff at him; but the Lord enabled him to withstand these machinations, and to witness a good confession. At length the Monday arrived when N——'s case was to be heard, but after the preliminary steps were taken, it was put off for another sitting, and bail was at last accepted for his future re-appearance. But now the Jews showed themselves as anxious to drop the matter as previously they had been to hurry it on. Under one pretext or another, they continually evaded coming to the court. At one time their deputy was ill; at another, N——'s father-in-law could not come; and thus week after week slipped away, without anything being settled. These circumstances, together with the frequent changing of the Pashas of Smyrna, have hitherto retarded the decision of our suffering brother's case.

Writing at the close of the past year in a strain of grateful praise, Mr. Goldberg says with reference to the foregoing narrative:—"There is a great stir amongst the Jews of this city. There are several who are ready to come out and profess their faith in the Lord Jesus, and he will, I trust, remove all difficulties, and make their way plain before them. Soon after I obtained the release of our poor convert, several Jews came to see him, and make inquiries as to the cause of his renouncing the religion of his forefathers. Their numbers increased from day to day, till on the Saturday the house was full of them, from morning to night." Mr. Goldberg and the new convert laboured among them throughout the day, "opening and alleging (like the ardent Paul of old) that Christ (the Messiah of the Jew) must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom (said they) we preach unto you, is Christ" (Acts xvii. 3). Anxious to make the best use of the opportunities now presented, Mr. Goldberg commenced a religious service, in Judeo-Spanish, on the Lord's-day; his first audience consisted of nine or ten people. The congregation gradually increased from week to week, and numerous visitors, of all classes, continued to flock to Mr. Goldberg's house.

These things, as might be anticipated, excited the anger of the Jews to the utmost. The chief rabbi ordered a severe edict to be proclaimed, prohibiting every Jew from going, not only to the missionary's house, but even to the street in which he lives! At first the effect of this prohibition was such, that instead of forty to fifty people calling at Mr. Goldberg's house on a Saturday, only four ventured to come. At the service also on the Lord's day, but three young men were present. With a trembling heart, the missionary prayed the Lord to frustrate these malicious attempts of the enemies of the Gospel. But in the end, he adds, "I felt my want of faith severely rebuked, for by the time the next Saturday came round, my study was again so full, that there was scarcely sufficient room for those who came; and the service was again very well attended."

In view of the foregoing narrative, a renewed halo is, to our thinking, shed upon a familiar portion of God's Word, as contained in Rev. ii. 8-11. "Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write" (and then, as in each successive case, the Lord assumes a title of special suitability to the condition of the Church addressed), "These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried, and ye shall have tribula-

tion ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death."

ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

WHEN Demetrius the silversmith said that all Asia and the world worshipped Diana, he uttered no idle boast. That goddess was worshipped over a region extending from Britain to India. There is an old tradition that Saint Paul's Cathedral stands on the site of a temple of Diana. She was honoured under as many names as the Roman Catholics give to the Virgin Mary, and she was supposed to take special delight in certain temples and images. The good people of Ephesus had many privileges; they had the most splendid of all Diana's temples, the most sacred of all her images—one that came from heaven itself; and the most famous of her oracles. So much interested was Diana in this Ephesian temple, say the credulous, that when the builder was unable to place one of the principal stones in its position, she kindly interfered and put it there for him. No wonder at the zeal manifested for her in the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It would have been strange indeed if the city which prided itself in being her temple-keeper, had been less enthusiastic on her behalf.

When St. Paul came to Ephesus, then, he found himself among a host of bigoted worshippers of Diana, or Artemis, as they called her. Numerous pilgrims flocked from all parts to the temple and oracle, and by their gifts and expenditure the city was enriched. The apostle soon came into collision with the heathenism of the place. His public preaching, his discussions in the school of Tyrannus, his miracles, and the gifts of tongues and preaching conferred upon the converts, would excite suspicion and fear. But when many of those who used curious arts, the jugglers and fortune-tellers who dealt in charms, amulets, and magic, brought their books and burned them openly, the storm fairly broke out. Men like Demetrius, who got their wealth by the making and sale of idolatrous objects, such as medals and models of the temple, saw at once that their craft was in danger, and the worship upheld by them was perilled. Hence the fury of the opposition which they raised. Although Paul received no injury from this uproar, through the judicious interference of the town clerk, he soon after left the city. The church which he had planted, however, remained, and became very important in the following centuries. To this day, although Ephesus scarcely exists, it gives a title to an archbishop of the Greek Church.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world. Its architect was a Cretan, named Chersiphron, or Ctesiphon, who lived about 600 years before Christ. The worship of Diana had existed there long before, but it was then resolved to erect a grand edifice, which should be the centre of Ionian worship. In order to preserve it from the effects of earthquakes, it was erected in a marsh, upon a foundation of charcoal and wool. The building advanced so slowly that it was not completed till 220 years after it was begun. It is said to have been 425 feet in length, and 220 in width. Its roof was supported by 127 columns of white marble, every one 60 feet high, and each, it is reported, the gift of a king. Vast blocks of stone, some of which were 80 feet in length, were brought at enormous expense and labour, and placed upon the top of the pillars, to form the architrave. Everything was on the most costly and magnificent scale, and it is recorded by

Herodotus that Croesus, king of Lydia, was a liberal contributor. This mighty structure was destroyed by fire soon after its completion, by one Erostratus, who wished by that act to immortalise his name. This was in 356 before Christ, and at the very time when Alexander the Great was born. Alexander afterwards offered to rebuild it, if his name might be inscribed upon it. The Ephesians flatteringly replied that it was not the custom for one god to erect temples to the honour of another. They, therefore, declined his proposal, and set about rebuilding the temple themselves.

The architect of the new temple was Dinocrates, who probably built on the old foundations and after the old plan. The second temple is said to have been even more splendid than the first. This was standing when St. Paul visited Ephesus, but it has long since disappeared. The money for building the new temple was contributed by all Greece; and in their zeal the ladies of Ephesus sold their jewels, to give the proceeds for the work. The most celebrated sculptors of Greece executed statues to adorn the building. The altar was almost entirely the work of Praxiteles. The right of asylum, as it was called, was granted to all who came within 125 feet of the temple; but afterwards this distance was doubled. This right of asylum, however, caused so many abuses, and gave immunity to so many criminals, that it was abolished by Tiberius.

Xenophon says that there was a golden statue of Diana in the temple, and Strabo says there was in it a golden statue of Artemidorus. Many other splendid statues and bas-reliefs adorned it, as well as paintings and other ornaments. Diana herself was chiefly honoured under the name of *Multimamma*, which alludes to the idea that she was the nourisher of men, or the mother of mankind. There was in this temple an image of Diana which was believed to have fallen from heaven. Of this image Pliny gives us some account. Dr. Kitto remarks that "notwithstanding what the town clerk says in verse 35, about 'the image which fell down from Jupiter,' it seems that Mucianus, who had been three times consul, and whose authority Pliny follows, learnt at Ephesus that this famous image was the work of a very ancient sculptor, named Canetias. As he further states that the original statue had never been changed, it must have been the same to which the town-clerk refers. It seems to have been an ugly little statue, made of several pieces of wood, generally said to be ebony, but Mucianus thought vine wood." This shows that it was not an ærolite, and that the priests availed themselves of its age and uncouth form to persuade the people it fell from heaven. This absurd idea that a rude image had come from heaven, reminds us that there are similar stories prevalent in Popish countries, where the vilest impositions have been ascribed to a Divine origin. To this day Rome favours the belief that a house at Loretto, in Italy, was carried by angels from Palestine. There is also a famous image of St. Dominic which is declared to have been brought down from heaven by the Virgin Mary and two other saints in 1530. There is at Rome a picture of the Virgin which came from heaven with much pomp, and, after hanging awhile in the air, was delivered by angels to John I., who marched out in grand procession to receive it. Mr. Poynder enumerates a number of Popish and Pagan frauds of this kind.

One more word, however, about the miraculous Diana of the Ephesians. Its rude form reminds us of the Diana of Eubœa, which was nothing but a log of wood. Diana was worshipped under a similar form in Icaria. One author tells us that Diana had originally no image whatever, but the stump of a vine, or a rough piece of elm. In like manner Juno was worshipped at Citheron in the

form of a log, and at Samos in that of a plank. Latona at Delos, Pallas at Athens, and Ceres at Paros, were worshipped under the form of pieces of wood. Other like instances could be adduced, but these will show how gross superstition perpetuates itself even among learned and civilised people. The Ephesians were very polished, but they bowed down to an ill-shaped block; to this they offered sacrifices and gave gifts; to this they built a glorious temple magnificently endowed and furnished; of this they cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians, whom all Asia and the world worship!"

All this, however, faded away. The temple which was renowned through all the old world, and celebrated by poets and historians from Herodotus to Pliny, was finally destroyed. The Scythians plundered and partly burned it in A.D. 263; the Goths pillaged it under the Emperor Gallienus, and in the same century it was plundered by the Persians. In all probability it was finally destroyed in pursuance of an edict of Constantine for the overthrow of idol temples. All we know of it now is from the pages of history, from ancient medals, and from a few blocks of stone. Its ruins have almost perished, and till recently its very site was uncertain. But after all, what was its glory? From the reign of Servius Tullus, when Livy tells us it was already illustrious, to the reign of Maximin, the last emperor whose name appears upon Ephesian medals, there elapsed at most 850 years. Everywhere, as well as at Ephesus, the worship of Diana has passed away; but the Gospel which Paul preached still lives, and spreads its beneficial influences over the world. The idols have gone to the moles and the bats, and their temples are destroyed; but Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

ON SERMONS.

THE appended remarks from the able pen of a well-known modern American divine, the Rev. Dr. Alexander, are such as will commend themselves not merely to the occupants of the pulpit, but also of the pew, as suggestions in conformity with the wants of even our renewed nature. God employs instrumentalities, and both in grace and in nature—in the moral as in the material world—the principle of adaptation of the best means to the best end, is never overlooked. Many will feel the force of Dr. Alexander's long and authoritative experience.

FORMALISM OF SERMONS.

"I wish I could make sermons as if I had never heard or read how they are made by other people. The formalism of regular divisions and applications is deadly.

"I sometimes think I never acted out my inner man in a sermon. Causes which prevent—fear of being too learned, fear of being too sentimental, fear of being too decorative, fear of being too obscure, fear of being too vehement—all of this is fear of being *myself*.

"In writing or speaking, throw off all restraint. Writing from a precomposed skeleton is very injurious. It forces one to parcel out his matter in a forced, Procrustean way. The current is often thus stopped at the very moment when it begins to gush. The ideal of a discourse is that of a flow from first to last.

"Ordinary applications mar the unity of a discourse. Every sermon tends in one direction; let it take that direction; it is the proper ending. The true way is to have an object, and be full of it.

"My father says a man should not begin by making a plan; should not wait until he is in the vein. Begin, however you feel, and write till you get into the vein, however long it be. 'Tis thus men do in mining. You may throw away all the beginnings.

GREAT SUBJECTS.

"I am impressed with the importance of choosing great subjects for sermons, such as creation, the deluge, the atonement, the last things.

"A man should begin early to grapple with great subjects. An athlete (2 Tim. ii. 5) gains might only by great exertions. So that a man does not overstrain his powers, the more he wrestles the better; but he *must* wrestle, and not merely take a great subject, and dream over it, or play with it.

"The best subject is commonly that which comes of itself. I never could understand what is meant by making a sermon on a prescribed text. The right text is one which comes of itself during reading and meditation; which accompanies you in walks, goes to bed with you, and rises with you. On such a text, thoughts swarm and cluster like bees upon a branch. The sermon ferments for hours and days, and at length, after patient waiting, and almost spontaneous working, the subject clarifies itself, and the true method of treatment presents itself in a shape which cannot be rejected."

Months' Department.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

"HURRAH for the prize!" exclaimed Willie, as he bounded through the hall. "Hurrah! If I don't lose it, I'm certain to gain it. As I gaze at that venerable volume, I feel the very spirit of an antiquarian rising within me, and it would be a grievous thing that such risings of genius should be nipped in the bud; but this I am resolved: I will love the winner, whose'er it be—whether masculine in broadcloth or feminine in crinoline. Yes, I am resolved to love, though there be a spear in his hand, or a spindle at her side." After this flourish, the young gentleman, turning round, perceived his father and his uncle prepared for a morning walk. Greatly to the diversion of his companions, Willie stopped the pedestrians, and thus accosted them:—

"Kind, considerate, and generous seniors, instead of walking out at that door, will you be so obliging as to walk in at this, and then we shall be like the knights of Arthur's round table—ready to contend for the prize?"

"Listen to us seniors, young Mr. Joyful," said the father. "Never let one duty thrust another out of its place. You are eager for one duty, when there are three to be regarded."

"What! Three prizes?"

"Yes. Prizes, if you like so to term them, and invaluable prizes—the best that life can offer."

"Only say what they are, papa, and this son of yours is ready to be a candidate. My advice to all is, 'Go in and win.'"

"So say I; for these are the prizes to be sought:—

HEALTH OF BODY,
VIGOUR OF MIND, and
PROSPERITY OF SOUL.

What objection can you raise against these?"

"I admit their claims; I could not gainsay them if I would, and I am sure I would not, even if I could. So, papa, as I cannot win you over to us, you shall win us over to you. I propose that we all walk with you and uncle to the new mill, and round the mill-dam, and down by the trout stream; then across the heath, and through the village home; that, followed by a right hearty breakfast, will do something towards the 'Health of Body.' Then, if uncle will explain, as he promised, one of the parables, that, and reading the Scriptures, and our morning prayers, will do something, I hope, towards the 'Prosperity of the Soul;' and our battle of words afterwards, which I call 'the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,' will tend to promote 'Vigour of Mind;' for when we are engaged, I feel myself a downright gladiator."

"Be it so, Willie; and if you accompany us now, w

will join your party on our return, and by that time we may part company with the gladiator, and meet with our friend Willie the Peaceful."

"Yes, sir; and while we go forth to look for Willie the Peaceful, I propose that we take with us William the Conqueror. Come along, thou best of daddies." So saying, he seized his father by the arm, and walked off with him in high glee.

In due time the party returned, glowing with health, and ready to discharge with amazing vigour the duties of the breakfast-table. At the close of the morning devotions the whole party adjourned to the library, to carry on their friendly contest; the father and the mother enacting the part of listeners, and the uncle, as before, discharging the office of umpire.

Walter said, "As it is mine to name the subject, I beg to propose a sentence, and will name Arthur to respond."

"With all my heart; I accept your challenge."

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

"Very good," said Arthur. "May I offer what answers I please, and will they count in my favour? What say you, sir?" turning to the uncle.

"I am of opinion that, as Walter has gone out of the usual course in selecting a subject, you are entitled to a similar liberty in offering your replies."

"As the permission is granted, I think I can offer a series of illustrations, all tending to prove the accuracy of my Lord Bacon's sage aphorism:—

A large number of persons had assembled to see a column of stone placed upon a lofty pedestal. The stone was of immense weight, and the machinery, which was very complicated, worked with precision; when, to the vexation of the operatives, the powers of the machine ceased when the stone was some half inch too low. No means that the workmen could devise would remedy the evil, when fortunately, as they were about to give up their efforts in despair, a sailor passed by, and, seeing the difficulty, at once shouted out, "Wet the ropes!—wet the ropes!" The ropes were well saturated with water, and in that state they contracted so much as to elevate the pillar to the height required, and the difficulty vanished. In this perplexity the sailor's knowledge was power.

"I offer an opposite illustration:—

A fine old building was found to be in a perilous state, owing to the walls getting out of the perpendicular. To rebuild the walls would injure the antiquity of the fabric, and mar its beauty. A scientific man undertook to restore the walls to their proper state, without injury to the fabric. His offer was accepted; and his plan was to pass strong iron bars through the wall, across the apartment, and through the opposite wall, and then to affix screws on the outside of both walls. After having screwed them to the utmost of their power, he placed a row of lamps under each bar, lighted them, and made the bars red hot. In this state the workmen tightened the screws considerably; the lamps were then removed, and the bars allowed gradually to cool; and as they regained their cool state they again contracted, and, in the contraction, gently drew the walls towards each other; and when the bars were cold, the walls were found to be perfectly upright, and thus the building was preserved in all its mediæval beauty.

"Here again, sir, knowledge was power. May I still go on?"

"Pray proceed."

"Knowledge is power, even in little things:—

A gentleman who was walking on the public road, followed by a fine bull-dog, unfortunately met a person similarly attended. The dogs, the instant they met, commenced a fierce battle. A crowd gathered around the four-footed combatants, and endeavoured to separate them; but in vain. The dogs bit each other so fiercely that their teeth met, and no force or blows could induce either of them to forego his held. At a time when these noble but savage creatures were suffering injury from the attempts to divide them, a little man, who was passing, forced his way into the crowd, and, seeing the furious contest that raged, quietly took out his snuff-box and administered a pinch of snuff to the dogs. In an instant, the animals let go their hold, and were as eager to escape as before they were eager to fight. Thus the knowledge of this little man did, in one half of a minute, what the combined powers of the crowd had not accomplished in half an hour.

"May I not say that his knowledge was to him a source both of pleasure and of power?"

In military life, how often has it been shown that knowledge is power! We read in ancient history of an army stopped in its progress by a river. The current rushed along powerfully, and the depth was ascertained to be ten feet. As the soldiers were burdened with their armour and their baggage, and were destitute of pontoons and of all the means of constructing rafts, their progress seemed to be effectually impeded. On this occasion the officers consulted one of their number—a man noted for sagacity—and asked him to suggest a plan by which this serious difficulty could be overcome. He immediately complied, and advised the officers to march the troops to the very edge of the water, and then to dig a trench behind the soldiers, and in the form of a half circle, this half-circular trench commencing on the one side of the troops, and ending on the other. This trench was to be five feet deep. By this simple plan, half the stream was taken out of one part of the river, and returned to the river at a lower part of the watercourse. The river, thus reduced to five feet in depth, presented no difficulty, but was fordable by the entire army.

"Take another illustration proving knowledge to be power:

The troops under the command of the "Iron Duke" were interrupted in their course by a river, and to wait for the arrival of the means of transit would give that very time to the foe which it was the Duke's design not to afford. The officers informed the Duke of the difficulty, adding that it was not possible for the troops to pass. His grace rode up to reconnoitre, and viewing the river through his glass, ordered some men to fathom the water at a spot he pointed out. They did so, and pronounced the river at that part to be fordable. When the officers inquired how it was that his grace could hit upon the desired point so quickly, when all the others had failed in their efforts, his answer was, "When I looked up and down the river, I saw a part of the river with a cottage on each side; it therefore appeared to me clear that the cottages would not have been thus located, if the river at that spot had not been fordable."

On another occasion, the Duke was riding with the officers of his staff across some broad sands on the sea-shore, and when about midway, they discovered that the tide was rapidly rising, and appeared to rise on every side. The approaching darkness rendered distant objects invisible, and their situation became one of great peril. The Duke was called upon to advise in this perplexity, and seeing no way of escape, his grace ordered his officers to form a circle round him. Each officer was to turn his horse's head outwards and then ride forward, while the Duke sat quietly on his horse as the centre point. When a man found his horse compelled to swim, he was to return to the centre. They did so; but one of the officers continued his course, and they all followed him and reached the shore in safety.

"I have often, sir," said Arthur, "admired the fertility of invention shown in military stratagems, and if you consider them as fair examples, I will mention some."

"Certainly," said the uncle, "they belong to the same class; for it was a power over the foe obtained by the exercise of knowledge; for what is presence of mind, or shrewdness, or powers of invention, or the art of contriving, but knowledge made available in the way it is required, and at the time it is needed? Therefore, any illustrations of this kind will be in order."

A castle was besieged by some troops. The castle was of immense strength, surrounded by a moat; and the entrance was defended by an enormous portcullis. The soldiers who sought to capture the castle had neither the power to cross the moat nor scale the walls, and they had no means at hand by which they could make a breach in the wall. Their only hope was by stratagem. For this purpose they drew off from the castle to watch the proceedings of the defenders, and they soon observed that on certain days wagon-loads of fodder were brought to the castle; and as the soldiers were not nigh, the wagons were admitted. On the return of the day the soldiers had provided a wagon and a load of straw like those received into the castle; the proper number of drivers were appointed, these drivers being soldiers disguised. As the wagon approached the gate, the portcullis was drawn up, and the wagon admitted. As the load passed under the gateway, the drivers withdrew a bolt, and overturned the wagon: the soldiers who were concealed, and near at hand, watching events, rushed forward. The besieged instantly dropped the portcullis, but the wagon and its load rendered its fall useless; for the soldiers crept under the ponderous gate, and darted forward, putting all to the sword who opposed their progress; and in the confusion, they made themselves masters of the castle. Thus a place

deemed to be impregnable was conquered by knowledge more than by the sword.

"In modern warfare we find men turning knowledge to good account—employing it for their own protection:—

A bombshell was thrown near to a body of soldiers. The inexperienced, alarmed at this terrible visitor, fled; but the old soldiers threw themselves on the ground, knowing these projectiles, when they burst, scatter their deadly contents around, but *upwards*. Consequently, those who fled were fearfully injured, while all who were with their faces to the ground escaped uninjured.

"Not only is knowledge power when applied by men of civilised life, but it is equally available to the savage:—

An Indian finds it necessary to remove a portion of a rock, but he has no gunpowder to blast the rock, no iron wedges, no crowbars, and no levers to remove it by fragments; and yet this untaught and unaided man succeeds. How does he accomplish it? He kindles a fire on the rock; and when it is heated to an intense degree, he sweeps away the ashes, and dashes upon the spot buckets of cold water, which causes the rock to fly into fragments, and his object is gained. In winter time he works by a different process: he contrives to make fissures in the rock, and these he fills with water. Nature then becomes his workman; she turns the water into ice, and the rock splits by the force of the expansion of the ice, and splits with a noise resembling the discharge of a piece of artillery.

"Take another case:—

A poor fellow toiling under a burning sun is anxious to return home, but must not return before a given hour. But how is a poor Indian to tell the hour, who knows nothing of clocks or watches? His knowledge gives him the power, and is to him an unfailling chronometer—a time-keeper ever at hand. He looks at the sun, and then measures his own shadow; and by this process he creates a sun-dial whenever required.

"There is an Eastern story which tends to prove that by knowledge men surmount difficulties, and almost trample upon impossibilities:—

For some political offence a man was incarcerated, and his prison was on the top of a high tower. A friend discovered his prison-house, and sought to release him. The prisoner was left at liberty, and not watched; for the height of the tower was considered as sufficient to render every attempt to escape ineffectual; but the captive was of a different opinion. He advised his friend to attend at the base of the tower at an appointed time, provided first with a strong, healthy beetle, and to one of the legs of the insect he was to attach a line formed of the finest hair. He was to anoint the horns of the beetle with honey, and place the little creature on the tower, directly beneath his window. The insect, smelling the honey, appeared to think it was just before him, and he ascended upwards, until he reached the window; and here he was secured, and the line of hair gently drawn up: at the end of the line of hair was a line of thread, which was drawn up in like manner; to the thread was attached a line of string, to the string a cord, and to the cord a rope; and by knots made in the rope, the captive effected his escape.

"As you tried, my worthy friend, to bewilder me, I shall try to protect others from a similar danger by availing myself of the allowance granted to continue to answer. Now for another case.

"A knowledge of our fellow-men is power:—

A gentleman, some years ago, obtained an order to inspect a lunatic asylum. When he had passed through the various wards, and over the larger portion of the building, his conductor was wanted; the man apologised for leaving the visitor, and promised to return without delay. A few minutes afterwards, a respectable-looking person approached the visitor, and politely bowing, expressed his regret that the gentleman was thus detained, and offered to save time by showing him through the building until the conductor returned. The offer was thankfully accepted, and, as they proceeded, the visitor was charmed with the good sense, the information, and the courtesy of his new ally.

"You have now, sir," said the stranger, "seen all that is deserving of notice, with one exception, and that is a remarkably fine prospect from the summit of the building; these steps lead to it, and if you will have the politeness to follow me, I shall have much pleasure in pointing out the various objects. So saying, he ascended, and the visitor followed.

When they reached the top, the gentleman was delighted by the extent of view, and walking to the edge he began to expatiate upon the scenery. At that instant the countenance of the stranger became almost fiendish, and glaring at the visitor, he seized him by the coat, and cried out—

"Let us jump down!"

In an instant the man would have thrown himself from the edifice and dragged the visitor down, when, fortunately, his knowledge of the nature of the disease flashed upon his mind: he smiled, and said, "Oh, no; not jump down, any body can do that; let us go down and jump up."

The man, pleased with the new thought, which ran in conjunction with his own, directly consented; they hastened down, and as they passed an open door the visitor darted into the chamber and locked out his companion. By-and-by the conductor arrived, and then it was discovered that this courteous guide was one of the lunatics, who, watching the keeper, had presented himself to the visitor, and the conductor on his return not finding the gentleman, concluded that he had left the building.

"In this case who will deny that 'knowledge was power,' and that this knowledge, turned to good account in the moment of peril, preserved the life of the visitor?"

"I think," said the father, "unless our friends here are very skilful in their replies, they will discover that your knowledge is power. I appreciate the usefulness of your illustrations, but we must not forget the counsel given to Willie the Peaceful, not to suffer one duty to intrench upon another. Crotchets and quavers, hexameters and pentameters, angles and curves, plus and minus, are the acquaintances you must now cultivate, and through their intimacy you will discover that

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

CHASING THE RAINBOW.

It was a warm day in June. In the afternoon there was a refreshing shower. The drooping plants held up their heads under its influence, and the meadows and forests looked as though they had a new coat of green. As the shower was passing away, and the sun came out, the rainbow appeared. As the sun was near the horizon, the bow was a large one. All the members of Mr. Granger's family came out on the eastern porch of the house to see the beautiful bow of promise.

"Father," said Rupert, "see how close the rainbow is to us. It is this side of the pine-grove—a good way this side. See! the end of it touches the ground close by the wild rose-bush. I mean to run and catch it." Away he ran with all his speed, but when he got to the rose-bush the rainbow was not there. It was a little further off. Still it was between James and the pine-grove. The gorgeous colours were thrown in fine relief against the green pines.

James hurried on to overtake it, but it receded as he advanced. When he reached the edge of the grove, it seemed to rest on the centre of the grove. James gave up the chase, and returned panting to his friends.

"Why did you not catch it?" said Mr. Granger.

"I couldn't. It wouldn't wait to let me catch it."

"I thought, to be sure," said his sister Martha, "that you would bring me a piece of it."

By this time James was convinced that he had done a foolish thing in chasing the rainbow.

"You set off rather too soon," said Mr. Granger. "If you had thought a little and asked a question or two, you might have spared yourself some labour."

"I don't care anything about the labour. One would rather not make a fool of himself."

"If you will learn from this incident to think before you act, it will be worth the labour and mortification it has cost you. If a project seems very promising and brilliant, don't enter upon it till you have considered it well, and seen whether you can accomplish it. Prompt-

ness is an excellent quality, but prudence should go before it."

"The pursuit of the rainbow is very much like the pursuit of earthly pleasure," said Martha; "the pleasure is always a little ahead."

'Man never is, but always to be blest.'

"Yes," said the father; "multitudes are engaged in the pursuit of pleasure as eagerly and as fruitlessly as they would be in pursuit of the rainbow."

"How strange that they will pursue illusions when real happiness is within their reach!"

"Yes, if they would seek the Lord as earnestly as they seek pleasure, he would be found of them, and would be their exceeding great reward."

STRENGTH IN THE TIME OF NEED.

PILGRIM! treading feebly on,
Smitten by the torrid sun—
Hoping for the cooling rain,
Looking for the shade in vain—
Travel-worn and faint at heart,
Weak and weary as thou art,
Let thy spirit not repine,
Shade and shelter shall be thine;
Friendly hands to thee shall bring
Water from the cooling spring,
And the voice thou lovest best
Call the wanderer to his rest:
God hath said, to comfort thee,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Christian! toiling for the prize
Kept for thee beyond the skies—
Warring with the powers of sin,
Woes without and woes within—
Breathing now in rapture's air,
Verging then upon despair—
Trembling, hoping, filled with pain,
Then rejoicing once again;
Shrink not from Life's bitter cup,
God shall bear thy spirit up—
He shall lead thee safely on
Till the ark of rest is won—
Till thy spirit is set free:
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

THERE is so much of propriety in the custom of asking a blessing before our meals, that it must commend itself to the good sense of all reasonable beings; and yet, it is sad to think how many calling themselves Christians sit down to partake of the bounties of a kind Providence, day after day, without even breathing a silent thanksgiving. The Jews are worthy of imitation in their scrupulous attention to this custom. It is a beautiful saying of the Talmud, "He that enjoys aught without thanksgiving, is as though he robbed God." Observe our Saviour's practice in this respect. Before the miracle of feeding the multitudes, we are told that "he gave thanks" (Mark viii. 6). "What a scandalous thing it is (remarks Bishop Wilson) to take our food without being mindful who bestows it on us!" St. Paul "gave thanks in the presence of the heathen" (Acts xxvii. 35); yet Christians are ashamed to do it before Christians. "How unworthy is he of the crumbs that fall from his own table," says Burkitt, "who, with the swine, looks not up unto, and takes no thankful notice of, the hand that feeds him." The reader will please refer to these passages: 1 Thess. v. 18; 1 Cor. x. 31; and 1 Timothy iv. 4, 5. The king of one of the Friendly Islands became a Christian, and once went on board of a British vessel, where he was invited to dine with the officers. Observing that he did not taste his

food, the captain inquired the cause, when the simple native replied that he was waiting for the blessing to be asked. All felt rebuked, and the king was desired to say grace, which he did with becoming solemnity.

Short Arrows.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.—He who is open, without levity; generous, without waste; secret, without craft; humble, without meanness; bold, without insolence; cautious, without anxiety; regular, yet not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical—is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, virtue.

AN APOSTLE'S HUMILITY.—It has been remarked that soon after Paul was converted, he declared himself "unworthy to be called an apostle." As time rolled on, and he grew in grace, he cried out, "I am less than the least of all saints." And just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, his exclamation was, "I am the chief of sinners."

KINDNESS.—How sweet are the affections of kindness! How balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our fireside! Distrust and doubt darken not the lustre of its purity; the cravings of interest and jealousy mar not the harmony of that scene. Parental kindness and filial affection blossom there in all the freshness of eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cold, if we can but turn to our own dear circle, and receive all that our heart claims.

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

ENJOYING LIFE.—I must pity that young man who, with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daguerreotypied upon his face, goes whooping through the streets, driving an animal much nobler in its conduct than himself, and who swaggers into some haunt of shame, and calls it "enjoying life!" He thinks he is astonishing the world; and he is astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For, look at that compound of conceit and impudence, and say if on this earth there is anything more pitiable! He knows anything of the true joy of life! As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all inclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the hucks and swine.

THE ORNAMENT OF THE TABLE.—I visited a house not long ago, and the chief thing on the centre-table was—what? An elegant vase? No. A splendid red picture-book? No. A new game? No. It was a mission-box. "It stands there," said the father of the little family who live in that sitting-room, "a silent preacher, but preaching always, 'Deny thyself for Christ's sake.'" I examined the box, and found reading on it. On one side were Christ's last words; and last words, you know, are *very meaning* words:—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." On another side there was this—"Not because I desire a gift, but I desire that fruit may abound to your account" (Phil. iv. 17). Once a week the father recounts the goodness of God through the week, the mercies of God to his little flock, the privilege and the blessing of having been born in a Christian land; and then, as a testimony of his gratitude, he puts a part of his weekly earnings in the mission-box, to help to give to others their share of the blessings. The mother and all the children follow their father's example, and put in their gifts.

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNN," ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

NEWS FROM ROLAND.

You will like to look over Arthur's shoulder, as he reads the letter just received from Roland Yorke.

"DEAR OLD CHUM,

"By the time you get this letter, I shall be ploughing the waves of the briny deep, in the ship *Africa*. You will get this letter on Wednesday night. That is, you ought to get it; for I have desired Carrick to post it accordingly, and I'm sure he'll do it if he does not forget. And old Galloway will get a letter at the same time, and Lady Augusta will get one. I shall have been off more than twenty-four hours previously, for we leave Gravesend on Tuesday at noon. Carrick has behaved like a trump. He has bought me all the things I asked him, and paid my passage money, and given me fifty pounds in my pocket to land with; so I am safe to get on. The only thing he stood out about was the frying-pans. He couldn't see of what use they'd be, he said. So we made a compromise, and I am taking out only four-and-twenty, instead of the forty dozen that I had thought of. I could not find Bagshaw's list, and the frying-pans are about all I am taking, in the shape of utensils, except a large tool chest, which they palmed upon Carrick, for it was as dear as fire's hot.

"I dare say you have been vowing vengeance upon me, for not coming round to see you before I started; but I stopped away on purpose, for I might have let out something that I did not care to let out then; and that's what I am writing for.

"Old fellow, I have been fit to kill myself. All that bother that they laid upon you about the bank-note ought to have fallen upon me, for it was I who took it. There! the confession's made. And now explode at me for ten minutes with all your energy and wrath, before you read on. It will be a relief to your feelings and to mine. Perhaps if you'd go out of your way to swear a bit, it mightn't be amiss."

It was at this juncture that Arthur had started up so wildly, causing Annabel to premise that the "ship was drowned." In his shock of bewilderment, the first shadowy thought that overpowered him was a dreadful feeling of grief, for Roland's sake. He had liked Roland; with all his faults he had liked him much; and it was as if some cherished statue had fallen, and been dashed to pieces. Wild, joyful beatings of relief, that Hamish was innocent, were mingling with it, thumping against his heart, soon to exclude all else and fill it to bursting. But as yet this was indistinct; and the first clear idea that came to him was—Was Roland telling truth? or was he only playing a joke upon him? Arthur read on.

"I was awfully hard up for money. I was worse than Hamish, and he was pretty hard then; though he seems to have staved off the fellows since—he best knows how. I told him one day I should like to borrow the receipt, and he laughed and said he'd give it me with all the pleasure in life if it were transferable. Ask him if he remembers saying it. When Galloway was sending the money that day to the cousin Galloway, I thought what a shame it was, as I watched him slip the bank-note inside the letter. That cousin Galloway was always having money sent him, and I wished Galloway would give it me instead. Then came that row with Mad Nance; and, as you and Galloway turned to see what was up, I just pulled open the envelope, that instant wet and stuck down, twitched out the money, pressed the gum down again, and came and stood at your back at the window, leaning out. It did not take me half a minute to do; and the money was in my pocket, and the letter was empty! But now, look here! I never meant to steal the note. I am not a Newgate thief, yet. I was in an uncommon fix just then, over a certain affair; and if I could not stop the fellow's mouth, there'd have been the dickens to pay.

So I took the money for that stop-gap, never intending to do otherwise than replace it in Galloway's desk as soon as I could get it. I knew I should be having some from Lord Carrick. It was all Lady Augusta's fault. She had turned crusty, and would not help me. I stopped out all that afternoon with Knivett, if you remember, and that put me out of the suspicion when the stir came, though it was not for that reason I stayed, for I never had a thought that the row would fall upon us in the office; I supposed the loss would be set down to the post-office—as of course it ought to have been. I stayed out: the bank-note burning a hole all the while in my waistcoat pocket, and sundry qualms coming over me whether I should not put it back again. I began to wonder how I could get rid of it safely, not knowing but Galloway might have the number, and I think I should have put it back, what with that doubt and my twitches of conscience, but for a thing that happened. After I parted with Knivett, I ran home to get something I wanted, and Lady Augusta heard me and called me into her bed-room. 'Roland,' said she, 'I want you to get me a twenty-pound note from the bank; I have occasion to send one to Ireland.' Now, Arthur, I ask you, was there ever such an impetus given to a fellow in his wrong doing? Of course, my note, that is, Galloway's note, went to Ireland, and a good joyful riddance it seemed, as thoroughly gone as if I had dispatched it by telegraph to the North Pole. Lady Augusta handed me twenty sovereigns, and I made believe to go to the bank and exchange them for a note. She put it into her letter, and I took it to the post-office at once. No wonder you grumbled at my being away so long!

"Next came the row. And when I found that suspicion fell upon you, I was nearly mad. If I had not parted with the money, I should have gone straight to Galloway and said, 'Here it is, I took it.' Not a soul stood up for you as they ought! Even Mr. Channing fell into the suspicion, and Hamish seemed indifferent and cool as a cucumber. I have never liked Galloway since; and I long, to this day, to give Butterby a ducking. How I kept my tongue from blurring out the truth, I don't know; but a gentleman born does not like to own himself a thief. It was the publicity given to it that kept me silent; and I hope old Galloway and Butterby will have horrid dreams for a week to come, now they know the truth! I was boiling over always. I don't know how I managed to live through it, and that soft calf of a Jenkins was always defending Galloway when I flew out about him. Nobody could do more than I did to throw the blame upon the post-office—and it was the most likely thing in the world for the post-office to do!—but the more I talked, the more old Galloway brought up his rubbish about his 'seals!' I hope he'll have horrid dreams for a month to come! I'd have prosecuted the post-office if I had had the cash to do it with, and that might have turned him.

"Well, old chap, it went on and on—you lying under the cloud, and I mad with everybody. I could do nothing to clear you (unless I had confessed), except sending back the money to Galloway's, with a letter to say you did not do it. It was upon my mind night and day. I was always planning how to accomplish it; but for some time I could not get the money. When Carrick came to Helstonleigh he was short himself, and I had to wait. I told him I was in an awful mess for the want of twenty pounds. And that was true in more senses than one, for I did not know where to turn for money for my own uses. At last Carrick gave it me—he had given me a dab or two before, of five pounds or so, of no use—and then I had to wait an opportunity of getting it to London to be posted. Carrick's departure afforded that. I wrote the note to Galloway with my left hand, in printing letters, put the money inside it, and Carrick promised to post it in London. I told him it was a *Valentine* to old Galloway, flattering him on his youthful curls, and Carrick laughed till he was hoarse at the notion. Bother take his memory! he had been pretty near a week in London before he thought of the letter, and then he put his hand into his pocket and found it. I had given it up by that time, and thought nobody in the world ever had.

such luck as I got. At last it came; and all I can say is, I wish the post-office had taken that, before it ever did come. Of all the crying shames, that was the worst! The old carp got the money, and yet would not clear you! I shall never forgive Galloway for that! and when I come back from Port Natal, rolling in wealth, I'll not look at him when I pass him in the street, which will vex him uncommonly, and I don't care if you tell him so. Had I wavered about Port Natal before, that would have decided me. Clear you I would, and I saw there was no way to do it but by telling the truth, which I did not care to do while I was in Helston-leigh. And now I am off, and you know the truth, and Galloway knows it, for he'll have his letter when you have yours (and I hope it will be a pill for him), and all Helston-leigh will know it, and you are cleared, dear old Arthur!

"The first person that I shall lavish a little of my wealth upon when I return will be poor Jenkins, if he should be still in the land of the living. We all know that he has got as much in him as a gander, and lets that adorable Mrs. J. (I wish you could have seen her turban the morning I took leave!) be mistress and master, but he has done me many a good turn; and, what's more, he stood up for you. When Galloway, Butterby, and Co. were on at it, discussing proofs against you, Jenkins's humble voice would be heard, 'I am sure, gentlemen, Mr. Arthur never did it!' Many a time I could have hugged him! and he shall get some of my good luck when I reach home. You shall get it too, Arthur! I shall never make a friend to care half as much for as I care for you, and I wish you would have been persuaded to come out with me and make your fortune; but as you would not, you shall share mine. Mind! I should have cleared you, just the same, if you had come.

"And that's all I have to tell. And now you see why I did not care to say 'Good-bye,' for I don't think I should have said it without telling all. Remember me to the folks at your house, and I hope Mr. Channing will come home stunning. I shall look to you for all the news, mind! If a great wind blows the Cathedral down, or a fire burns the town up, it's you that must write it; nobody else will. Direct to me—Post-office, Port Natal, until I send you an address, which I shall do the first thing. Have you any news of Charley?

"I had almost forgotten that bright kinsman of mine, the chaplain of Hazledon. Pray present my affectionate compliments to him, and say he has not the least idea how very much I revere him. I should like to see his face when he finds it was I who was the delinquent. Constance can turn the tables on him now. But if she ever forgives him, she'll deserve to be as hen-pecked as Jenkins is; and tell her I say so.

"I meant to have told you about a spree I have had since I came to London, but there's no room, so I'll conclude sentimentally, as a lady does,

"Yours for ever and ever,

"ROLAND YORKE."

You must not think that Arthur Channing read this letter deliberately, as you have been able to read it. He had but skimmed it—skimmed it with straining eye and burning brow; taking in its general sense, its various points; but of its words, none. In his overpowering emotion—his perplexed confusion—he started up with wild words: "Oh, father! he is innocent! Constance, he is innocent! Hamish, Hamish! forgive—forgive me! I have been wicked enough to believe you guilty all this while!"

To say that they stared at him—to say that they did not understand him—would be poor words to express the surprise that fell upon them, and seemed to strike them dumb. Arthur kept on reiterating the words, as if he could not sufficiently relieve his overburdened heart.

"Hamish never did it! Constance, we might have known it! Constance, what could so have blinded our reason? He has been innocent all this while."

Mr. Hamish was the first to find his tongue. "Innocent of what?" asked he. "What news have you received there?" pointing to the letter.

"It is from Roland Yorke. He says"—Arthur hesitated, and lowered his voice—"That bank-note lost by Mr. Galloway—"

"Well?" they uttered, pressing round him.

"It was Roland that took it!"

Then arose a Babel of voices: questions to Arthur, references to the letter, and explanations. Mr. Channing, amidst his deep thankfulness, gathered Arthur to him with a fond gesture. "My boy, there has been continual conflict waging in my heart," he said: "appearances *versus* my better judgment. But for your own doubtful manner, I should have spurned the thought that you were guilty. Why did you not speak out boldly?"

"Father, how could I? Believing that it was Hamish—Hamish, dear Hamish, say you forgive me!"

Hamish was the only one who had retained calmness. Remarkably cool he was. He gazed upon them with the most imperturbable self-possession—rather inclined to be amused than otherwise. "Suspect me!" cried he, raising his eyebrows.

"We did, indeed!"

"*Dien oblige*," responded Mr. Hamish. "Perhaps you shared the honour of the doubt?" he mockingly added, turning to Mr. Huntley.

"I did," replied that gentleman. "Ellen did not," he added, losing his seriousness in a half laugh. "Miss Ellen and I have been at daggers drawn upon the point."

Hamish actually blushed like a school-girl. "Ellen knows me better," was all he said, speaking very quietly. "I should have thought some of the rest of you had known me better, also."

"Hamish," said Mr. Huntley, "I think we were all in for a host of blunders."

Mr. Channing had listened in surprise, Mrs. Channing in indignation. Her brave, good Hamish! her best and dearest! "I cannot see how it was possible to suspect Hamish," observed Mr. Channing.

But, before any more could be said, they were interrupted by Mr. Galloway, an open letter in his hand. "Here's a pretty dinner for a man!" he exclaimed. "I go home, expecting to get a meal in peace, and I find this pill upon my plate!"

They understood it naturally, what the "pill" was. Especially Arthur, who had been told by Roland himself that he was writing to Mr. Galloway. "You see, sir," said Arthur, with a bright smile, "that I was innocent."

"I do see it," replied Mr. Galloway, laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Why could you not speak openly to my face and tell me so?"

"Because—I am ashamed, sir, now to confess why. We were all at cross purposes together, it seems."

"He suspected that it was all in the family, Mr. Galloway," cried Hamish, in his gay good-humour. "It appears that he laid the charge of that little affair to me."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Galloway.

"We both did," exclaimed Constance, coming forward with streaming eyes. "Do you think that the mere fact of the suspicion being cast upon him, all public though it was made, could have rendered us so cowardly miserable as it did? Hamish, how shall we atone to you?"

"The question is, how shall I atone to you, my old friend, for the wrong done your son?" exclaimed Mr. Galloway, seizing Mr. Channing's hand. "Arthur, you and I shall have accounts to make up together."

"If reparation for unjust suspicion is to be the order of the day, I think I ought to get some of it," said laughing Hamish, with a glance at Mr. Huntley.

A sudden thought seemed to strike Mr. Channing. "Huntley," he impulsively cried, "was this the cause of displeasure that you hinted had been given you by Hamish?"

"That, and nothing else," was Mr. Huntley's answer. "I suppose I must take him into favour again. 'Make reparation,' as he says."

A very scarce smile crossed the lips of Hamish. It as good as said, "I know who will, if you don't." But Mr. Galloway was interrupting.

"The most extraordinary thing of the whole is," he observed, with unwonted emphasis, "that we never suspected Roland Yorke; knowing him as we did know him. It will be a caution to me as long as I live, never to go again by appearances. Careless, thoughtless, impulsive, conscienceless Roland Yorke! Of course! Who else would have been likely to help themselves to it? I wonder what scales were before our eyes!"

Mr. Channing turned to his son Tom, who had been seated astride on the arm of a sofa, in a glow of astonishment, now succeeded by satisfaction. "Tom, my boy! There'll be no particular hurry to leave the college school, will there?"

Tom slid off his perch and went straight up to Arthur. "Arthur, I beg your pardon heartily for the harsh words and thoughts I may have given you. I was just a fool, or I should have known you could not be guilty. Were you screening Roland Yorke?"

"No," said Arthur, "I never suspected him for a moment. As to anybody's begging my pardon, I have most cause to do that, for suspecting Hamish. You'll be all right, Tom, now."

But now, in the midst of this demonstration from all sides, I'll leave you to judge what were the feelings of that reverend divine, William Yorke. You may remember that he was present. He had gone to Mr. Channing's house ostensibly to welcome Mr. Channing home and congratulate him on his restoration. Glad, in truth, was he to possess the opportunity to do that; but Mr. Yorke's visit also included a purpose less disinterested. Repulsed by Constance in the two or three appeals he had made to her, he had impatiently awaited the return of Mr. Channing, to solicit his influence. Remembering the past, listening to this explanation of the present, you may imagine, if you can, what his sensations must have been. He, who had held up his head, in his haughty Yorke spirit, ready to trample on Arthur for the suspicion of guilt cast upon him, ready to believe that he was guilty, resenting it upon Constance, had now to stand and learn that the guilt lay in his family, not in theirs. No wonder he stood silent, grave, his lips drawn in to sternness, his tongue still.

Mr. Galloway soon departed again. He had left his dinner getting cold upon his table. Mr. Huntley took the occasion to leave with him; and, in the earnestness of discussion, they all went out with them to the hall, save Constance. This was Mr. Yorke's opportunity. His arms folded, his pale cheek flushed to pain, he moved before her, and stood there, drawn to his full height, speaking hoarsely.

"Constance, will it be possible for you to forgive me?"

What a fine field it presented for her to play the heroine! to go into fierce declamations that she never could, and never would forgive him, but would hold herself aloof from him for ever and a day, condemning him to bachelorhood! Unfortunately for the embellishment of these pages, Constance Channing had nothing of the heroine in her composition. She was only one of those simple, truthful, natural English girls, whom I hope you often meet in your every-day life. She smiled at William Yorke, through her glistening eye-lashes, and drew closer to him, almost touched him. Did he take the hint? He took her; took her on to that manly breast that would henceforth be her shelter for ever.

"Heaven knows how I will strive to atone to you, my darling!"

It was a happy evening, chequered though it necessarily was with thoughts of Charles. And Mr. Channing, in the midst of his deep grief and perplexity, thanked God for His wonderful mercy in restoring the aspersed to freedom. "My boy!" he exclaimed to Arthur, "how bravely you have borne!"

"Not always very bravely," said Arthur, shaking his head. "There were times when I was inwardly rebellious."

"It could not have been done without one thing," resumed Mr. Channing: "firm trust in God."

Arthur's cheek kindled. "That has ever been present with me," he whispered. "When things would wear their

darkest aspect I used to say to myself, 'Patience and hope; and trust in God!'" But I never anticipated this bright ending. I never thought that I and Hamish should both be cleared."

"I cannot conceive how you could have suspected Hamish!" Mr. Channing repeated, after a pause. Of all the wonders, that fact seemed to have taken most hold of his mind.

Arthur made a slight answer, but he did not pursue the topic. There were circumstances connected with it, regarding Hamish, not yet explained. He could not speak of them to Mr. Channing.

Neither were they to be explained, as it seemed, to Arthur. At any rate, not yet awhile. When they retired to rest, Hamish came into his room; like he had done that former night, months ago, when the suspicion had just fastened upon Arthur. They went up-stairs together, and Hamish, instead of turning to his own room, followed Arthur to his. He set down the candle on the table, and turned to Arthur with his frank smile.

"How is it that we can have been playing at these cross purposes, Arthur? Why did you not tell me at the time that you were innocent?"

"I think I did tell you so, Hamish, if my memory serves me right."

"Well, I am not sure; it may have been so; but in a very undemonstrative sort of manner, if you did at all. That sort of manner from you, Arthur, would only create perplexity."

Arthur smiled. "Don't you see? believing that you had taken it, I thought you must know whether I was innocent or guilty. And, for your sake, I did not dare strenuously to defend myself to others. Had but a breath of suspicion fallen upon you, Hamish, it might have cost my father his place."

"What induced you to suspect me? Surely not the simple fact of being alone for a few minutes with the letter in Galloway's office?"

"Not that. That alone would have been nothing; but, coupled with other circumstances, it assumed a weight. Hamish, I will tell you. Do you remember the trouble you were in at the time? owing money in the town?"

A smile parted Hamish's lips; he looked half inclined to make fun of the reminiscence. "I remember it well enough. What of that?"

"You contrived to pay those debts, or partially to pay them, at the precise time the note was taken; and we knew you had no money of your own to do it. We saw you also with gold in your purse—through Annabel's tricks, do you remember?—and we knew that it could not be yours—legitimately yours, I mean."

Hamish's smile turned into a laugh. "Stop a bit, Arthur. The money with which I paid up, and the gold you saw, was mine—legitimately mine. Don't speak so fast, old fellow."

"But where did it come from, Hamish?"

"It did not come from Galloway's office, and it did not drop from the skies," laughed Hamish. "Never mind where else it came from. Arthur boy, I wish you had been candid, and had given me a hint of the suspicion."

"We were at cross purposes, as you observe," repeated Arthur. "Once plunge into such, and there's no knowing when the enlightenment will come; perhaps never. But you were not very open with me."

"I was puzzled," replied Hamish. "You may remember that seeing a crowd round the Guildhall was the first intimation I received of the matter. When they told me, in answer to my questions, that my brother, Arthur Channing, was taken up on suspicion of stealing the bank-note, and was then under examination, I should have laughed in their faces, but for my inclination to knock them down. I went into that hall, Arthur, trusting in your innocence as implicitly as I trusted in my own, boiling over with indignation against all who had dared to accuse you, ready to stand up for you against the world. I turned my eyes upon you as you stood there, and your gaze met mine. Arthur, what

made you look so? I never saw guilt—or perhaps I would rather say shame, conscious shame—shine out more palpably from any countenance than it did from yours then. It startled me—it cowed me; and, in that moment I did believe you guilty. Why did you look so?”

“I looked so for your sake, Hamish. Your countenance betrayed your dismay, and I took it for signs of your own guilt and shame. Not until then did I fully believe you guilty. We were at cross purposes, you see, throughout the piece.”

“Cross purposes, indeed!” repeated Hamish.

“Have you believed me guilty up to now?”

“No,” replied Hamish. “After a few days my infatuation wore off. It was an infatuation, and nothing less, ever to have believed a Channing guilty. I then took up another notion, and that I have continued to entertain.”

“What was it?”

“That you were screening Roland Yorke.”

Arthur lifted up his eyes to Hamish.

“I did. Roland’s excessive championship of you, his impetuous agitation when others brought it up against you, first aroused my suspicions that he himself must have been guilty; and I came to the conclusion that you also had penetrated his guilt, and were generously screening him in a tacit manner. I believed that you would not let a stir be made in it to clear you, lest it should bring it home to him. Cross purposes again, you will say.”

“Ah, yes. Not so much as the idea of suspecting Roland Yorke ever came across me. All my fear was, lest he, or any, should suspect you.”

Hamish laughed as he placed his hands upon Arthur’s shoulders. “The best plan for the future will be to have no secrets one from the other; otherwise, it seems hard to say what labyrinth we may not get into. What do you say, old fellow?”

“You began the secrets first, Hamish.”

“Did I? Well, let us thank Heaven that the worst are over.”

Ay, thank Heaven! Most sincerely was Arthur Channing doing that. How many, many times had he checked his heaviness with the words of holy Writ: “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”—Psalm xlii. 11.

The time to give thanks had come.

Meanwhile Mr. Huntley had proceeded home. He found Miss Huntley in the stiffest and most uncompromising of moods; and no wonder, for Mr. Huntley had kept the dinner waiting, I am afraid to say how long. Harry, who was to have dined with them that day, had eaten his and flown off to the town again, to keep some appointment with the college boys. Miss Huntley now ate hers in dignified displeasure; but Mr. Huntley, opposite to her, appeared to be in one of his very happiest moods. Ellen attributed it to the fact of Mr. Channing’s having returned home well. She asked a hundred questions about them—of their journey, their arrival—and Mr. Huntley never seemed tired of answering.

Barely was the cloth removed, when Miss Huntley rose. Mr. Huntley crossed the room to open the door for her, and bow her out. Although he was her brother, she would never have forgiven him, had he omitted that little mark of ceremony. Ellen was dutifully following. She could not always brave her aunt. Mr. Huntley, however, gave Ellen a twitch as she was passing him, drew her back, and closed the door upon his sister.

“Ellen, I have been obliged to take Mr. Hamish into favour again.”

Ellen’s cheeks turned into a glow. She tried to find an answer, but none came, and it ended in a stammer.

“I find Hamish had nothing to do with the loss of the bank-note.”

Then she found her tongue. “Oh, papa, no! How could you ever have imagined such a thing? You might have known the Channings better. They are above suspicion.”

“I did know them better at one time, or else you may be

sure, young lady, Mr. Hamish would not have been allowed to come here as he did. However, it is cleared up; and I suppose you would like to tell me that I was just a donkey for my pains.”

Ellen shook her head and laughed. She would have liked to ask whether Mr. Hamish was to be allowed to come again on the old familiar footing, had she known how to frame the question. But it was quite beyond her courage.

“When I told him this evening that I had suspected him—”

She clasped her hands, she turned to Mr. Huntley, her rich colour going and coming: “Papa, you told him?”

“Ay. And I was not the only one to suspect him, or to tell him. I can assure you that, Miss Ellen.”

“What did he say? How did he receive it?”

“Told us he was much obliged to us all. I don’t think Hamish could be put out of humour.”

“Then do you not dislike him now, papa?” she said, timidly.

“I never have disliked him. When I believed what I did of him, I could not dislike him, try as I would. There, you may go to your aunt now.”

And Ellen went, feeling that the earth and air around her had suddenly grown into a terrestrial Eden.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE BROKEN PHIAL.

THAT broken phial, which you have heard of, was burning a hole in Bywater’s pocket, like Roland Yorke said the bank-note did in his. He had been indecisive about complaining to the master; strangely so for Bywater. The fact was, he had had a strong suspicion from the very first that the boy who did the damage to the surplice was Pierce senior. At least, his suspicions had been divided between that gentleman and Gerald Yorke. The cause of suspicion against Pierce need not be entered into, since it was misplaced; in point of fact, Mr. Pierce was, so far as that feat went, both innocent and unconscious. But Bywater could not make sure that he was, and he did not care to bring the accusation against Gerald publicly, should he be innocent.

You saw Bywater, a chapter or two back, fitting the broken pieces together in his bedroom. On the following morning—which was likewise the morning following the arrival of the important letter from Roland Yorke—Bywater detained Gerald Yorke when the boys tore down the school-room steps after early school.

“I say, Yorke, I said I’d give you a last chance, and now I am doing it,” he began. “If you’ll acknowledge the truth to me about that surplice affair, I’ll let it drop. I will, upon my honour. I’ll never say another word.”

Gerald flew into a rage. “Now look you here, Mr. Bywater,” was his angry retort. “You bother me again with that stale fish, and I’ll put you up for punishment. It’s —”

Gerald stopped. Tom Channing was passing close to them, and Mr. Gerald had never cared to be heard when talking about the surplice. At that moment a group of boys, who were running out of the cloisters, the opposite road to Tom Channing, turned round and hissed him, Tod Yorke adding some complimentary remark about “stolen notes.” As usual, it was a shaft launched at Arthur. Not as usual did Tom receive it. There was nothing of defiant fierceness now in his demeanour; nothing of half-subdued rage. Tom halted: took off his trencher with a smile of suavity that might have adorned Hamish, and thanked them with as much courtesy as if it had been real, especially Tod. Gerald Yorke and Bywater looked on with surprise. They little dreamt of the great and good secret that Tom now carried within him. He could afford to be calm.

“Why, it’s four months, good, since that surplice was damaged,” resumed Gerald, in a tone of irritation, to Bywater, as soon as they were alone. “One would think it was of rare value, by your keeping up the ball in this way.

Every now and then you break out afresh about that surplice. Was it made of gold?"

"It was made of Irish linen," returned Bywater, who generally contrived to retain his coolness, whoever might get heated. "I tell you that I have got a fresh clue, Yorke; one I have been waiting for. I thought it would turn up some time. If you say you did it, by accident or how you like, I'll let it drop. If you don't, I'll bring it before Pye after breakfast."

"Bring it!" retorted Gerald.

"Mind you, I mean what I say. I shall bring the charge against you, and I have got the proofs."

"Bring it, I say," fiercely repeated Gerald. "Who cares for your bringings? Mind your bones afterwards, that's all."

He pushed Bywater from him with a haughty gesture, and raced home to breakfast, hoping there'd be something good to abate his hunger.

But Bywater was not to be pushed from his determination. Never a boy in the school less likely than he. He went home to his breakfast, and returned to school to have his name inscribed on the roll, and then went into college with the other nine choristers, and took his part in the service. And the bottle, I say, was burning a hole in his pocket. The Reverend William Yorke was chanting, and Arthur Channing sat at the organ. Would the Very Reverend the Dean of Helstonleigh, standing in his stall so serenely placid, his cap resting on the cushion beside him, ever again intimate a doubt that Arthur was not worthy to take part in the service? But the dean did not know the news yet.

Back in the school-room, Bywater lost no time. He presented himself before the master, and entered upon his complaint, schoolboy fashion.

"Please, sir, I think I have found out who inked my surplice."

The master had allowed the occurrence to slip partially from his memory. At any rate, it was some time since he had called it up. "Oh, indeed!" said he, somewhat cynically, to Bywater, after a pause given to revolving the circumstances. "Think you have found out the boy, do you?"

"Yes, sir; I am pretty sure of it. I think it was Gerald Yorke."

"Gerald Yorke! One of the seniors!" repeated the master, casting a penetrating gaze upon Bywater.

The fact was, Mr. Pye, at the time of the occurrence, had been somewhat inclined to a secret belief that the real culprit was Bywater himself. Knowing that gentleman's propensity to mischief, knowing that the destruction of a few surplices, more or less, would be only fun to him, he had felt an unpleasant doubt upon the point. "Did you do it yourself?" he now plainly asked of Bywater.

Bywater for once was genuinely surprised. "I had no more to do with it, sir, than this desk had," touching the master's. "I should not have spent many an hour since, trying to ferret it out, if I had done it."

"Well, what have you found out?"

"On the day it happened, sir, when we were discussing it in the cloisters, little Channing suddenly started up with a word that caused me to think he had seen something connected with it, in which Gerald Yorke was mixed up. But the boy recollected himself before he had said much, and I could get no more from him. Once afterwards I heard him tell Yorke that he had kept counsel about the inked surplice."

"Is that all?" asked the master, while the whole school sat with tingling ears, for Bywater was not making his complaint in private.

"Not quite, sir. Please to look at this."

Bywater had whipped the broken phial out of his pocket, and was handing the smaller piece towards the master. Mr. Pye looked at it curiously.

"As I was turning over my surplice, sir, in the vestry, when I found it that day, I saw this bit of glass lying in the wet ink. I thought it belonged to a small ornamental phial, which Gerald Yorke used to keep, about that time, in his pocket, full of ink. But I couldn't be sure. So I put the bit of glass in my pocket, thinking the phial would turn up

some day, if it did belong to it. And so it has. You can put the piece into it, sir, and see whether it fits."

Gerald Yorke left his place, and joined Bywater before the head master. He looked white and haughty. "Is it to be borne, sir, that he should tell these lies of me?"

"Are they lies?" returned Mr. Pye, who was fitting the piece into the bottle.

"I have told no lies yet," said Bywater. "And I have not said for certain you did it. I say I think so."

"You never found that bottle upon the surplice! I don't believe it," foamed Gerald.

"I found the little piece of glass. I put it in my trousers' pocket, wet with ink as it was, and here are the stains of ink still," added Bywater, turning out that receptacle for the benefit of Mr. Pye. "It was this same pair of trousers I had on that day."

"Bywater," said the master, "why did you not say at the time you found the piece of glass?"

"Because, sir, the bit, by itself, would have told nothing. I thought I'd wait till the bottle itself turned up. Old Jenkins, the bedesman, found it a few days ago in the college burial-ground, pretty near to the college gates; just in the spot where it most likely would be, sir, if one came out of the college in a fright and dashed it over."

"Does this belong to you, Yorke?" inquired the master, scrutinising that gentleman's countenance, as he had previously scrutinised Bywater's.

Gerald Yorke took the phial in his hand and examined it. He knew perfectly well that it was his, but he was asking himself whether the school, apart from Bywater, could contradict him, if he said it was not. He feared they might.

"I had a phial very much like this, sir," turning it over and over in his hand, apparently for the purpose of a critical inspection. "I am not sure that this is the same; I don't think it is. I lost mine, sir; somebody stole it out of my pocket, I think."

"When did you lose it?" demanded Mr. Pye.

"About the time that the surplice got inked, sir; a day or two before it."

"Who is telling lies now?" cried bold Bywater. "He had the bottle that very day, sir, at his desk, here, in this school-room. The upper boys know he had it, and that he was using it. Channing"—turning round and catching Tom's eye, the first he did catch—"you can bear witness that he was using it that morning."

"Don't call upon me," replied Tom, stolidly. "I decline to interfere with Mr. Yorke, for or against."

"It is his bottle, and he had it that morning, and I say that I think he must have broken it over the surplice," persisted Bywater, with as much noise as he dared display in the presence of the master. "Otherwise, how should a piece out of the bottle be lying on the surplice?"

The master came to the conclusion that the facts were tolerably conclusive. He touched Yorke; "Speak the truth, boy," he said, with a tone that seemed to imply he rather doubted Gerald's strict adherence to truth at all times and seasons.

Gerald turned crusty. "I don't know anything about it, sir. Won't I pummel you for this!" he concluded, in an under tone, to Bywater.

"Besides that, sir," went on Bywater, pushing Gerald aside with his elbow, as if he were nobody, "Charles Channing, I say, saw something that led him to suspect Gerald Yorke. I am certain he did. I think it likely that he saw him fling the bottle away, after doing the mischief. Yorke knows that I have given him more than one chance to get out of this. If he had only told me in confidence that it was he who did it, whether by accident or mischief, I'd have let it drop."

"Yorke," said the master, leaning his face forward and speaking in an under tone, "do you remember what I promised the boy who did this mischief? Not for the feat itself, but for braving me, when I ordered him to speak out, and he would not."

Yorke grew angry and desperate. "Let it be proved against me, sir, if you please, before you punish. I don't

think even Bywater, rancorous as he is, can prove me guilty."

At this moment, who should walk forward but Mr. Bill Simms, much to the astonishment of the head-master, and of the school in general. Since Mr. Simms's confession to the master, touching the trick played on Charles Channing, he had not led the most agreeable of lives. Some of the boys treated him with silent contempt, some worried his life out of him, and all hated him. He could now enjoy a little bit of retaliation on one of them, at any rate.

"Please, sir, the day the surplice was inked, I saw Gerald Yorke come out of the college just before afternoon service, and chuck a broken ink-bottle over into the burial-ground."

"You saw it!" exclaimed the master, while Gerald turned his livid face, his flashing eye on the young tell-tale.

"Yes, sir. I was in the cloisters, inside one of the niches, and saw it. Charley Channing was in the cloisters, too, but he didn't see me, and I don't think Mr. Yorke saw either of us."

"Why did you not tell this at the time?"

Mr. Bill Simms stood on his heels and stood on his toes, and pulled his lanky straw hair, and rubbed his face, ere he spoke. "I was afraid, sir. I knew Mr. Yorke would beat me."

"Cur!" ejaculated Gerald, below his breath. The head-master turned his eyes upon him.

"Yorke, I—"

A commotion at the door, and Mr. Pye stopped. There burst in a lady with a wide extent of crinoline, but that was not the worst of the bustle. Her cheeks were flushed, her hands lifted, her eyes wild; altogether she was in a state of the utmost excitement. Gerald stared with all his might, and the head-master rose to receive her as she sailed down upon him. It was Lady Augusta Yorke.

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

MADAGASCAR.

THE most recent intelligence relating to Madagascar is that the Rev. Mr. Ellis, who had been sent for by King Radama, had arrived at Mauritius, but was not expected to go on to Madagascar at present, owing to the prevalence of the unhealthy season, which lasts till May. Other Protestant missionaries were expected; and as the king seems to be aware of the services rendered by them in the time of his predecessor Radama I., they are likely to meet with every protection and encouragement from him. It is also to be noticed, however, that Roman Catholic missionaries are well received, priests and sisters of charity having already gone to that island, where they are fulfilling their mission with every protection. A rumour had been circulated to the effect that the new king intended to emancipate all the slaves. This rumour led to some discontent, and therefore the king issued an official proclamation, in which he announced that he had no such intention, and that slave property would be strictly respected. We believe that the slave trade has been abolished in the island for the last five and forty years, so far as the importation of slaves is concerned; but men and women are bought and sold in the markets, and taken from place to place for sale. A gentleman who has visited Madagascar says of the reign of the late queen, "The Christian persecution seems to have been carried on with a great pertinacity. No European can have formed a just idea of it until the present time, as the accession of King Radama has unsealed all lips."

The Rev. Mr. Lebrun states, in a letter to the London Missionary Society, that at Tamatave daily morning and evening prayer-meetings were held by him, at which portions of Scripture were read and expounded. At one meeting upwards of forty people were present, and the Lord's Supper was administered to those who, during the persecution, had been admitted to that ordinance. "During our stay," he says, "we gave away many New Testaments

and tracts, as well as hymn-books. The number of applicants was so great that I desired David Johns to make them read in the New Testament before acceding to their request. I was astonished to witness with what promptitude and fluency they read at any page or chapter that was pointed out to them. I would that you had seen with what sad countenances they who could not read begged to have alphabets, that they might learn. You would have been surprised, and at the same time gratified, to find how eager they are to acquire instruction." A letter from the native Christians states that the kingdom of God gains ground, and establishes itself more and more in the country. "We have begun to meet for public worship at Antananarivo since Lord's day, 29th September last. As one house was not large enough to contain us all, we had to meet in eleven separate houses, and they were all crowded to excess. . . . A general disposition to join us seems to take hold of the people. . . . The king tells us to write, and persuade the missionaries to come and settle at Antananarivo, as well as all our friends and countrymen who are at Mauritius. There is now no obstacle in the way; the road is open to everybody. Every one can pray in all security; the Word of God has free course in our midst. Bring, therefore, with you all sorts of Malagasy books—the Bible, the New Testament, tracts, and alphabets; yea, everything printed in the Malagasy language; for everybody here scrambles, as it were, for the Word of God; so ardent is the desire expressed for it, that they throw themselves upon any portions they find!" The London Society hopes to send out six missionaries almost immediately.

JAMAICA.

AMONG other interesting communications from this island, we find two which may be taken as specimens of the results of the recent great revivals. A Baptist missionary, the Rev. John Clark, of Brown's Town, says, "On the 1st of August I had the happiness of baptising seventy-one persons, nearly all the fruit of the revival. With a large number of the candidates I was greatly pleased. Some of them had passed through the depths of humiliation and sorrow on account of sin, and through faith in a crucified Redeemer had obtained a peace and joy such as I have seldom witnessed. Last week between two and three hundred of the new converts, who have been the last six months in our Inquirers' classes, applied for baptism. More than a hundred penitent backsliders, who have also been about the same length of time on trial, came to seek restoration to the church." Mr. Clark then gives the striking fact that the persons who were so wildly excited at the time of the revival have in many cases relapsed into indifference or into open sin; but some who were only stricken down have remained steadfast. It would, therefore, appear that these remarkable developments of bodily affection were by no means a necessary part of the work, or even an indication of the reality of its being of God. Writing again in the month of December, Mr. Clark states that the results of the revival have been most gratifying. Of backsliders, not less than one hundred and seventy-four have been received back again into fellowship, while of new converts one hundred and twenty-four had been baptised, forty-eight of whom had previously been members of the Inquirers' classes. On Christmas Day he expected to baptise seventy more. It is, moreover, very satisfactory to find that of upwards of seven hundred received as inquirers, only twenty-five have gone back to the world. At the same time there has been a remarkable diminution in the number of cases of discipline brought before the leaders of the Church. It would thus appear that the effects of the revival in this district of the island are of the most pleasing kind.

NOTHING BUT HEAVEN.—When Melancthon was dying, he was observed to be much in prayer for several hours together. Being asked by a friend if he wanted anything, he replied, "Nothing but heaven: do not trouble me by speaking to me."

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED WITH
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

MARCH 9.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.—The name of Adam Clarke, the profoundly learned commentator, will not be confounded with that of another namesake of almost equal celebrity, Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, who died on this day in 1825. The subject of this notice held two rectories in Cambridgeshire, and was Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge. His published "Travels" through the North of Europe, Russia, Asia Minor, Greece, and Egypt, have insured the perpetuity of his name. The University conferred upon him their special and honorary mark of approbation for the services he has rendered to public libraries and literary institutions, in contributing to the world the fruits of his extensive and varied researches. That which added most to his purely literary reputation, was a "Dissertation on the Sarcophagus in the British Museum," which Dr. Clarke caused to be surrendered to the British army in Egypt, and which he has proved from accumulated evidence to have been the tomb of Alexander. In 1808 a professorship of mineralogy was founded at Cambridge, and he was appointed to the chair. His own collected specimens in mineralogy and natural history, and his eloquence in the management of his subject, were then without a rival. But in connection with the history of the Christian Church, we would add in reference to this distinguished man—that, of the higher qualities of his mind, of his force and energy as a Christian preacher, of the sublimity and excellence of his discourses, the University of Cambridge can bear honourable testimony, as was evinced by crowded congregations whenever he ascended the pulpit. Perhaps no person ever possessed in a more eminent degree than Dr. Clarke the delightful faculty of winning the hearts and riveting the affections of those into whose society he entered. From the first moment, his conversation excited an interest that never abated. The kindness of his manner, and the interest he anxiously expressed for the spiritual welfare of others, were very conspicuous features of his personal character. For more than twenty years Dr. Clarke officiated with singular and most appropriate fitness as librarian to the University. Dying in his fifty-fourth year, he left behind him a reputation as a scholar and a divine which the world has not been slow to acknowledge.

EVENTS.—On this day in 1566 David Rizzio, or Ricci, an Italian musician residing at the court of Mary Queen of Scots, was assassinated in her presence. And on the same day in 1679 a declaration was issued by the king in council, forbidding pardon to any one who had killed another in a duel. This ninth day of the month Xanthicus (Nisan) is recorded by Josephus as memorable for the prodigies occurring at the time of the purifications which preceded the feast of unleavened bread, and which, he says, foretold the burning of the temple.

MARCH 10.

JEWISH FAST.—The tenth day of the month Nisan was a Hebrew fast for the death of Miriam, the sister of Moses.

THE STUARTS AND THE BIBLE.—In 1686 James II., a monarch who never facilitated the dissemination of the Word of God, granted a general pardon to many of his subjects, expressly denying it to the girls at Taunton, who had presented a Bible and a sword to Monmouth.

BENEDICT III.—On this day in 858 died Benedict III., said to have been a woman who concealed her sex, a story which has given rise to much controversy. She is commonly called "Pope Joan." "During the five subsequent centuries, the witnesses to this extraordinary assumption are almost without number, nor did any one, prior to the Reformation in Luther's time, regard the thing as either incredible or disgraceful to the Church. But in the seventeenth century, learned men, not only of the Roman Catholic communion, but others also, exerted all their powers to

invalidate the testimony on which the truth of the story rests, and to confute it by an accurate computation of dates." Evidently, something must have taken place at Rome of a very extraordinary character, to give rise to this most uniform report of many ages." So writes the reliable Mosheim. Other writers maintain the truth of the story, and say that she was seized with the pangs of childbirth while taking part in a procession, and that both mother and child perished on the spot. In opposition to this, we have the version of a Protestant writer, who explains the story thus:—"The Pope wrote to Charles to offer him the imperial crown, which he received from his holiness on Christmas-day, 890. The Pope in return pressed him to rescue the capital from the ruin and slavery with which it was threatened. The Saracens were in possession of the strongholds in the neighbourhood of Rome, and John, sacrificing all other views to those of his own personal safety, not only reversed the decrees of his predecessors, but paid no regard to his own solemn oath. On account of his pusillanimity, he was styled not 'Pope,' but 'Popess,' and, as Baronius hints, this might possibly give rise to the story of Pope Joan, which though ascribed to the middle of the ninth century, was not heard of until the end of the thirteenth." So far Townsend. One thing is very certain—that few of those who in this century were raised to the highest station in the Church, can be commended for their wisdom, learning, virtue, and other endowments proper for a bishop. It was just the age to permit, if not the existence of such a scandal, at least the toleration of the most flagitious profligacy. The ungodly lives of most of those to whom were intrusted the care and government of the Church form the subject of complaint with all the ingenuous and honest writers of that age; and while, by indulgence in the grossest vices, ecclesiastics by their vicious example corrupted the people, it is not wonderful such a story relating to such a period should have obtained credence. Leo IV. died in 844, and from his day to that of this supposed "Pope Joan" the greater number of the Roman pontiffs who succeeded him entailed nothing but disgrace upon their memories, not only by their arrogance and lust of power, but by their personal immoralities.

MARCH 11.

EVENTS.—In 1444 the University of Paris issued a circular addressed to all the French clergy, indicative of the unscriptural opinion of the Papal Church—that the *Fest of Fools* was "a well-imagined institution, as connected with the Christian religion; and further, that all who should attempt to invalidate it or suppress it should be held accursed and excommunicate." Some persons have endeavoured to trace this mediæval absurdity to an Egyptian origin, and to identify the "ass," which was a principal figure in these pseudo-religious ceremonies, with the Eastern representative of Typhon, or the evil principle. It is certain that many ancient traditions, so mutilated and disguised as to leave few traces in practice or external character as to their origin, may be referred to a primary revelation from God in patriarchal ages, in which the doctrines of the Trinity, and that of vicarious atonement for sin are clearly traceable as underlying the false forms of worship in all countries and in all ages. But, whatever may have been originally the character of this festival, or whether it might be a mere ingraft of a purely heathen celebration into the Christian system, which, as in the worship of the Virgin, was not uncommon, it must be carefully dissociated from another observance which obtained in England even so late as the time of Charles I.—that is, the maintenance of a court-fool, or licensed court jester. The Church of Rome certainly never pleaded for that, as one of her institutions.

LEO X.—It was on this day in 1513 that John Medici was elected pope, assuming the title of Leo X. Allusion has been made to the revival of the arts and the resuscitation of the muse in Leo's "golden days." When we think of this Pontiff, and of St. Peter's at Rome, our thoughts naturally dwell on events leading to the commencement of the Reformation.

PUBLIC DEMORALISATION.—In 1738 it was ascertained that twelve thousand persons were convicted in London, in a few months, for selling gin without a license, of whom three thousand paid a fine of ten pounds each, rather than be committed to the House of Correction. Facts like these are strongly illustrative of the character of a past age, and are valuable in attempting to form a correct estimate of social, intellectual, and moral progress.

MARCH 12.

CÆSAR BORGIA.—In 1507 died the infamous Cæsar Borgia, a monster of ambition and cruelty. He was the illegitimate son of Pope Alexander VI. The pontiff created him Archbishop of Valenza, being anxious to confer a higher dignity on the eldest of his five sons by his mistress Vanozza. It was said of these, that "Cæsar was great among the wicked, and Francis was good among the great." Cæsar was his mother's favourite, and when the Pope was undecided on which of these brothers he should bestow the clerical dignity of cardinal, she induced him to choose Cæsar, and he was accordingly made a cardinal in the second year of Alexander's pontificate. It is believed Cæsar was accessory to his brother's murder. He soon got rid of the cardinalate, and was made Duke of Valentinois by Lewis XII. of France, with whom he entered into a league for the conquest of the Milanese. Having concerted with the Pope a design of poisoning at once nine newly-created cardinals (some say only one), the poisoned wine destined for them was brought by mistake to themselves. The Pope drank of it, and died in consequence. Cæsar outlived it, but only to outlive his grandeur. The French king confiscated his duchy, and took away his pension. He became subsequently dependent on his brother-in-law, who was then at war with his subjects. Cæsar served in that war, and was mortally wounded, under the walls of Viana, exclaiming on his death-bed, "I have provided for everything but death, and am unprepared for it." Such was the character of the Papacy, not in the ninth century (though it was then sufficiently disreputable), but in the sixteenth, and immediately antecedent to the Reformation.

EVENTS.—In 1612, the third charter of Virginia was granted, extending new privileges and immunities for the encouragement of the English colony. On this day, in 1683, the first assembly of Pennsylvania was held at Philadelphia, two years from the time that Penn obtained the charter. This is also the date, in 1664, of the grant by Charles II. to his brother James (then Duke of York) of the whole of what now is called Long Island (on which stands Brooklyn and the New York navy yard); also, in the same grant was included all Hudson's river and the land from the west side of Connecticut river to the east side of Delaware Bay, together with the royalties and rights of government. The name "New Amsterdam" became changed for that of "New York." On this day was also founded, in 1682, the retreat for disabled or superannuated soldiers known as "Chelsea Hospital."

MUGGLETONIANISM.—In 1697 died Lodowick Muggleton, a schismatic tailor who, with his associate Reeves, assumed to be prophets, and declared that they were the two last witnesses mentioned in the Apocalypse. Like other weak enthusiasts, they published their own shame in a farrago of blasphemy and nonsense. So lately as 1770, a remnant of this sect was accustomed to meet in a room in a garden of a public-house in Islington, where they were accustomed to smoke and drink on the Sabbath afternoon, with a great Bible before them. As a denomination, the Muggletonians are now happily extinct.

MARCH 13.

EVENTS.—In 1614, under the reign of James I., Bartholomew Leggat was burnt at Smithfield for having maintained the errors of Arianism; and in the ensuing month Edward Whiteman was burnt at Burton-upon-Trent. It would seem that death at the stake for conscience' sake was not confined to the era of the Catholic sovereignty of these realms in 1555. Lingard's version of the matter is as follows:—"Besides the Catholics and Puritans, there was a

third class of religionists obnoxious to the law—the Unitarians, few in number, but equally unwilling to abjure their peculiar doctrines. One of these, Bartholomew Leggat, was convicted before the episcopal court of St. Paul's, and charged with a denial of the Trinity. His obstinacy was proof against the arguments of the prelate; it resisted even the theology of the king. The bishop delivered him over to the secular power, and James ordered him to be burnt at Smithfield." Whiteman, according to the same authority, was a mere insane fanatic, who "fancied himself the promised Holy Spirit." Another "Unitarian" was immured in a dungeon for life, the king prudently saving him from the flames, the people having murmured at the previous execution. These historic facts demand from all Christian men thankfulness for religious liberty.

MARCH 14.

THE CONCORDANCE.—In 1262 died Hugo de St. Caro, a Dominican, well deserving of a place among sacred critics. The Church is indebted to him for the first concordance of the Bible—that is, of the Latin Vulgate—a commentary on the Old and New Testaments, and for the division of the Bible into chapters. He undertook to attempt the union of the Greek and Roman Churches.

KLOPSTOCK'S "MESSIAH."—In 1803 died Fredrich Gottlieb Klopstock, who, having in early life become familiar with the classic writers, formed the design of writing a great epic poem. In 1745 he studied theology at Jena, where in solitude he wrote the first canto of the "Messiah," completing his task about 1790. The work procured him great celebrity, and is yet admired by a certain class of readers.

A QUAKER HUNG.—On this day, in 1660, William Ledra, a Quaker, was hung by the Puritan authorities of Massachusetts, upon conviction of having returned from banishment, to which he had been condemned—not for felony, or for any breach of civil law, but for his religious faith and practice; a sad proof that intolerance was not, in past times, confined to any special class of religionists.—On this day, in 1644, ROGER WILLIAMS obtained for Rhode Island charters of incorporation for Providence, Newport, and Portsmouth, with the power of governing themselves, but subject to the laws and authority of England.

MARCH 15.

TOLERATION.—In 1672 an "act of indulgence" was granted by Charles II., containing a clause for liberty of conscience. War with the States had been decided on; bankers had been in the habit of advancing money at 8 per cent. to the Government, receiving in return an assignment of some branch of the revenue, until principal and interest should both be discharged. It was now proposed to suspend all payments for twelve months, and to add the interest due to the capital, allowing 6 per cent. to the new stock. The result was severe public distress, and it was perhaps to conciliate the people that the "declaration of indulgence" was suggested by the politic minister, Shaftesbury. The measure was beneficent in its results, and commendable had it originated in proper motives. A portion of the Dissenters received it with gratitude, and presented an address of thanks to his Majesty, but many Churchmen took alarm, and the pulpits began again to resound with arguments and declamation, chiefly against Popery. This measure suspended the penal laws enacted against all Nonconformists or recusants whatever, and granted to Protestant Dissenters the public exercise of their religion, and to the Catholics its exercise in private houses. A fruitless experiment of this kind, opposed by the Parliament, and retracted by the King, had already been made a few years after the Restoration; but he doubtlessly hoped that, as the event proved, Parliament would no longer dare to control his measures, and that Dissenters and Catholics would, as they did, thankfully enjoy the greater liberty which the law now allowed them. Charles took this step, as he stated, by virtue of his supreme power in ecclesiastical matters—a power which he contended was inherent in him, and recognised by several acts of parliament.

READINGS IN BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,
EX-LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

VIII.—THE PRESENT IN CONNECTION WITH THE FUTURE.

IN the stages of our present life, we experience that what we were to be was to be the effect of what we would previously do, and that the method of God in Nature is not to save us trouble or danger, but to make us capable of going through them, and to put it upon us to do so. It is plainly a general law of Nature that we should, with regard to our temporal interest, form and cultivate practical principles within us, by attention, use, exercise, and discipline, chiefly in the beginning of life, but also throughout the whole course of it. Our condition is made a matter of choice, so far as our conduct is voluntary, with which our condition is naturally connected. The case with regard to a future state, and the declared consequence of neglecting or fulfilling the present duties appointed to be the discipline for that future state—the final judgment and reward according to works—the deeds done in the body, whether they be good, or whether they be evil—is at least rendered credible, perfectly credible, from the analogy of Nature, which has been so fully considered in this chapter.

The objections, then, to the statement of this life being intended to be a state of probation and of moral discipline, are met by the facts and realities which we experience; by the analogies in the course of things which we may readily observe. It is not a mere discipline of self-love, for this it naturally moderates; and it cannot proceed exclusively from hope or fear. This state of probation may further imply the manifestation of character, not indeed to Him who knoweth all things, but to his creation or some part of it. And all this is implied in moral government, since by persons' behaviour under it, their characters cannot but be manifested, and, if they behave well, improved.

The subject is of such solemn interest, that it may at least excuse a more protracted review of it than might be necessary to make it simply intelligible. As we leave this life, we enter into the next stage of existence, morally advanced or morally degraded; and all we have been considering leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the degree of this advancement or degradation is fitted to be the measure of our capacity for happiness or misery hereafter. The highest capacity for happiness must be the highest enjoyment of it for those who depart to be with Him, in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. And although there is a manifest reserve in Revelation as to the scenes and circumstances of our actual condition hereafter, there is a plain intimation that there will be degrees of happiness and misery, permanent personal differences, founded on the moral and individual results of the appointed discipline of the present life. How does this dignify the details of common daily life and all its daily duties! They are sacred as well as social, they are Divine as well as human, they are prospective as well as present, they are eternal as well as temporal. Do we shrink from the consequences of a conflict between

conscience without sovereignty, and passions without subjection—from the encounter of our frail and fallen nature with the temptations which meet us at every turning of our course, at every step of our progress? We are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses—we are cheered by the grace and truth of that blessed Gospel which tells of One who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin; who is afflicted in all our afflictions; who is able, as he is willing, to succour them that are tempted. "Count it all joy," says St. James, "when you fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." We are not left to the deadly struggle of a shattered conscience with disordered passions. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" How otherwise could we struggle, if we were left to ourselves, estranged and alienated from God, without loyalty or love in our hearts—without the hatred and abhorrence of evil?—how could we cleave to that which is good? I have said before, that the moral difficulty of our probation is solved by the revelation of the Son; the spiritual difficulty, by the revelation of the Spirit. "Let us reason together" is the gracious invitation of God himself, as by the hallowed lips of the holy and inspired prophet He opens out the gracious plan of salvation—pardon, purity, and peace. And shall not reason bow with meek reverence, and accept with thanksgiving such a proclamation of mercy, which clears up the perplexities of human life, the mystery of man, and makes the events and changeable appearances of life—its daily duties, its joys and its sorrows, the agencies of moral discipline, improvement in virtue, advancement in happiness, increase of security—a "reasonable service," and a measure of Divine reward?

The analysis given of the process of temptation—by which our human nature, in its original uprightness, was liable to be, and was, in fact, tempted, and fell—this shows how this same nature, taken by Him who was perfect man as well as perfect God, did necessarily expose him to the assaults of the tempter. In the masterly sermons of the Bishop of Ossory on our Lord's human nature, in which he exposes the fallacy of that strange doctrine which the late Mr. Irving propounded on this subject, he makes use of the principles which Butler has briefly but lucidly stated in this chapter, as to the excitement of propensions in human nature which the moral principle cannot extinguish, but may control; and he applies them to the case of our blessed Lord, when the tempter was permitted to exhaust the resources and the power of his mysterious dynasty, and subject the Redeemer to the highest pressure of severity of which his human nature was capable under temptation. It is not, then, merely that in our conflict we are upheld by the love of Christ and the comfort of the Spirit, but we have the sympathy of Him who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities—who has triumphed over the tempter—triumphed in his human nature; and thus, conquering and to conquer, stands revealed to us "the Captain of our salvation."

He leads us onward through this stage of our probation, not to take us out of the world into unnatural seclusion, but to keep us from the evil; to fix our hearts on him, looking unto him as we run with patience the race that is set before us. "I am of opinion," says Bacon, "that the duties of life are preferable to life itself. Wherefore, if there be anything which may exactly answer our intentions, yet interferes at all with the offices and duties of life, I reject it." It is not by isolation from the bustle of life, it is not by fitful or impulsive efforts, that the great purpose of life's discipline is to be successfully accomplished. The character of the immortal being is to be fashioned—a work intended to endure throughout eternity. Mr. John Stuart Mill, an accomplished and able master of economic science, speaking of what may be relatively described as a cold philosophy dealing with things temporal, has said:—"The character itself should be to the individual a paramount end, simply because the existence of this ideal nobleness of character, or of a near approach to it in any abundance, would go further than all things else towards making human life happy; both in the comparatively humble sense of pleasure and freedom from pain, and in the higher meaning of rendering life not what it now is almost universally, puerile and insignificant, but such as human beings with highly-developed faculties can care to have."

If, then, the end be so important—even in regard to the social progress of man, and the perishable concerns of this passing, present life—how elevating, how ennobling, is the greater and the higher end of augmenting the moral and spiritual wealth of a better and a happier community—the spirits of just men made perfect!—

"In spotless garments, washed in blood,
To wield the victor's palm,
Join in the song of praise to God,
And glory to the Lamb."

The nobler and higher ends of Christian life—the love of God and love of man—these are the good ends which come within the wise and beautiful suggestion of Lord Bacon, which I noticed in my last lecture; in which he says, "What virtue soever the pursuit and passage towards those ends suggests and enjoins, we shall find ourselves invested with a precedent disposition and propensity to conform thereto." "All other things are added." It is our wisdom, therefore, whether with regard to the life that now is, or that which is to come, to set our affections on things above; to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. It is here, now, within us, that religion in its reality presents itself, not as a matter of sentiment—not as a theme for speculation, not as a prospective possibility—but as present, moral, practical, and vital.

The genius of Scott has pictured "Old Mortality," with his mallet and his chisel, striving to repair the ruins of Time, the wasting influences of the elements which effaced the imagery and the sculpture of the mouldering tombs; but the winds and the rains of heaven, as they sweep over the decaying monuments of the dead, testify that all human effort is but in vain to reverse the sentence, that the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

There is a labour that shall not be in vain, nor its achievements perishable; there is a sculpture which cannot be effaced; there are works which follow us beyond the grave, when we rest from our labours on earth—the trials, difficulties, and dangers of this our state of probation and discipline. May this great theme of this weighty chapter be a source of instruction to us

all; reminding us not merely of gracious privileges, but of solemn responsibilities—the work which, in our appointed spheres of duty on earth, our lot in life, God has given each of us to do!

"Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest."

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH.

THE first Christian Karen woman I met in Burmah (says Mrs. Mason) told me this story. Sixteen years before, she was one day by the Salween river, when she saw a ship coming up. She ran to see it, when a tall, handsome white foreigner stepped on the shore. He came up to her, and gave his hand.

"*Mah a lah*" (how do you do)? "*Mah, Th'kyen*" (well, my lord), was asked and answered, when he inquired where she was going, and bade her go in peace. The white foreigner returned to the ship, and she stood gazing after it. Soon her brothers came up, and she said—

"I have seen one of the sons of God."

"And what did he say?"

"Why, he gave me his hand."

"And did you take it?"

"Yes, I did, for he looked like an angel, and I am not ashamed of it."

That night her husband beat her for giving her hand to a stranger, and she was then ordered to go to heathen festivals as usual. Guapung towered up (and she was a most noble-looking woman)—"No," she said: "now for twenty years I have been making offerings to Guadama, and he has not stopped my husband from beating me once. Hereafter, I pray only to this white man's God. The white foreigner looked like an angel; he spoke to me gently and respectfully, as if I had been a man! His God must be the best God." She began that night to pray; this was her prayer:—"Father God, Lord God, Honourable God, the Righteous One! in the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the seas, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me, I pray!"

This prayer she prayed for five years, utterly refusing to make offerings to the idols. After that time, a missionary went into her region. As soon as she heard another white foreigner had come, she ran and sat down at his feet for nine days. She was converted, and was the means of converting her husband and all her family, and of raising up three churches. She was deaconess, sexton, and everything. She became a *Bible-talker*. She could never stop to learn herself, but had all her children taught, and she treasured up the Scripture in a most wondrous way. For months this woman has been with me over the burning plains, when I have been compelled to wear a towel for a turban, dipped in every cool spring we came to, I reading the Bible in her language, and she *talking* it.

This woman had been a fortune-teller, and one day a woman came five miles to get a charm for her husband, who had run away from her.

"Yes," said Guapung, "I have a charm. Sit down, sister."

So down she sat, the whole long day, listening to Guapung's wonderful stories.

"Now," she said, "there was once a wonderful Man in this world, whose face shone like a rainbow. One day he saw a woman crying, and he went up to her, and asked, 'Why weepest thou, Mary?' Then he spoke kind words to her, and made her happy. Now, this Being, who spoke so kindly to a woman, was the Son of

God!" Then she went on to tell her of the charm, which was to go and call back her husband, and not scold him any more, because this Son of God commanded that women should obey their husbands.

About three weeks after, a man came over from the heathen village, and wanted to see "the big teacheress" that had the charm, for he said that that woman, who had been such a brawler that nobody could live in peace in her neighbourhood, was then living very happily with her husband, the quietest of all; and the men of the place were anxious that their wives should join the Christians, because they understood the Christian religion did not allow women to scold their husbands!

Now, all this good resulted from that one expression of sympathy, in giving the hand to a heathen woman. This I call the greatest sermon ever preached by that missionary, and that missionary was dear, good Dr. Judson; and could his ransomed spirit now speak, would he not say—"Pity heathen women!—do not give up Burmah?"

MRS. BERNARD: A SKETCH.

MRS. BERNARD is a very active Christian. There can be no mistake about it. Does she not take a personal part in every good work? Is there any news from any part of the Christian world which she has not heard of? Is she not very decided in her views upon all religious questions? Does she forego any opportunity of giving good advice? All this is so true, that we envy the happy family which is blessed with her presence and living influence, and the congregation in all whose movements she must surely be the heart and soul. In her family and social circle, especially, she must scatter continually the most precious benedictions.

But let us look a little closer, and we shall soon find that Mrs. Bernard is not regarded as an angel in the house she dwells in. True, every one respects her and listens to her, but no one feels disposed to follow the route she indicates.

It may seem strange, but the secret is soon discovered. Mrs. Bernard leads two lives quite distinct and opposed to one another. She has chosen the Christian part and heavenly things, but has not given up the worldly part and the things which are of the earth. These are like two streams which flow through one region, but never mingle. The Sunday dress is followed by the week-day garments. Her religion, in one word, is neither constant nor complete; it is more showy than substantial; it rests in the head and feelings, and words and outward display are its fruits. Hence her religion is full of contrasts and contradictions, reminding us that "the double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." How can such a one do good? Instead of bearing the reproach of Christ, the name of Christ is reproached through her.

Now let us illustrate all this by a few facts.

Mrs. Bernard knows very well that "godliness with contentment is great gain;" but her anxious look, and her constant restlessness, prove that she forgets this in practice. We can say to her, "Thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful."

Mrs. Bernard has often read that "the very hairs of our head are all numbered;" but in her practice she ascribes every petty annoyance to secondary causes. If the state of the weather even is inconvenient, while she dare not murmur against the Dispenser, she murmurs against the dispensation like any materialist.

Mrs. Bernard knows the precept, "Let your moderation be known to all men;" but in practice her humour varies with her inclination.

Mrs. Bernard confesses in theory that "we have here no continuing city;" but in her practice she lengthens the cords and strengthens the stakes of her earthly tabernacle, as if this life would last for ever, and wealth were the supreme good.

Mrs. Bernard can quote Prov. xi. 29, "He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind," and can tell us that this applies to those who do not rightly order their domestic concerns. No matter; in practice, she scorns to attend to household affairs, and neglects the management of her servants. She thinks her duty and her interests merely require that she should be very saving, and the consequence is that all goes wrong.

Mrs. Bernard professes to have renounced the world, its maxims, and its favour, to follow Christ. In practice she is more influenced by the opinion and the favour of the religious world than by the example and precepts of the Lord Jesus.

Mrs. Bernard says that our great concern should be "to glorify God in our body and spirit, which are his;" and she is right, no doubt. But in her practice she forgets, "whether she eats or drinks, or whatsoever she does, to do all to the glory of God." Instead of animating, as it were, all the material duties of life with love to Him who enjoins them, she discharges them reluctantly, and avoids them when she can. They do not accord with her ideas of the Christian life, which are that it is half talk and half opinion.

Mrs. Bernard is very anxious for the extension of the Gospel, and for the success of all benevolent enterprises, and, so far as talk will do it, she renders aid and encouragement. This, alas! is all, or nearly all. To real Christian activity, and to self-sacrificing generosity, she is a stranger.

Mrs. Bernard knows perfectly what the disciples of Christ ought to be and to do, for she reads her Bible, and attends at all the services. She gives a great deal of excellent advice to others, but scarcely ever looks into her own heart, and, in consequence, those who know her best are sometimes tempted to think, "Physician, heal thyself!" We do not wonder at this; her influence is lost through her inconsistency.

There are other deficiencies in Mrs. Bernard's character, but these must suffice. If the love of Christ really took possession of her heart, if that heart were wholly renewed by Divine grace, and if her conscience were quickened by the indwelling Spirit of God, what a difference we should see! There would be inward peace and harmony of life, instead of inward fretfulness, and restlessness, and outward contradiction. Love, without which all outside show and talk is vain, would produce its proper fruits.

Those who surround Mrs. Bernard would then see in her the fruits of the Spirit, and her example, by the Divine blessing, might lead them to receive her good advice, both in things temporal and in things spiritual.

Christian consistency is powerful preaching, and few dare speak ill of it or despise it. Our professions and our talking, without this, have little influence. Our real influence lies in what we are more than in what we say. This influence always abides, whether we wish it or not. In the Christian's life nothing is indifferent, nothing is lost; everything bears fruit. The world sees us, and judges of the tree by the fruit.

You are very sorry for Mrs. Bernard, no doubt, and think you would give her a little good advice, if you knew her. Alas! your advice would probably be lost, as she is so impatient of counsel from others. It is one of her weak points. She is so satisfied with herself that she is indignant at any hint, however gentle; and yet she is never weary of counseling and admonishing others.

But why stop at Mrs. Bernard? Why condemn her? Certainly we must not pronounce sentence upon her till we have looked at ourselves. The more closely we are united to the true Vine, the more holy and consistent we shall be. Truly, most of us are too much like Mrs. Bernard in one way or another. Let us, then, humble ourselves sincerely over our manifold shortcomings and inconsistencies. Let us seek more and more to learn of Christ, and to be like him here, that when he shall appear we also may appear with him in glory, and that when he sees what his grace has made us, he may say to us, "Well done!"

THE BIBLE PUT TO THE PROOF.

It is hardly possible that there will ever be again such an array of princely or physical force for the destruction of the Bible as was made in the last persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, when the purpose of the Emperor was nothing less than the entire destruction of the sacred Scriptures. All that the most bitter hatred, backed by unlimited resources, could do, was then done.

Nor has this age produced keener sceptics than were Arian, Celsus, Porphyry, and the princely Julian, who combined in his own person the advantages of pen and sword, saying all that could be said, and doing all that could be done, to damage the authority of the Bible. The traditional account of his death is, that dying from a wound received in battle, he exclaimed, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

As to modern sceptical writers, they have inflicted by far more lasting injuries on their own reputation than on the Bible. Whatever consideration they enjoy is *in spite* of their scepticism, not on account of it. Not only have all their attacks been triumphantly repelled, but their own influence as authors is less, precisely in proportion to their antagonism to the Bible. Voltaire is a notable example of this among French authors, and Hume among English. Gibbon, in other respects the most delightful and erudite of historians, is read with constant distrust, because of his scepticism as to the Divine origin of Christianity.

As to science and philosophy, only those falsely so called are ever arrayed against the Bible, and these beat against it in vain. The great lights of science and philosophy have been sincere believers. It is nothing new for princes or politicians to attack the Bible, when they become aware that the authority of the Bible is in the way of their schemes of conquest, ambition, or tyranny. Rash reformers, too, are often incited by the same spirit. Once assured that Bible views of God and man, this world and the next, are at variance with their theories, they hesitate not to declare that "the God of the Bible is not their God." It is even so. For the God of the Bible, as of history, is "long-suffering, not willing that any should perish;" but the chief characteristics of pseudo-philanthropists are uncharitableness, impatience, and malignity.

The Bible has successfully withstood and survived all the assaults of pagans, princes and peoples, false philosophers, priests and philanthropists, opposing powers, rivals for the dominion of mankind and the direction of the world. In vain has been the madness of the people; in vain the hatred of princes; in vain the cunning of priests; in vain the rage of reformers; in vain the pride of philosophers, when directed against the Bible. They rush upon the thick bosses of a shield of Divine workmanship. On the other hand, the faithful are like the occupants of an impregnable castle, that has sustained a thousand sieges and never been stormed with success, and which will never be surrendered. The Bible is, indeed,

THE BOOK. There are others both great and good, but the Bible alone has "God for its Author, truth for its contents, and for its end the glory of God and the salvation of man." It has survived the fall of empires, the extinction of dynasties, and the disappearance of most ancient civilisations. Kings cannot conquer it; senates cannot annul it; science cannot supersede it; time cannot wither it. "The mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of its place," but the Word of the Lord shall endure for ever.

Scripture Illustrations.

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

(Gen. xliii.—xli.)

We read in Gen. xliii. 34, that Benjamin's mess was five times more than that of his brethren. Dr. Kitto thinks this does not refer so much to quantity as to variety, and illustrates his remark by reference to the customs of the Persians, among whom a favoured guest has many more dishes placed before him than others have. Herodotus also says, that among the Spartans, at public entertainments, twice as much was placed before the king as before any other. Another writer says that Homer makes Agamemnon give to Ajax, by way of honour, a greater portion of food than was usual. Sir J. Chardin says that the great men of the State, in Persia, Arabia, and India, are always by themselves at the feasts made for them, and have a greater profusion; their part of each kind of provision is always double, treble, or even more. (See also 1 Sam. ix. 24.)

Chap. xlii. 1—5. Joseph sent away his brethren with their corn, and not only returned their money, but put his own cup in Benjamin's sack. The words "whereby indeed he divineth," in verse 5, refer to a wide-spread ancient custom. Goblets or cups were used by the Persians and Egyptians for what we should call fortune-telling and the discovery of secrets.* Some such vessels have been found by Mr. Layard, and are written upon inside with mysterious inscriptions. Various articles were thrown into the cup, and their position appears to have determined the question put. We have seen a well in the south of France, where fortunes are told to this day in this manner. Nay, there is a silly superstition in England about telling fortunes by means of a coffee-cup or tea-cup. Joseph, of course, practised no such folly, and merely sent the message because he did not wish to be known, and because his brothers were aware that everybody practised divination among the Egyptians; just as Herodotus says they did in his time.

Chap. xlv. 6. Joseph at length makes himself known to his brothers, and shows his enlightened piety by recognising the hand of God in his removal to Egypt. The famine had now lasted two years, and he says, "There are yet five years, in the which there shall neither be earing nor harvest." This word *earing* means "ploughing," and occurs in the following passages:—Exod. xxxiv. 21; Deut. xxi. 4; 1 Sam. viii. 12; and Isa. xxx. 24. Mr. Osburn remarks that the passage in Gen. xlv. 6 "points out the cause of the famine. The ploughing in Egypt takes place just as the waters of the inundation reach the field. In these disastrous years, the (Nile) water scarcely rose above its wonted level; there was, consequently, no ploughing and no harvest."

Verse 8. God made Joseph a father to Pharaoh; i.e., chief minister. The Septuagint represents Artaxerxes as calling Haman his "second father." In the Apocryphal book, 1 Maccabees xi. 32, King Demetrius addresses Lasthenes as his father. The Roman senators were called fathers, and similar customs were elsewhere common.

Verse 10. The land of Goshen is not now certainly known, but is believed to have been within the district now called Esh-Shurkiyeh, "which, in situation, richness, and physical condition, corresponds with the land of Goshen."

Verse 22. Changes of raiment. Honorary dresses are still given in Turkey and also in Persia, where the distinction is indicated, not by the quality, but by the number of the garments; more or fewer being given according to the degree of honour intended.

Verse 23. Ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she-asses laden with corn and bread, &c. Hengstenberg observes that "he and she-asses appear in great numbers on the monuments. The former were commonly used for riding, and are represented with rich trappings; the latter as beasts of burden. A single person is described on the monuments as having 760 of them."

Verse 27. Wagons. Wheel carriages were anciently used in Egypt, and in what is now Asiatic Turkey, as is known by history, and also by sculptures and paintings. They are sometimes mentioned in the Jewish records. (See 1 Sam. vi. 7; 2 Sam. vi. 3; Amos ii. 13). The word *carriage* in the Old Testament, and in Acts xxi. 15, means that portion of baggage or luggage which was carried. It is so in 1 Sam. xvii. 22, where David leaves his carriage with the keeper of the carriage.

Chap. xlii. 34. "Every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." There is abundant evidence of this upon the monuments. The figures of shepherds were even painted on the soles of slippers, in token of contempt. Every shepherd by occupation was, we are told, unclean, and inadmissible within the precincts of the temples. Joseph had his family introduced as shepherds because he did not wish them to be mixed up among the Egyptians. Some think that the Egyptian hatred of shepherds and herdsmen arose from religious prejudices, because the cow was accounted a sacred animal. No such prejudice is known to have existed in regard to oxen, sheep, and goats. By some, however, this prejudice is supposed to have arisen from the fact, that the country had been invaded and conquered by a race of shepherds from Arabia. The kings of this race are called the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings. After their expulsion, many believe that they re-appear in Scripture history as the Philistines. It is also thought that the land of Goshen was the very district which the shepherd conquerors first took possession of. In any case, the one fact mentioned in the verse, that the Egyptians hated shepherds, is proved by the strongest evidence. It is cause for gratitude, that wherever we can compare Holy Scripture with ancient customs, it is found to be in accordance with them. Well, then, may we exclaim, "Thy word is truth!"

THE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

POLYCARP.

POLYCARP was the "angel of the Church in Smyrna," and many think, the same to whom one of the epistles to the seven Churches in Asia was addressed. So far as records remain, the Saviour might have said to him, "I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty (but thou art rich). Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." It is commonly supposed that Polycarp was born at Smyrna, during the reign of the persecutor Nero. He was educated at the charge of a noble Christian matron, of great benevolence. In his early youth, he is said to have been a disciple of the Apostle John, and to have heard the Gospel, not only

from him, but from other apostles. This is affirmed both by Irenæus and by Eusebius. However that may be, Polycarp was in due time appointed bishop of the Church in Smyrna, in the place of Bucolus. That he was the beloved friend of Ignatius is shown, not only by the fact that Ignatius visited him on his way to Rome to suffer, but addressed an epistle to him, which is still extant. After the death of Ignatius, Polycarp collected his epistles, and addressed them, with one of his own, to the Church at Philippi.

Polycarp shows what spirit he was of by this epistle. In it he commends the Philippians for receiving the suffering saints, whose chains he calls the garlands of God's elect. He exhorts their piety, and exhorts them to continue and increase therein, giving them excellent instructions to that effect. He assures them of the reality of our Saviour's incarnation, death, and resurrection, and condemns those who deny the resurrection and the judgment to come. He declares his own unfitness to instruct them, since they had St. Paul among them, and confesses his imperfect knowledge of several things contained in Holy Scripture. He sent this epistle by a Christian of the name of Crescens.

We hear no more of him for a number of years, when we find him visiting Rome, to consult with Anicetus, the bishop, about a controversy as to the time of observing Easter. On that occasion, he showed that while he was opposed to false doctrine, he could hold fellowship with good men, from whom he differed on some points. While at Rome, he met with two famous heretics, Marcion and Valentinus, the former of whom said to him, "Own us, Polycarp." He replied, "I do own you to be the first-born of Satan." This was about A.D. 157.

About nine years later, there was a violent persecution of Christians, in the reign of Antoninus, the philosopher. The general cry at Smyrna was, "Away with the impious and the atheists," for so they called the Christians. "Let Polycarp be looked after!" they exclaimed. The sufferings of the believers were great, but God gave them grace in the fiery trial. Polycarp was not afraid, but his friends persuaded him to retire to a village not far away. There he and a few companions spent their time in prayer. Three days before he was taken, he dreamed that the pillow under his head was on fire, and he regarded this as a sign that he should be burned alive for the cause of Christ.

A party came in search of him, but he had changed the place of his retreat. He was, however, betrayed by a youth; his further escape was impossible, and he resigned himself to death. The soldiers found him in his chamber, and he surrendered himself into their hands, saying, "The will of the Lord be done!" He was allowed an hour for prayer, and when that was ended, he was set on an ass, and carried towards Smyrna. On the way, they met Herod, a chief magistrate, who was riding with his father in a chariot. They took him up, and tried hard to shake his constancy, but were so offended by his firmness, that they thrust him out of the chariot, and let him fall to the ground.

He was taken to the theatre, where a noisy and impatient crowd was gathered. His examination at once commenced by the proconsul's asking him if his name was Polycarp. He replied that it was. The proconsul then added, "Have regard to your great age; swear by the genius of Cæsar; repent, and say with us, Away with the impious!"

Polycarp looked at the crowd, and then, lifting up his eyes to heaven, sighed, and said, "Away with the impious!" The proconsul, who mistook his meaning, then

said, "Take the oath, and I will release you; curse Christ." Full of holy indignation, the martyr replied, "I have served him eighty-six years, and he never wronged me; how can I curse my Saviour and King?" Again the proconsul said, "Swear by the fortune of Caesar." Hereupon he confessed himself a Christian, and offered to explain the Gospel to the magistrate.

The proconsul threatened him with wild beasts. "Call them," he said, "for we cannot repent from good to evil." "Since you despise the beasts," said the proconsul, "I will cast you into the fire to be burned, except you repent." Polycarp answered, "You threaten me with fire which will only burn for an hour and then go out; but you know not the fire of future judgment and eternal punishment. Why do you tarry? Bring what you will."

When all was found to be in vain, a herald cried three times, "Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian!" Hereupon the Jews and pagans exclaimed, "He is the teacher of impiety, the father of Christians, and the destroyer of the gods. He teaches men not to sacrifice to the gods, nor to worship them." The crowd demanded that a lion should be loosed against him, but the master of the ceremonies said this was impossible, as that part of the games was over; so they asked with one voice that he should be burned alive. Their request was granted; Jews and heathens hastily collected the wood; and when all was ready, Polycarp was stripped of his loose robes and his shoes. His weeping friends crowded about him to bid him farewell, but the executioners came forward and seized him to fasten him to the stake. "Leave me free," said he, "for He who permits me to suffer thus will give me strength to abide in the fire immovable, without your nails." However, they tied his hands behind him, and bound him to the stake with cords.

Before the fire was lighted, he offered a remarkable prayer, full of thanksgiving to Christ for calling him to suffer thus. When he concluded, the torch was applied, and the flames rose high, but the wind blew them from him, and he continued to live. The multitude therefore called upon the executioner to dispatch him with a sword, which was done, and he died without a murmur or a fear. After his death his body was ordered to be burned, lest, as the enemies said, the Christians should leave Christ to worship Polycarp. Very soon a few fragments alone remained of him, and these were gathered up by his friends and buried.

Such was the mortal end of Polycarp of Smyrna, whose long life in his Master's service was finished by a noble death. The grace which had sustained him in all lesser dangers was sufficient for him even in this fiery trial. He passed away to join the glorious host of whom it may be said—

"From torturing racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came;
But nobler blood has washed their souls,
Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb."

THE TWO FARMERS.

In a small country town, there lived two wealthy farmers whose lands adjoined each other. On some account or other, they became involved in a lawsuit, which both lessened their money and promoted a spirit of rancour towards each other. After a time, one of these men was convinced of the sinfulness of his past conduct, when, yielding to the influences of the Gospel, he became desirous of reconciliation and friendship with his neighbour. With a trembling heart he knocked at the door of the man whom he had offended, which he had not before entered for six years. Not suspecting who it was, his

neighbour invited him in. He went in, took his seat, acknowledged that he had in the affair been much to blame, and entreated forgiveness. The other was much astonished, but maintained his high ground. "I always knew you were to blame, and I never shall forgive you," with much more to the same purpose, was the reply given to him. He again confessed his wrong, asked the pardon of his neighbour, expressed the hope that the Divine Being would forgive him, and added—"We have been actuated by a wrong spirit, and we shall be afraid to meet each other at the bar of God, where we must soon appear." The other became a little softened, and they parted.

The family, when left to themselves, were filled with astonishment. But the mystery was solved when they learned that their neighbour had become a follower of Christ? "What!" said the farmer, "has S— become a Christian? Why should he come and ask my forgiveness? If religion will humble such a man, it is surely a great thing. He said, 'We shall be afraid to meet each other at the bar of God.'" Such reflections as these, with a consciousness of his own ill-conduct, occasioned him great distress for several days. At length, he could smother his feelings no longer—he took his hat, and went to see his once hated neighbour. As he entered the door, he received a cordial welcome; they took each other by the hand, and burst into tears. He said, "You came to ask my forgiveness the other day, but I find that I have been a thousand times worse than you." They retired and prayed together. They became excellent friends, and lived many years in uninterrupted harmony. Such are the triumphs of Christianity.

PERSONAL RELIGION.

THIS is a subject of vital importance to every person professing to be a follower of the Redeemer. We deem it essential to the very existence of piety in the human heart, that its professor should strive mightily every day for the mastery over each besetting sin, and for the maintenance of a life of godliness. No real personal religion can be maintained without this daily struggle. We have been led to pen a few remarks on this subject, from the fear that some who profess and call themselves Christians, and who are members of churches, have lost sight of this truth. They seem to think that religion consists only in outward observances, instead of the cultivation of that inner life which is the motive power of all true action. Personal religion does not consist simply in zeal, knowledge, or an attendance on all the public means of grace. We can imagine that all these may exist while the inner life is languishing, or indeed there is an entire absence of genuine piety. The Apostle Paul, in a few comprehensive words, describes personal religion thus: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Again he says, "I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." Personal religion is the great mystery of godliness—the life of God in the soul—which life is sustained and carried on by communion with God; and while God is the source of this life, yet it is obvious that it must be guarded and defended continually against all the assaults and interruptions incident to the present state of being. The failure of all who turn aside from vital godliness is traced to the non-cultivation of personal religion. It should not be forgotten that Christians are in an enemy's country—in a world of danger; that they are environed with foes, who have to be manfully resisted, and in the

strength of God overcome. The common business of every-day life is a hindrance to the life of God in the soul. The appetites and propensities of corrupt nature are hindrances; and Satan, the grand adversary, stands perpetually in the way. How, then, is it possible to maintain this life without an agonising struggle? How can the delicate plant of grace flourish without perpetual culture? How can spiritual strength be renewed but by partaking daily of that meat which the world knoweth not of? We fear some Christians are too much engaged in public and active duties to carry on private and personal ones. For instance, some, in addition to the absorbing secular duties of the six days, are engaged the entire Sabbath in public exercises, without a single hour for reading God's word, and reflection on their own spiritual state. They live too fast; their whole religious life is one of dissipation. They are engaged in keeping the vineyards of others, but their own they keep not. Far be it from us to discourage the activity of any Christian; but we think it possible to be so absorbed in the outer life as to neglect the inner.

To speak physically—if a man is much engaged in arduous and active bodily labour, he must have stated periods for food, he must take time for repose and the recruiting of exhausted nature, or disease and death will inevitably follow. So intellectually; if the mind is continually giving out, without having its periods for taking in fresh supplies of knowledge, it will soon become like an exhausted mine; it will contain no more precious metal.

Pre-eminently it is the case with regard to the soul, and the deep things of God. That Christian can only become strong, and permanently continue in well-doing, who has his "parentheses for prayer," his set time for devotion, his secret hours for meditation and strict self-examination. If he neglects these, he will do it at the expense of spiritual health.

In other words, if he omit the cultivation of personal religion, his burning zeal, his words of faith, and labours of love, and all his active duties, will prove of little avail, nor can we expect their continuance will be of very protracted duration.

WICKLIFF'S TWELVE HINDRANCES TO PRAYER.

THE human heart being by nature always the same, its tempter the same, and the temptations presented to it the same, the impediments to heavenly frames and spiritual exercises will be characterised by a corresponding similitude. Wickliff in his day (1324—84) complained of the following "twelve lettings to prayer." The knowledge of these is not less important now than in the days of the English proto-reformer.

1. The first hindrance is the sins of him who prayeth. According to that in Isaiah, "When ye make many prayers, I will not hear you, for your hands are full of blood."

2. The second is doubting. As saith the Apostle James, "Let a man ask in faith, nothing doubting."

3. The third hindrance is when a man asketh not that which ought to be asked. As in Matt. xx. it is said, "Ye know not what ye ask." And in James, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

4. The fourth is the unworthiness of them for whom we pray. Thus God, in Jeremiah, saith, "Pray not for this people, for I will not hear thee."

5. The fifth hindrance is the multitude of evil thoughts. Thus Abram (Gen. xv.) "drove away the fowls;" that is, "he that prayeth shall drive away evil thoughts."

6. The sixth is despising of God's law. In Prov. xxviii.

God saith, "The prayer of him that turneth away his ear from hearing the law shall be abomination."

7. The seventh is hardness of soul. And this in two ways. First, in Prov. xxi. it is said, "If a man stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." The second is when one hath trespassed, and we refuse to forgive him. As Christ says, "When ye stand to pray, forgive ye, if ye have anything against any man. If ye forgive not to men, neither shall your Father forgive your sins."

8. The eighth letting is the increasing of sin. David saith to God, "They that draw themselves from thee shall perish." In James iv. it is said, "Nigh ye to God, and he shall nigh to you." He nigheth to God that ceaseth of evil work.

9. The ninth is suggestions of the devil, that withdraw many men from prayer.

10. The tenth is littleness of desire. Augustine saith, "God keepeth that thing from thee which he will not give soon to thee, that thou learn to desire great things."

11. The eleventh letting is the impatience of him that asketh. Saul asked counsel of the Lord (1 Sam. xxviii.), and he answered not Saul. "And Saul said, Seek ye to me a woman that hath an unclean spirit."

12. The twelfth is the default of perseverance in prayer. Christ saith, "If a man continue knocking at the gate, the Friend (that is, God) shall rise and give him as many loaves as he mindeth." Augustine saith, "If prayer is not removed, be thou secure that mercy is not removed." But here take heed that prayer stand most in good living—that prayer with mouth accord with the deed—and so continue, and thou shalt receive. Therefore Christ saith in Luke xviii., "It behoveth to pray ever, and cease not." And Augustine saith, "As long as thou hast holy desire, and livest after God's law in charity, thou prayest ever well."

THE NUMBER OF PERFECTION.

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."—Job v. 19.

FRIEND, has not the Lord often delivered thee? Aged believer, thou canst bear thy testimony to the fact that "the righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." Past deliverances insure future interpositions. Thy troubles will be successive, but God's deliverances will be successive too. Seven is the number of perfection, and is designed to teach us that the Lord will deliver us, until deliverance is no longer needed. Having delivered us, when dead in trespasses and sins, having brought us into an experimental acquaintance with himself, and having set us apart for his glory and praise, is it not ungrateful, is it not very sinful, especially as we have his positive promise to the opposite, if we doubt that he will yet deliver us? With our God there can be no difficulty, for infinite wisdom and omnipotent power prevent it. With our God there can be no want of love, for his love is from everlasting to everlasting, without variation or the shadow of turning. With our God there can be no want of a reason why he should deliver us, for he has made us his children, and bound up his own glory with our present and everlasting welfare. The Psalmist points us to one case, as a sample of the whole:—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." So will it be with every praying soul; there will be a last trouble and a final deliverance. At death, the soul will be delivered from sin, Satan, and the world; and at the first resurrection, the body will be delivered from corruption; and so shall we be ever with

the Lord, "who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us" (2 Cor. i. 10).

THE TOKEN.

"Hast thou hope? they asked of John Knox, when he lay a-dying. He spake nothing, but raised his finger and pointed upwards, and so died."

"HAST thou the Hope of Glory, which all thy steps hath led, Through many a hard encounter, to this thy dying bed? Which nerved thee in the conflict, which armed thee for the fight, And shone with steady starbeam upon thy gloomiest night?"

Grim in his deep death anguish, the stern old champion lay, And the locks upon his pillow were floating thin and grey— And visionless and voiceless, with quick and labouring breath, He waited for his exit through life's dark portal—Death!

"Hast thou the Hope of Glory?" They bowed to catch the thrill, Which, through some languid token, might be responsive still; Nor waited they long, nor waited for some obscure reply— He raised a clay-cold finger, and pointed to the sky!

Thus the Death Angel found him, what time his bow he bent, To give the struggling spirit a sweet enfranchisement; Thus the Death Angel left him, when life's firm bonds were riven, The cold, stark, stiffening finger still pointing up to heaven!

YOUTH'S Department.

THE LIGHTHOUSE GIRL.

It was a beautiful day for a picnic, and the children had greatly enjoyed Uncle George's treat. Tired with their play, they now clustered round him on the grassy knoll where he sat, listening to his pleasant talk. It was a charming spot, overlooking the sea. Behind them, on the broken ground at the base of the cliffs, stood the fisherman's hut where they had taken tea, and below them stretched the sands. The great bay glistened in the sunlight, and the waves, with musical murmur, washed gently the shore.

"Oh, uncle," said Richard, whose restless eyes were wandering all round the horizon, "do let me peep through your telescope again. What is that curious white thing out at the end of those rocks?"

"That is the lighthouse, I expect," replied his uncle, as he drew out the telescope and adjusted the glasses. "And very clearly you can see it," he added, bringing the instrument to his eye. "Here, my boy; hold it as steadily as you can."

The little girls in a moment were round their brother, eager for a look.

"It is a funny place," said Edith, as she handed the telescope over to sister Fanny. "I am sure I should not like to live in a lighthouse."

"Well," said Uncle George, "I once heard of a poor Cornish girl, who lived in a lighthouse, and was very useful. I should like all my young friends to be as good and as brave as she was."

"Oh, do tell us about her!" exclaimed the party, with one voice.

"I do not remember her name," said their uncle, when they had resumed their seats on the grass, "but suppose we call her Mary. Her mother was dead, and she lived alone with her father in a lighthouse—not one like that yonder, which stands at the end of the land, but in one built on some rocks, all round which at certain times the great waves would roll and toss. How would you like that, I wonder? I dare say Mary did not think anything of the danger or discomfort, for the walls that sheltered her were very strong, and use makes a great difference in our enjoyments."

"One day Mary's father had to go into the nearest town to buy some things. It was a long walk, first

across the sands, and then over the hills; but everything they wanted had to be fetched from a distance. There are no shops in a lighthouse, you know; and it would be very bad, if stormy weather came on, to be found without provisions. Mary was very willing for her father to go; and all day long she made herself happy alone. But it began to get late, and the hour at which he usually returned when thus away passed without his appearance. The tide, too, that had left the sands and rocks all bare, was coming in again; and if he did not soon arrive, he would not be able to get across. Mary felt uneasy, and wondered what could have happened. She would have been much alarmed, had she known what was really the reason he did not come. It was this: on that coast wreckers were then very numerous."

"Wreckers!" said Richard; "what are they?"

"I know, uncle," exclaimed the elder Fanny; "men who plunder shipwrecked people, aren't they?"

"Yes: very wicked men; they not only robbed those who fell into their hands, and carried off all they could of the things washed ashore, but sometimes they tried, by false lights, to entice vessels on the rocks. They were thieves and murderers on a large scale. Well, they knew Mary's father, that he kept the lighthouse. They saw him go out in the morning, and they thought that, if they could prevent his getting home at night, no lights would be lit; and that the ships, not seeing any, would mistake their course, and perhaps sail too near the land, and be wrecked. So some of them hid themselves where they knew he must pass; and on his return, rushing suddenly out, seized and bound him, almost before he could resist. This was why he did not come. Little Mary sat and watched the waters as they rose, till they began to heave and to splash all round her lonely home. Over the broken rocks they went, higher and higher, till the jagged points were all covered. The freshening wind crested them with foam, and made them roll up the sands and break on the cliffs with a great roar. Mary's heart began to faint. It would be impossible now for her father to get back; and her mind grew troubled and anxious. What could have prevented his return? The sun had gone down; and the last tinge of crimson was fading out of the clouds. It was dusk, and would soon be quite dark. 'What would the ships do?' she thought, too. 'If they missed the light, something still more terrible might happen. A storm was gathering, and they might get out of their course, and be stranded.' Forgetting herself, Mary began to think what she could do to save them. She had never been to the top of the lighthouse alone, and it was very difficult for her to reach the beacon-lights. She sat thinking a long time, but did not know what to do. So she knelt down, and asked God to help and strengthen her. Then she determined to try to kindle them; and taking one of her father's torches, mounted the ladder, and with trembling arm applied the flame. She was at last, after several trials, successful; the light flashed back from the mirror, and out through the darkness over the sea."

"Now, children, that was what I call true courage. The winds became more violent, and Mary, as she waited alone, was glad, all night long, that the lighthouse was lit up just as if her father was at home. It was though, a very dreary time for her, poor child, and I dare say she could not help crying a little. But the next day, when the storm was over, and the tide had left the way across the sands dry again, her father came back to her; and then he told her how the wreckers had seized him, and kept watch over him, and how at last they let him go when the morning came."

"And what do you think? Some time after, it was found out that Mary had saved a ship! The warning

light beamed out over the sea just in time; a few minutes more, and the vessel would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. To have been useful was the best reward of her courage."

There was a moment's silence, and then the little company grew loud in Mary's praise. "But how, uncle," asked Edith, in the midst of their talk, "can *we* be like Mary, as you said you wished us to be?"

"There are three things, children," replied Uncle George, "that I think her example should teach you. In the first place, *never despair*. If any trouble comes upon you, don't think of yourselves alone. Don't sit down and cry, or idly complain. Try to find out what is the best thing to be done. In the second place, *make God your helper*. Ask him to show you what is right, and to give you strength to do it. Go to him in all your little cares, and in all your greater troubles; and you will find that he can help you, when you cannot help yourselves. In the third place, *always do your best*. Don't merely think about doing something, but try to do something. Don't pray and then sit still, as if you had never prayed. 'Try, try, try again'; it's an old but very good motto; and if God helps you to try, you will not try in vain.

"One thing more. Beware of the wreckers. Life is like a voyage; and all along our course temptations are concealed that would lure us to destruction. Many a bright little bark that floated gaily in the sunshine has in an evil hour been enticed upon the rocks, and ruined for ever. Keep your eye on the beacon-lights of heaven, and pray God, my dear children, that through his mercy you may enter safe its peaceful harbour."

Uncle George spoke seriously, and his young hearers were silent. "Come," he said, rising up; "it is time for us to pack up, and get home. You have enjoyed the day, do not forget my story."

KITE STRINGS.

THESE are very important articles; for what is your kite good for if you have no string? The sticks may be slender and firm, and evenly balanced, the paper strong, and the tail just of the right weight and length; but what can you do with your kite if you have no string? You may throw it up, but it will not stay up. You may go upon the house-top and cast it off, but it will neither go higher nor stay there, but sink speedily to the ground. But see that ball of nice white twine! Your father saw that you wanted it, and so he brought it home when he came from business. You fasten it to your kite, go out when a fine breeze is blowing, and now how well behaved your kite is, and how nicely it soars; up, up, it rises till it is almost out of sight. But suppose there is a little flaw in that string, and it breaks, or some rude boy comes along and cuts it near your hand, what now of your kite? How soon it feels the cut in the string, and begins to plunge and reel, crazy, it would seem, to enjoy its liberty; but, alas! to enjoy it only for a moment, for down, down it comes, and is all torn and broken in a tree top, or soiled and lost in a pool of mud.

So it is with the boy or girl that breaks loose from restraint. Sometimes children think it would be a nice thing to get away from a parent's or teacher's government or control; but that is the string by which they rise, if ever, to places of eminence and usefulness in the world. Cut it, and they are like the kite with a broken string, that reels, and sinks, and is lost. "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light."

THE PET CANARIES.

"A PENNY for your thoughts, darling," and Mrs. Clifford put her arm affectionately around her little daughter Ellen, as she stood gazing thoughtfully into her bird-cage and at its fluttering inmates.

Ellen looked up into her mother's face and smiled, but somewhat pensively. "I am thinking, mamma, what can be the reason that 'Lillie' and 'Willie' are afraid of me. Should you not think that they would love me when I do so much for them?"

"Certainly, they ought to, Ellen, if they properly appreciated your care of them."

"But they do not love me at all, mamma, and yet I do everything that I can to make them comfortable and happy: I give them fresh seeds and water every day; I cover the cage with green leaves to shelter them from the sun, and I am sure that I never did them any harm in my life; but sometimes, you know, I must bathe their feet if they become foot-sore, or cut their nails, lest they should hang themselves on their perches, and the moment that I put my hand into the cage, or touch them with one of my fingers, they are so terrified that it seems as if they would rush right through the bars. They ought to know that I would not hurt them, and that I only mean to do them good."

Mrs. Clifford smiled significantly.

"When you spoke to me, mamma, I was thinking if I could do anything to make them love me more. Is it not strange?—we always love those who do us good."

"Do we always love those who do us good, Ellen?"

"I thought so, mamma."

"Not always, my child. Do we love God as we should do, and is he not always doing us good? Your pet birdlings only exemplify that want of trust which we ourselves too often manifest. Do you suppose that God ever designs to do harm to any of the creatures of his hand?"

"No, mamma; you have always told me that he is a God of love."

"Surely, and he intends to do us good, and good only, all the days of our life; but we cannot 'see the end from the beginning.' We do not understand all the beneficent workings of his providence, and we ought to have faith to believe that he designs our final good, whatever may be the means he uses to accomplish it. Your little birds cannot reason, and they do not know that you intend to save them from suffering, so that when even the shadow of your hand falls upon their gilded cage they flutter and tremble."

"But it seems to me that they ought to know that I love them."

"And ought we not, my child, to know that God loves us, and that he has a benevolent purpose to accomplish when he stretches forth his hand and the shadow of it falls upon, and, for a season, darkens our dwelling? But we are faithless. We, too, fear and tremble, notwithstanding we have the daily experience of his goodness and mercy."

Little Ellen's pensive face grew more pensive still, and her mother folded her more closely in her arms as she said:—

"Now let me draw a picture for my little daughter, to illustrate my meaning. Imagine, my child, a large, a happy, and an unbroken household—parents and children dwelling together in love. Peace and plenty are around them, and their hands are full of deeds of charity and love to God's chosen—the poor and the suffering of this world. They seem to be living in the sunshine of his smile, and to us they seem safe from every danger. But 'God seeth not as man seeth.' Surrounded by all that earth can give, he knows that

they are in danger of forgetting the hand that gave, and, with so many attractions binding them to this world, to forget their home beyond the stars. As with the rich young man in the parable which you read this morning, 'beholding, he loves them,' and in love he says to each, 'One thing thou lackest.' That one is, supreme love to him! Even the pure gold must be purified in the crucible, until the image of the Divine be reflected there. It is then in infinite mercy that he stretches forth his hand. Its shadow falls on that home. They shrink and tremble in the fearful darkness. He has touched the dearest of them all—the mother, perhaps—to whom all eyes were turned as to a central sun diffusing light and warmth. To them the light was blotted out for ever; but he speaks: 'Be still, and know that I am God.' The mother's loving heart is hushed; but she has ascended, and their eyes follow her in her shining pathway. Now she is beyond the clouds, and the brightness of her home is reflected upon theirs. Now, in more than one sense, they have 'a treasure in heaven.' Had we but faith to see all this, and to understand that in love he chastens us, all would be well. My daughter, will you remember this if, at some future time, it should please God to take from you some earthly support in order that you may lean the more on him?"

Ellen looked up with tearful eyes. She could not answer; but she laid her arms expressively around her mother's neck and her head upon her bosom.

"Do not weep now, my child, nor let this thought sadden you. Only, when your hour of trial comes, have faith in Him 'who doeth all things well.'"

Have faith in God!

Our Pulpit.

THE LORD'S SECOND COMING.

"What think ye, that he will not come to the feast?"—JOHN xi. 56.

THE feast of the Passover was nigh at hand, when the Jews thus questioned with each other concerning Christ. Some who put this question were, perhaps, like Herod, desiring, in curiosity, to see the Wonder-worker; others, like Zaccheus, sought to see Jesus, the friend of publicans and sinners. "What think ye?" seemed the question on all sides, as the tide of Abraham's sons increased towards Jerusalem—"What think ye, that he will not come to the feast?"

The question is put in another manner in our own day: the language of infidelity is, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," 2 Pet. iii. 4. "Beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," 2 Pet. iii. 8, 9.

"Blessed are those who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

When Christ first came to our world he came to a fast; when he next comes he will come to a feast. At first, he came to a manger, and to scorn, and to spitting, and to scourging, and to Golgotha, the place of a skull, "where they crucified him." At his second advent, he will come as the rightful King of the whole land—banished once, but now no longer to have his claim disputed. Those who once blindfolded him, and put a mock scarlet upon him, and a reed in his hand, shall see him come in the glory of the Father, with all his holy angels.

"Every eye shall then behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see."

"The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry," Hab. ii. 3.

St. Paul brings this prophecy before us in unmistakable words. He says, in the tenth of Hebrews, "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

Brethren, the Lord is at hand—his feet are almost at the door, his angels have orders to prepare for the great harvest of the end of the world. God hath prepared his throne in the heavens. Soon the skies must open, and our God shall come and not keep silence—"the trumpet shall sound," and its blast shall ring through the sepulchres of kings and briar-bound graves of peasants, and find an echo in the caves of ocean, where rest the remains of many a shipwrecked seaman and fever-killed emigrant.

The Christian never doubts Christ's coming in due time; he opens his Bible at the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and reads the Redeemer's words: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." And as the humble student of continuous Scripture reads to the end of the sacred volume, what is the last promise he finds to cherish in his heart and memory? It is this: "Surely I come quickly." Enough—enough: the Church is satisfied, and only adds, "Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

"What think ye?" asks our text; "that he will not come to the feast?"

Answer: Yes, he will come to the feast—a high feast, not of the Jews only, but of the universal Church redeemed by his blood. Oh, glorious coming! Oh, blessed feast!

A coming that shall know of no departing; a feast that shall never—no never, be broken up.

A great and terrible day for millions.

A high and glorious day for the Church militant—when she shall put on her beautiful garments, and all her members know what "more than conquerors" meaneth; the palm of victory placed in their hands, and royal crowns upon their heads, and a new song in their mouths: "The Lord hath given us double for all our sins."

"Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. xv. 51–57.

The question—the important question—"Will Christ come to the feast?" is answered. Our consciences, as well as our Bibles, seem to testify that "he cometh, he cometh to judge the world, and the people with his truth."

Let us, then, take another question which naturally arises from the consideration of the subject: How shall we feel at the holy, happy feast-day of Christ and the redeemed?

"The chorus of angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of the saints as they rise;
The cry of the lost ones, the yell of despair,
And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air."

Blessed, truly blessed, are those who have the wedding garment, and their lamps burning brightly, as they watch for the Bridegroom.

David's cry, in Psalm ci., is "Oh, when wilt thou come unto me?"

The Apostle's cry from Patmos, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

And the language of the whole Church, taught her by

the Lord in her lisping infanzcy, is it not this, "Thy kingdom come?"

The ungodly desire not Christ's coming—it is a trouble to them, as the ark of the Lord was to those of the land of the Philistines; it caused the destruction of their god Dagon, and brought plagues to the people. The coming of Jesus will be the destruction of the god of this world—a pouring out of the vials of God's heavy displeasure upon the people that have not called upon his name.

Hence the prophet's twofold view of the great day. It is called "the acceptable year of the Lord," and it is also called "the day of vengeance of our God."

It will be a day of jubilee to all true Christians—their fetters will be removed, their bondage for ever over, their tears wiped from their eyes.

It will be a day of darkness—to thick darkness—to the wicked: a day of gloom and anguish.

The saint goes to God—to heaven—to rest—to joy—to glory—to peace—to life eternal.

The unsaved, to Satan—to hell—to agony—to fire—to the undying worm—to woe inexpressible—to endless dying.

Oh, think of the saints, their sweet and holy joy to know that all is well!

Think, too, of the awe-struck worldling, as he finds the coming of Christ a reality, and cries with an agony which is hell begun, "The harvest is over, and I am not saved!"

Answer, then, the question for yourselves, brethren, How will you appear at the great advent day? "Judge yourselves, brethren, that ye be not judged of the Lord."

A happy meeting old Jacob had with his son Joseph when he went down to Egypt: he whose blood-stained garments had been watered by his tears was now in his embrace.

A far happier meeting will God's children have when they go up to the heavenly Canaan, to reign with Him who died and is alive again, and liveth for evermore. Then, and not till then, shall the full wisdom of that passage in Proverbs xxv. be seen: "Better it is that it be said to thee, Come up hither; than that thou shouldest be put lower in the presence of the prince whom thine eyes have seen."

Short Arrows.

BEGIN, GO ON, AND END WITH CHRIST.—Daniel Wilson, afterwards the eminent Bishop of Calcutta, while yet a youth, and before he had ventured to profess a hope in the Saviour, although under powerful religious impressions, used these striking words in a letter to a friend who was just beginning to exercise himself in preaching:—"I should think you might, with little difficulty, preach a good sermon on that word Christ. Begin with Christ, go on with Christ, and end with Christ: and I am sure your hearers will never be tired, for his name is 'as ointment poured forth.'"

PRIDE.—To subdue pride, consider what you shall be. Your flesh returns to corruption and common earth again. Shall your dust be distinguished from the meanest beggar or slave's? No, not from the dust of brutes and insects, or the most contemptible of creatures. And as for your soul, that must stand before God, in the world of spirits, on a level with the rest of mankind, and divested of all your haughty and flattering distinctions; none of them shall attend you to the judgment seat. Keep this tribunal in view, and pride will wither and hang down its head.

BE PATIENT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.—Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional pertness offend you to provoke the sharp reproof. Remember, the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellect the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength, through years of experience; and it ill becomes you to fret at a child who fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Cheer him on in his conflict

of mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise and call you blessed.

A FALSE IDEA OF HAPPINESS.—A laundress who was employed in the family of a great man, said to him with a sigh, "Only think, your lordship, how small a sum of money would make me happy." "How little, madam?" said he. "Oh, my lord, twenty pounds would make me perfectly happy." "Then I will send it you to-morrow, upon the understanding that the amount will make your happiness perfect." "I thank you, and assure you it will," she said, and took her departure. She was no sooner outside the door than she thought she might as well have asked and received forty; so she stepped back, saying, "Please make it forty." "Ah! I am released," said his lordship; "you have proved that twenty would not make you happy; nor would any other sum."

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNN," ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.

A GHOST AGAIN.

MINDS are constituted differently, as was exemplified in the case under our immediate notice. While one of Mr. Galloway's first thoughts, on the receipt of Roland Yorke's letter, was to rush round to Lady Augusta's with the news, half in an angry, half in a reproachful spirit, Arthur Channing was deliberating how they could contrive to keep it from her. The one was actuated by a worldly, the other by a Christian spirit.

Mr. Galloway at length ate his long-delayed dinner that evening, and then he put on his hat, and, with Roland's letter to him safe in his pocket, went out again to call on Lady Augusta. It happened, however, that Lady Augusta was not at home.

She had gone to dine at Colonel Joliffe's, a family who lived some distance from Helstonleigh—necessitating an early departure from her home, if she would be in time for their six o'clock dinner. It had thus occurred that when the afternoon's post arrived, Lady Augusta was in all the bustle and scuffle of dressing: and Lady Augusta was one of those who are, and must be, in a scuffle, if they are going anywhere beyond common.

Martha was busy assisting, and the cook brought up two letters. "Both for my lady," she said, giving them into Martha's hand.

"I have no time for letters now," called out my lady. "Put them into my drawer, Martha."

Martha did as she was bid, and Lady Augusta departed. She returned home pretty late, and the letters remained in their receptacle untouched.

Of course, to retire to rest late necessitated, with Lady Augusta Yorke, the rising late the subsequent morning. About eleven o'clock she descended to breakfast. A letter on the breakfast table brought to her remembrance the letters of the previous night, and she sent Martha for them. Looking at their superscriptions, she perceived one of them to be from Roland; the other from Lord Carrick; and she laid them by her to be opened presently.

"Mr. Galloway called last night, my lady," observed Martha.

"Oh, did he?" said Lady Augusta.

"He said he wanted to see your ladyship particularly. But I said you were gone to Colonel Joliffe's."

Barely had Lady Augusta tasted her coffee, the letters still lying unopened at her side, when William Yorke entered, having just left the cathedral.

"This is a terrible blow, Lady Augusta," he observed, as he took a seat.

"What's a blow?" returned Lady Augusta. "Will you take a cup of coffee, William?"

"Have you not heard of it?" he replied, declining the coffee by a gesture. "I thought it probable that you would have received news from Roland."

"A letter arrived from Roland last night," she said, drawing forward the letter in question. "What is the matter? Will there be bad news in it? What have you heard?"

Mr. Yorke entertained not the slightest doubt that the letter now before him must contain the same confession which had been conveyed to Arthur and to Mr. Galloway. He deemed it better that she should hear it from him, than read it unprepared. He bent towards her, and spoke in a low tone of compassion.

"I fear that the letter does contain bad news; very bad news, indeed. Ro——"

"Good heavens! what has happened to him?" she interrupted, falling into a fit of excitement, just as Roland himself might have done. "Is he ill? Has he got hurt? Has he got killed?"

"Now, pray calm yourself, Lady Augusta. Roland is well in health, and has sailed for Port Natal, under what he considers favourable auspices. He——"

"Then why in the world do you come terrifying me out of my wits with your tales, William Yorke?" she broke forth. "I declare you are no better than a child!"

"Nay, Lady Augusta, you terrified yourself, jumping to conclusions. Though Roland is safe and sound, there is still some very disagreeable news to be told concerning him. He has been making a confession of bad behaviour."

"Oh," said Lady Augusta, in a tone which seemed to signify, "Is that all?" as if bad behaviour and Roland might have some affinity for each other. William Yorke bent his head nearer, and dropped his voice lower.

"In that mysterious affair of the bank-note, when Arthur Channing was accused——"

"Well? well?" she hastily repeated—for he had made a slight pause—and a tone of dread, like a shadow of evil, might be detected in her accents.

"It was Roland who took the note."

Lady Augusta jumped up. She *would* not receive it. "It is not true; it cannot be true!" she reiterated. "How dare you asperse him, William Yorke? Thoughtless as Roland is, he would not be guilty of dishonour."

"He has written the full particulars both to Arthur Channing and to Mr. Galloway," said Mr. Yorke, calmly. "I have no doubt that letter to you also relates to it. He confesses that the clearing of Arthur was a great motive in taking him from Helstoneleigh."

Lady Augusta seized the letter and tore it open. She was too agitated to read calmly, but she saw enough to convince her that Roland, and no other, had appropriated the money. This must have been the matter he had obscurely hinted at in one of his last conversations with her. The letter was concluded very much after Roland's own fashion.

"Now, mother, if you care that anything in the shape of honour should ever shine round me again, you'll go off straight to the college school, and set Tom Channing right with it and with the masters. And if you don't, and I get drowned on my voyage, I'll not say but my ghost will come again and haunt everybody who has had to do with the injustice."

Ghosts were not agreeable topics to Lady Augusta, and she gave a shriek at the suggested thought. But that was as nothing, compared with her anger. Honourable in the main—hot, hasty, impulsive, losing all judgment, all self-control when these fits of excitement came upon her—it is more than probable that her own course would have been to fly to the college school, unprompted by Roland. A sense of justice was strong within her; and in setting Tom right, she would not spare Roland, her own son though he was.

Before William Yorke knew what she was about, she had flown upstairs and was down again with her things on. Before he could overtake her, she was across the Boundaries, entering the cloisters, and knocking at the door of the college school.

There she broke in upon that interesting investigation touching the inked surplice.

Bywater, who seemed to think she had arrived for the sole purpose of setting at rest the question of the phial's

ownership, and not being troubled with any superfluous ideas of circumlocution, eagerly held out the pieces to her when she was yards from the desk. "Do you know this, Lady Augusta? Isn't it Gerald's?"

"Yes, it is Gerald's," replied she. "He took it out of my desk one day in the summer, though I told him not, and I never could get it back again. Have you been denying that it was yours?" she sternly added to Gerald. "Bad luck to ye, then, for a false boy! You are going to take a leaf out of your brother Roland's book, are ye? Haven't I had enough of you bad boys on my hands, but there must something fresh come up about one or the other of ye every day that the sun rises? Mr. Pye, I have come by Roland's wish, and by my own, to set the young Channings right with the school. You took the seniorship from Tom, believing that it was his brother Arthur who robbed Mr. Galloway. Not but what I thought somebody else would have had that seniorship, ye know!"

In the present mood of Lady Augusta, had any one of her sons committed a murder, she must have proclaimed it, though it had been to condemn him to condign punishment. She had not come to shield Roland, and she did not care, in her anger, how bad she made him out to be, or whether she did it in Irish or English. The head master could only look at her with astonishment. He also believed her visit must have reference to the matter in hand.

"It is true, Lady Augusta. But for the suspicion cast upon his brother, Channing would not have lost the seniorship," said the master, ignoring the hint touching himself.

"And all of ye"—turning round to face the wondering school—"have been ready to fling ye're stones at Tom Channing, like the badly brought up boys that ye are! I have heard of it. And my two, Gerald and Tod, the worst of ye at the game. You may look, Mr. Tod, but I'll be after giving ye a jocketing for ye're pains. Let me tell ye all, that it was not Tom Channing's brother took the bank-note: it was *their* brother—Gerald's and Tod's! It was my ill-doing boy, Roland, who took it!"

Nobody knew where to look. Some looked at her ladyship; some at the head master; some at the Reverend William Yorke, who stood pale and haughty; some at Gerald and Tod; some at Tom Channing. Tom did not appear to regard it as news; he seemed to have known it before: the excessive astonishment painted upon every other face was absent from his. But half the school did not understand Lady Augusta. None understood her fully.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," said the head master. "I do not comprehend what it is that you are talking about."

"Not comprehend!" repeated her ladyship. "Don't I speak plain? My unhappy son Roland has confessed that it was he who stole the bank-note that so much fuss has been made about, and that Arthur Channing was taken up for. You two may look and frown"—nodding to Gerald and Tod—"but it was your own brother who was the thief; Arthur Channing was innocent. I'm sure I shan't look a Channing in the face for months to come! Tell them about it in a straightforward way, William Yorke."

Mr. Yorke, thus called upon, stated, in a few concise words, the facts to the master. His tone was low, but the boys caught the sense, that Arthur was really innocent, and that poor Tom had been degraded for nothing. The master beckoned Tom forward.

"Did you know of this, Channing?"

"Yes, sir; since the letter came to my brother Arthur last night."

Lady Augusta rushed up impulsively to Tom. She seized his hands, she shook them heartily; she clasped his shoulders. Tom never afterwards was sure that she didn't kiss him. "Ye'll live to be an honour to your parents yet, Tom," she said, "when my boys are breaking my heart with wilfulness."

Tom's face flushed with pleasure; not so much at the words, as at the yearning, repentant faces cast at him from all parts

of the room. There was no mistaking that they were eager to offer reparation. Tom Channing innocent all this while! How should they make it up to him? He turned to resume his seat, but Huntley slipped out of the place he occupied as the school's head, and would have pushed Tom into it. There was some slight commotion, and the master lifted his spectacles.

"Silence, there! Huntley, what are you about? Keep your seat."

"No, sir," said Huntley, advancing a step forward. "I beg your pardon, sir, but the place is no longer mine. I never have counted it mine legally, and I will, with your permission, resign it to its rightful owner. The place is Channing's; I have only occupied it for him."

He quietly pushed Tom into it as he spoke, and the school, finding their tongues, and ignoring the presence of the master and of Lady Augusta, sprung from their desks at one bound and seized upon Tom—any part of him—wishing him luck, asking him to be a good old fellow and forgive them. "Long live Tom Channing, the senior of Helstonleigh school!" shouted bold Bywater; and the boys, thus encouraged, took up the shout, and the old walls echoed it—"Long live Tom Channing, the senior of Helstonleigh school!"

Before the noise had died away Lady Augusta was gone, and another had been added to the company, in the person of Mr. Huntley. "Oh," he said, taking in a rapid glance of affairs, "I see it is all right. Knowing how thoughtless Harry is, I feared lest he might not recollect to do an act of justice. That he would be the first to do it if he remembered, I knew."

"As if I should forget that, sir!" responded Mr. Harry. "Why, I could no more live with Channing under me now, than I'd let any of the others be above me. And I am not sorry," added the young gentleman, *sotto voce*. "If the seniorship is a great honour, it is also a great bother. Here, Channing, take the keys."

He flung them across the desk as he spoke; he was proceeding to fling the roll, and two or three other sundries which belong to the charge of the senior boy, but was stopped by the head master.

"Softly, Huntley! I don't know that I can allow this wholesale changing of places and functions."

"Oh, yes, you can, sir," said Harry, with a bright look. "If I committed any unworthy act, I should be degraded from the seniorship, and another appointed. The same thing can be done now, without the degradation."

"He deserves a recompense," said Mr. Huntley, to the master. "But this will be no recompense; it is Channing's due. He will make you a better senior than Harry, Mr. Pye. And now," added Mr. Huntley, improving upon the whole, "there will be no necessity to divide the seniorship from the Oxford exhibition."

It was rather a free mode of dealing with the master's proper privileges, and Mr. Pye relaxed into a smile. In good truth, his sense of justice had been inwardly burning and flaring, set alight by the communication of Lady Augusta. Tom, putting aside a little outburst or two of passion, had behaved admirably throughout the whole season of approbrium; there was no denying it.

"Will you do your duty as senior, Channing?" superfluously asked the master.

"I will try, sir."

"Take your place, then."

Mr. Huntley was the first to take his hand, when he was in it. "I told you to bear up bravely, my boy! I told you better days might be in store. Continue to do your duty in single-hearted honesty under God, as I truly believe you are ever seeking to do, and you may well leave things in his hands. God bless you, Tom!"

Tom was a little overcome. But Mr. Bywater made a diversion. He seized the roll, with which it was no business of his to meddle, and carried it to Mr. Pye. "The names have got to be altered, sir." In return for which Mr. Pye sternly motioned him to his seat, and Bywater favoured the school with a few winks as he lazily obeyed.

"Who could possibly have suspected Roland Yorke!" exclaimed the master, talking in an under tone with Mr. Huntley.

"Nay, if you come to compare merits, he was a far more likely subject for suspicion than Arthur," was Mr. Huntley's reply.

"He was, taking them comparatively. What I meant to imply was, that one could not have suspected that Roland, knowing himself guilty, would suffer another to lie under the stigma. Roland has his honourable points—if that may be said of one who helps himself to bank-notes," concluded the master.

"Ay, he is not all bad. Witness the sending back the money to Galloway, witness his persistent championship of Arthur, and the now going away partly to clear him, as he no doubt has done! I was as sure, from the first, that Arthur Channing was not guilty, as that the sun shines in the heavens."

"Did you suspect Roland?"

"No. I had a peculiar theory of my own upon the matter," said Mr. Huntley, smiling, and apparently examining closely the grain of the master's desk. "A theory, however, which has proved to be worthless, as so many theories, which obtain favour in this world, often are. But I will no longer detain you, Mr. Pye. You must have had enough hindrance from your legitimate business for one morning."

"The hindrance is not at an end yet," was the master's reply, as he shook hands with Mr. Huntley. "I cannot think what has possessed the school latterly: we are always having some unpleasant business or other to upset it."

Mr. Huntley went out, nodding cordially to Tom as he passed his desk; and the master turned his eyes and his attention on Gerald Yorke.

Lady Augusta had hastened from the college school as impetuously as she had hastened into it. Her errand now was to the Channings. She was eager to show them her grieved astonishment, her vexation—to make herself the *amende* for Roland, so far as she could. She found both Mr. and Mrs. Channing at home. The former had purposed being in Guild-street early that morning, but so many visitors had flocked in to offer their congratulations that he had hitherto been unable to get away. Constance also was at home. Lady Augusta had insisted upon it that she should not come to the children on that, the first day after her father and mother's return. They were alone when Lady Augusta entered.

Lady Augusta's first movement was to fling herself into a chair and burst out crying. "What am I to say to you?" she exclaimed. "What apology can I urge for my unhappy boy?"

"Nay, dear Lady Augusta, do not let it thus distress you," said Mr. Channing. "You are no more to be held responsible for what Roland has done, than we were for Arthur, when he was deemed guilty."

"Oh, I don't know," she sobbed. "Perhaps, if I had been more strict with him always, he would never have done it. I wish I had made a point of giving them a whipping every night all round from the time they were two years old!" she continued, emphatically. "Would that have made my children turn out better, do you think?"

Mrs. Channing could not forbear a smile. "It is not exactly *strictness* that answers with children, Lady Augusta."

"Goodness me! I don't know what does answer with them, then! I have been indulgent enough to mine, as everybody else knows; and look how they are turning out! Roland to go and take a bank-note! And, as if that was not bad enough, to let the odium rest upon Arthur! You will never forgive him! I am certain that you never can or will forgive him! And you and all the town will visit it upon me!"

When Lady Augusta got into this humour of tearful complaint, it was better to let it run its course; as Mr. and Mrs. Channing knew, by past experience. They both soothed her; telling her that no irreparable wrong had been done to Arthur; nothing but what would be now made right.

"It all turns contrary together!" exclaimed my lady, drying up her tears over the first grievance, and beginning upon another. "I suppose, Constance, you and William Yorke will be making it up now."

Constance's smile of self-consciousness and her drooping eyelids might have told that that was already done; without words.

"And the next thing, of course, will be your getting married!" continued Lady Augusta. "When is it to be? I suppose you have been settling the time."

The question was a direct and pointed one, and Lady Augusta waited for an answer. Mrs. Channing came to the relief of Constance.

"It would have been very soon indeed, Lady Augusta, but for this dreadful uncertainty respecting Charles. In any case, it will not be delayed beyond early spring."

"Oh, to be sure! I knew that! Everything goes contrary and cross for me! What am I to do for a governess? I might pay a thousand a-year, and not find one like Constance. They are beginning to improve under you; they are growing more dutiful girls to me; and now it will all be undone again, and they'll just be ruined!"

Constance looked up with her pretty timid blush. "William and I have been thinking, Lady Augusta, that, if you approved, they had better come for a few months to Hazledon House. I should then have them constantly under my own eye, and I think I could effect some good. We had used to speak of this in the summer; and last night we spoke of it again."

Lady Augusta flew into an ecstasy as great as her late grief had been. "Oh it would be delightful!" she exclaimed. "Such a relief to me! and I know it would be the making of them. I shall thank you and William for ever, Constance; and I don't care what I pay you. I'd go without shoes to pay you liberally."

Constance laughed. "As to pay," she said, "I shall have nothing to do with that, on my own score, when once I am at Hazledon. Those things will lie in William's department, not in mine. I question if he will allow you to pay him anything, Lady Augusta. We did not think of it for profit, but in the hope that it might benefit Caroline and Fanny."

Lady Augusta turned impulsively to Mrs. Channing. "What good children God has given you!"

The tears rushed into Mrs. Channing's eyes; she felt the remark in all its grateful truth. She was spared a reply; she did not like to contrast them with Lady Augusta's, ever so tacitly, and say they were indeed good; for Sarah entered, and said another visitor was waiting in the drawing-room.

As Mr. Channing withdrew, Lady Augusta rose to depart. She took Mrs. Channing's hand. "How dreadful for you to come home and find one of your children gone!" she uttered. "How can you hear it, and be calm?"

Emotion rose then, and Mrs. Channing had a battle to keep it down. "The same God who gave me my children, has taught me how to bear," she presently said. "For the moment, yesterday, I really was overwhelmed; but it passed away after a few hours' struggle. When I left home, I humbly committed my child to God's good care, in implicit trust; and I feel that, whether dead or alive, that care is still over him."

"I wish to goodness one could learn to feel as you do!" uttered Lady Augusta. "Troubles don't seem to touch you and Mr. Channing; you rise superior to them: but they turn me inside out. And now I must go! And I wish Roland had never been born before he had behaved so! You must try and forgive him, Mrs. Channing: you must promise to try and welcome him, should he ever come back!"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Channing answered, with a bright smile. "The one will be as easy as the other has been. He is already forgiven, Lady Augusta."

"I have done what I could in it. I have been to the college school and told them all, and Tom is put into his place as senior. It's true, indeed! and I hope every boy

will be flogged for putting upon him, and Gerald and Tod amongst the rest. And now, good-by."

Sarah was holding open the street door for Lady Augusta. Lady Augusta, who generally gave a free word of gossip to everybody, like Roland, had her head turned to the girl as she passed out of it, and thereby nearly fell over a boy who at the moment was seeking to enter, being led by a woman, as if he had no strength to walk alone. A tall, thin, white-faced boy, with great eyes and no hair, and a red handkerchief tied over his head to hide the deficiency; but a beautiful-featured boy in spite of the defects, for he bore a strange resemblance to Charles Channing.

Was it Charles? Or was it his shadow? My lady turned back to the hall, startling the house with her shrieks and cries, that Charley's ghost had come, and bringing forth its inmates in alarmed consternation.

CHAPTER LVIII.

BYWATER'S DANCE.

NOT Charley's shadow—not Charley's ghost—but Charley himself, in real flesh and blood. One knew him, if the rest did not; and that was Judith. She seized upon him with sobs and cries, and sat down on the floor and hugged him to her. But Charley had seen some one else, and he slipped from Judith to the arms that were held out to shelter him, his warm tears breaking forth "Mamma! mamma!"

Mrs. Channing's tears fell fast as she received him. She strained him to her bosom, and held him there; and they had to hold *her*, for her emotion was great. It is of no use trying to depict this sort of meeting; when the loved, who have been deemed dead, are restored to life: all description must fall short, if not utterly fail. Charley, whom they had mourned as lost, was with them again: traces of sickness, of suffering were in his face, in his attenuate form; but still he was in life. You must imagine what a meeting it was. Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Lady Augusta, Constance, the servants, and the Bishop of Helstonleigh; for no less a personage than that distinguished prelate had been the visitor to Mr. Channing, come to congratulate him on his cure and his return.

The woman who had accompanied Charley stood apart—a hard-featured woman, in a clean cotton gown, and clean brown apron, whose face proclaimed that she lived much in the open air. Perhaps she lived so much in it as to disdain bonnets, for she wore none—a red cotton handkerchief, the fellow to the one on Charley's head, being pinned over her white calico cap, in lieu of one.

Many unexpected meetings take place in this life. A casual acquaintance whom we have met years ago, but whom we never expected to see again, may come across our path to-morrow. You, my reader, did not, I am sure, think to meet that woman again, whom you saw hanging up linen in a boat, as it glided by under the old Cathedral walls, under the noses of Bywater and a few more of his tribe, the morning they were throwing away those unlucky keys, which they fondly deemed were never to be fished up again. But here is that very woman before you now, come to pay these pages as unexpected a visit as the keys paid to the college boys. Not more unlooked for, and not more strange than some of our meetings in actual life.

"Mamma, I have been ill. I have been nearly dying; and she has nursed me through it, and been kind to me."

Mrs. Channing leaned forward and grasped the woman's hand, gratitude shining from her wet eyes. Mr. Channing and Judith had a fight which should grasp the other. Lady Augusta laid hold of her behind, Sarah assailed her in front. There appeared to be no room left for Constance and the bishop, or they might have assisted at the demonstration—as the French say.

It was soon explained. That same barge had been passing down stream again that night, when Charley fell into the water. The man heard the splash, called to his horse to stop, leaped overboard, and saved him. A poor little boy with a wound in his head, totally senseless, it proved to be, when they had got him on board and laid him on the

bench for inspection. Meanwhile the docile horse went on of its own accord, and before the knotty question was decided, whether the man should bring-to, get him on shore, and try and discover to whom he belonged, the barge was clear of the town, for the current was strong; it had been nearly clear of it when it passed the Cathedral wall, and the splash occurred. The man thought it as well that it was so; his voyage, this journey, was being made against time, and he dared not linger. Had Digges, the boat-house keeper's mother, not put her head underneath the bed-clothes and kept it there, she might have heard the sounds of the rescue.

So they kept Charley on board. He had evidently struck his head against something which had caused the wound, and stunned him. It may have been, it is just possible that it may have been, against the projecting wall of the boat-house, as he turned the corner in his fright and hurry. If so, that, no doubt, caused his fall and his stumble into the water. The woman—she had children of her own; that great girl whom you saw scraping potatoes was one, and she had two others younger—washed the wound, and tried to bring Charley round. But she could not awaken him to full consciousness. His mind appeared to be wandering, and, ere another day had passed, he was in strong delirium. Whether it was the blow, whether it was the terrible fright which had preceded it, or—and this was most probable—both combined, Charles Channing was attacked with brain fever. The woman nursed him through it; she applied her own simple remedies. She cut off his hair, and kept wet linen constantly on his head; and hot bricks, wrapped round with wet steaming flannel, to his feet, and gave him certain herb tea to drink, which, in her firm belief, her own experience, had never yet failed to subdue fever. Perhaps Charley did as well without a doctor as he would have done with one. By the time they reached their destination the malady was subsiding; but the young patient was so entirely prostrated and weak that all he could do was to lie quite still, scarcely opening his eyes, scarcely moving his hands.

When he became able to talk, they were beginning to move up stream again, as the woman called it. Charley told her all about himself, about his home, his dear mamma and Judith, his papa's ill-health and hopes of restoration, his college schoolboy life. It was delicious to lie there in the languor of returning health, and talk of these things. The kind woman won his love and confidence; but when she asked him how he came to fall into the river, he could never remember. In the social atmosphere of companionship, in the cheery sunlight, Charley could look back on the "ghosts" in the cloisters, and draw his own deductions. His good sense told him it was no ghost; that it was all a trick of Bywater's and others of the college boys. The woman's opinion was, that if they did do such a thing to frighten him, they ought to be whipped; but she was inclined to view it as a delusion of Charley's imagination, a relic left by the fever.

"Your folks'll be fine and pleased to see you again, dear," she would say to him. "My master'll moor the barge to the side when we gets to the place, and I'll take ye home to 'um."

How Charley longed for it he alone could tell; pleasant as it was, now he was better, to lie on deck, on a rude bed made of sacks, and glide peacefully along on the calm river, between the green banks, the blue sky above, the warm sun shining on him. Had Charley been placed on that barge in health, he would have thought it the nastiest place he had ever seen—confined, dirty, monotonous. But waking to it from the fever, when he did not care where he lay, so that he could lie, he grew reconciled to its inconveniences before he knew that they were inconveniences; like a young child grows up amidst many disagreeables and perceives them not. Indeed, Charley began to like the boat; but he was none the less eager for the day that would see him leave it.

That day came at last. The barge was brought to; and here you see Charley and his good protector. Charley's clothes looked a mile too small for him, he had so grown in

his illness; and Charley was *minus* a cap, and the handkerchief did duty for one. But it was Charley, in spite of all; and I say that you must imagine the meeting. You must imagine their heartfelt thanks to the woman, and their more substantial recompense.

"Charley, darling, if you could but have written to us, what dreadful distress you would have saved!" exclaimed Constance.

"He writ, miss!" interposed the woman. "He couldn't have writ to save his life! And we was a-moving up stream again afore he was well enough to tell us anything about himself. My husband might have writ a word else; I ain't no hand at a pen myself. We have got quite used to the little gentleman, and shall miss him now."

"Constance, tell her. Is it not true about the ghost? I am sure you must have heard of it from the boys. She thinks I dreamt it, she says."

Judith broke out volubly before Constance could answer, testifying that it was true, and relating the ill doings of the boys that night rather more at length than she need have done. She and the woman appeared to be at perfect accord respecting the meed of punishment merited by those gentlemen.

The bishop leaned over Charley. "You hear what a foolish trick it was," he said. "Were I you, I would be upon good terms with such ghosts in future. There are no other sorts of ghosts, my boy."

"I know there are not," answered Charles. "Indeed, my lord, I do know there are not," he repeated more earnestly. "And I knew it then; only, somehow I got frightened. I will try and learn to be as brave in the dark as in the light."

"That's my sensible boy!" said the bishop. "For my part, Charley, I rather like being in the dark. God seems all the nearer to me."

The woman was preparing to go, declining all offers that she should rest and take refreshment. "Our turn both down and up was hurried this time," she explained, "and I mayna keep the barge and my master a-waiting. I'll make bold, when we are past the town again, to step ashore, and see how the young gentleman gets on."

Charley clung to her. "You shall not go till you promise to stay a whole day with us!" he cried. "And you must bring the children for mamma to see. She will be glad."

The woman laughed. "A whole day! A whole day's pleasure was na for the likes of them, she answered; but she'd try and spare a bit longer to stop nor she could spare now."

With many kisses to Charles, with many shakings of hands from all, she took her departure. The Bishop of Helstonleigh, high and dignified prelate that he was, and she a poor, hard-working barge woman, took her hand into his, and shook it as heartily as the rest. Mr. Channing went out with her. He was going to say a word of gratitude to the man. The bishop also went out, but he turned the other way.

As he was entering Close Street, the bishop encountered Arthur. The latter raised his hat and was passing onwards, but the bishop arrested him.

"Channing, I have just heard some news from your father. That you are at length cleared from that charge; that you have been innocent all this while."

Arthur's lips parted with a smile. "Your lordship may be sure that I am very thankful to be cleared at last. Though I am sorry that it should be at the expense of my friend Yorke."

"Knowing yourself innocent, you might have proclaimed it more decisively. What could have been your motive for not doing so?"

The ingenuous flush flew into Arthur's cheek. "The truth is, my lord, I suspected some one else. Not Roland Yorke," he pointedly added. "But—it was one against whom I should have been sorry to bring a charge. And so—and so—I went on, bearing the blame."

"Well, Channing, I must say, and I shall say to others,

that you have behaved admirably; showing a true Christian spirit. Mr. Channing may well be happy in his children. What will you give me," added the bishop, releasing Arthur's hand, which he had taken, and relapsing into his free, pleasant manner, "for some news that I can impart to you?"

Arthur wondered much. What news could the bishop have to impart which concerned him?

"The little lost wanderer has come home."

"Not Charles?" uttered Arthur, startled, to emotion. "Charles! and not dead!"

"Not dead, certainly," smiled the bishop, "considering that he can talk and walk. He will want some nursing, though. Good-bye, Channing. This, take it for all in all, must be a day of congratulation for you and yours."

To leap into Mr. Galloway's with the tidings, to make but a few bounds thence home, did not take many minutes for Arthur. He found Charles in danger of being kissed to death—Mrs. Channing, Lady Augusta, Constance, and Judith each taking their turn. I fear Arthur only made another.

"Why, Charley, how you have grown!" he exclaimed. "How thin and white you are!"

The remarks did not please Judith. "Thin and white!" she resentfully repeated. "Did you expect him to come home as red and fat as a turkey-cock, and him just brought to the edge o' the grave with brain fever? One would think, Master Arthur, that you'd rejoice to see him, if he had come back a skeleton, with his bones rattling, when it has seemed too likely you'd never see him at all. And what if he have outgrown his clothes? They can be let out, or replaced with new uns. I have got hands, and there's tailors in the place, I hope."

The more delighted felt Judith, the more ready was she to take up words and convert them into uncalled-for grievances. Arthur knew her, and only laughed. A day of rejoicing, indeed, as the bishop had said. A day of praise to God.

Charley had been whispering to his mamma. He wanted to go to the college school-room and surprise it. He was longing for a sight of his old companions. That happy moment had been pictured in his thoughts fifty times, as he lay in the boat; it was almost as desired as the going home. Charley bore no malice, and he was prepared to laugh with them at the ghost.

"You do not appear strong enough to walk even so far as that," said Mrs. Channing.

"Dear mamma, let me go! I could walk it for that if it were twice as far."

"Yes, let him go," interposed Arthur, who divined the feeling. "I will help him along."

Charley's trencher—the very trencher found on the banks—was brought forth, and he started with Arthur.

"Mind you bring him back safe this time!" called out Judy, in a tone of command, as she stood at the door to watch them along the Boundaries.

"Arthur," said the boy, "were they punished for playing me that ghost trick?"

"They have not been punished yet; they are to be. The master waited to see how things would turn out."

You may remember that Digges, the boat-house keeper, when he took news of Charles's supposed fate to the college school, entered it just in time to interrupt an important ceremony, which was about to be performed on the back of Pierce senior. In like manner—and the coincidence was somewhat remarkable—Charles himself now entered it, when that same ceremony was just brought to a conclusion, only that the back, instead of being Pierce senior's, was Gerald Yorke's. Terrible disgrace for a senior! And Gerald wished Bywater's surplice had been at the bottom of the river before he had meddled with it. He had not done it purposely. He had fallen in the vestry, the ink-bottle in his hand, which had broken, and spilt its contents over the surplice. In an unlucky moment, Gerald had determined to deny all knowledge of the accident, never supposing it would be brought home to him.

Sullen, angry, and resentful, he was taking his seat again, and the head master, rather red and hot with exertion, was

locking up the great birch, when the door was opened, and Arthur Channing made his appearance, a boy, carrying the college cap, with him.

The school was struck dumb. The head master paused, birch in hand. But that he was taller and thinner, and that the bright colour and auburn curls were gone, they would have said at once it was Charley Channing.

The master let fall the birch and the lid of his desk. "Channing!" he uttered, as the child walked up to him. "Is it really you? What has become of you all this time? Where have you been?"

"I have been a long way in a barge, sir. The man saved me. And I have had brain fever."

He looked round for Tom; and Tom, in the wild exuberance of his delight, took Charley in his arms, and the tears dropped from his eyes on Charley's face as he kissed him as warmly as Judith could have done. And then brave Tom could have eaten himself up alive, in mortification at having been so demonstrative in the sight of the college school.

But the school were not in the humour to be fastidious just then. Some of them felt more inward relief at the sight of Charles than they cared to tell; they had never felt anything like it in their lives, and probably never would again. In the midst of the low murmur of heartfelt delight that was arising, a most startling interruption occurred from Mr. Bywater. That gentleman sprang from his desk to the middle of the room, turned a somerset, and began dancing a hornpipe on his head.

"Bywater!" uttered the astounded master, "What's that for? Are you mad?"

Bywater finished his dance, and then brought himself to his feet. "I am so glad he has turned up all right, sir; I forgot you were in school."

"I should think you did," significantly returned the master. But Charles interrupted him.

"You will not punish them, sir, now I have come back safe?" he pleaded.

"But they deserve punishment," said the master.

"I know they have been sorry; Arthur says they have," urged Charley. Please do not punish them now, sir; it is so pleasant to be back!"

"Will you promise never to be frightened at their foolish tricks again?" said the master. "Not that there is much danger of their playing you any: this has been too severe a lesson. I am surprised that a boy of your age, Charles, could allow himself to be scared by 'ghosts.' You do not suppose there are such things, surely?"

"No, sir; but somehow, that night, I got too frightened to think. You will forgive them, sir; won't you?"

"Yes. There! Go and shake hands with them," said Mr. Pye, relaxing from his dignity. "It is worth something, Charley, to see you back."

The school seemed to think so; and I wish you could have heard the shout that went up from it—the real, true, if somewhat noisy delight, that greeted Charles. "Charley, we'll never dress up a ghost again! We'll never frighten you in any way!" they cried, pressing affectionately round him. "Only forgive us!"

"Why are you sitting in the senior's place, Tom?" asked Arthur.

"Because it is his own," said Harry Huntley, with a broad smile of satisfaction. "Lady Augusta came in and set things right for you, and Tom is made senior of the school at last. Hurrah! Arthur cleared, Tom senior, Charley back, and Gerald flogged! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! If Pye were worth a dump, he'd give us a holiday!" echoed bold Bywater.

(To be continued.)

CHANCE.—Accident and Chance are terms applicable to man, arising from his limited faculties and his defective knowledge: consequently, these terms are not applicable to the Deity, as there are no bounds to the knowledge of God, and no limits to his power. Therefore, in strictness of speech, there can be neither accident nor chance.

Literary Notices.

THE DEITY.

An Argument on the Existence, Attributes, and Personal Distinctions of the Godhead. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D.
London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1862.

THIS noticeable volume is a second edition of "*Theiotes*," enlarged, and the argument in many parts reconstructed. Those who do not understand Greek may be informed that *Theiotes* means "Deity," so that the author has merely changed his Greek title into an English one. The work is divided into three books, and we cannot do better than describe their intention in the words of the preface:—"The author's aim, in the first and second books of this volume is to adduce evidence from Nature on the existence and perfections of God, and to show its harmony with the more luminous teachings of Revelation. If there be a God, the universe is his work; and if his work, it will both attest his being, and unfold some of his attributes. If the Bible be divinely inspired, its declarations and revelations respecting God will harmonise with his works; and, therefore, both should be consulted by those who are anxious to know the truth. In the third book of this volume, the author's aim is to adduce evidence on the Holy Trinity, showing that this doctrine, derived from Revelation, is in harmony with the decisions of reason, and not, as Dr. Channing has irreverently termed it, 'an outrage on our rational nature'—'contradicting and degrading our reason.' For if God has revealed the mode of his existence as including a trinal personal distinction, it is true; and if true, it is in harmony with right reason. The author has attempted to show this harmony."

We regret that the space at our disposal will forbid our entering fully into the arguments of the work, but we can recommend its 550 pages to the careful attention of thoughtful readers. A preliminary chapter prepares the way for the first book, divided into two parts, "On the Existence of God." In Part I., fundamental principles are stated, and the mode of conducting the argument is described. The chief points in the argument are, that something must have been eternal; that matter or the universe cannot have been eternal, but must be the effect of a cause—that is, the work of a Creator. This Creator must be conscious, intelligent, and personal, as shown by the structure of the universe, by human nature, and by the common faith of man, as well as by the testimony of Scripture. Much ability is here exhibited in the development and application of proofs, both for the establishment of truth and the overthrow of error. Those who can carefully peruse these chapters will see how wonderfully the Divine existence can be demonstrated by an appeal to facts within our reach.

The second book, "On the Nature and Attributes of God," comprises thirteen chapters, in which the author describes the character of the Most High. He shows that God must be a Spirit, eternal, absolutely perfect, and unchangeable; that he must be all-present, all-powerful, and all-seeing—infinite in wisdom, and boundless in goodness; that he is most holy, and yet seeks communion with his creature man. Under all these heads objections are answered, facts in Nature are appealed to for illustration, the indications of reason are pointed out, and the concurrent testimony of Scripture is brought forward. In this way, every sphere in which we meet with confirmations or illustrations of Divine attributes is visited and explored, and usually with rich results. Such a mode of treatment prevents the book from being that dry and abstract discussion which its title might suggest; for although occupied with the profoundest and most mysterious of all problems, and although often carrying us into realms of thought where we are compelled to exclaim, "Who by searching can find out God, who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?" the numerous quotations, natural facts, and the constant variety, relieve the mind, and we are able to make free progress. To our mind, this great division of the volume is a fine commentary upon Romans i. 19, 20, which

teaches that God's unseen perfections ("No man hath seen God at any time") are displayed among men, and are seen and perceived by means of that glorious creation—those divine works which he has accomplished. This we take to be the character of Dr. Cooke's proofs and illustrations of the attributes of the Lord. It is, of course, quite another question whether man will see the things which are thus placed before his eyes, and by means of which God reveals his own character and excellency. This question belongs to another department, in which the need of the Holy Spirit to arouse us and open our eyes must be made apparent. But, before describing the third book of Dr. Cooke's volume, we would remind our readers of two other passages in which St. Paul countenances the line pursued by our author. The first is Acts xiv. 15—17, where the people of Lystra are pointed to the living God, through his works of creation and providence. The second passage is Acts xvii. 24—27, where the Athenian philosophers are taught more of the Divine nature in a couple of sentences, than they could learn from all that Socrates, Plato, and all their tribe ever wrote or said. The whole of the ten verses from the 22nd to the 31st are very fine; and we will add, that the Apostle's doctrine of the resurrection was as new to these wise men as his doctrine and proofs of the Divine Being. With all their wisdom, they had not learned the philosophy and theology of the 19th Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork." We have both the theology and the philosophy, but, after all, it is of immense importance that men who think and search should give us the results of their experience. Thereby our own minds may be led and sustained, and in many ways helped and profited.

The third book is "On the Holy Trinity," in three chapters: the rational argument on the Trinity; the collateral testimony of Holy Scripture in support of the argument for the Trinity; the direct testimony of the Sacred Scripture on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. In the first of these chapters, the author maintains that the doctrine of the Trinity is in harmony with reason, and sustained by the verdict of reason. Here, if anywhere, we tremble for our author. When he says the doctrine of the Trinity is in harmony with reason, we feel no anxiety, because we believe this to be safe ground; but when he goes to prove the sublime mystery by means of reason, we will not deny or hide our fears. The Trinity is a sublime mystery—an indescribable and incomprehensible mystery. How, then, can reason discover or affirm it? The Trinity is pre-eminently a doctrine of Divine revelation, set forth as a fact, illustrated in the economy of grace, but not explained, because it cannot be explained. Who, then, we ask again, can find out the Almighty to perfection? If the old world, amid all its explorations, knew not God by its wisdom, how can we? Truly, we cannot; but minds instructed by God's Word and Spirit can know more of God than other men, and even their reason, by this light, finds its way to facts and analogies, harmonies and truths, which otherwise it could not have reached. This is the case with Dr. Cooke, and no one will wisely object to the course he has pursued along a most perilous path—a path in which the deist and the polytheist would willingly accompany him for a time, till first one and then another would fall off, leaving the Scripture champion to hold on his way towards the fuller knowledge of

"Jehovah, great I Am,
By earth and heaven confessed."

The two closing chapters will satisfy ordinary minds, and such as might not be strong enough to pass through the twenty arguments from reason. Here all Christians will feel at home, and will feel thankful for the new and able manner in which the Scripture evidence for the glorious and blessed Trinity is set forth. The whole work is characterised by talent, learning, and piety; and now that a superficial theology is doing all it can to cast out the supernatural and divine from religion and the Bible, such a volume is calculated to be most useful.

The Home of Poverty made Rich. By Mrs. BEST. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

Mrs. BEST has written a number of books, and as she writes so well, her productions are always welcome. This work is destined for the cottage and the lending library, and is, as the author says, neither lengthy nor expensive, although truthful and earnest. It consists of ten chapters. The first sets forth the duty of properly training children; the second is on the importance of prudence in entering upon married life; the third describes the duties of a wife. The home, the mother, the daughter, and the servant, are the subjects of the next four chapters. The eighth and ninth chapters are entitled "Nelly Freeman," and the tenth is miscellaneous. The book is founded upon the principles of the Church of England. Domestic virtues and vices are sketched with a firm and truthful hand, and powerful motives are presented for the encouragement of the good, and for the discouragement of the evil. Narrative and dialogue are skillfully introduced, to furnish a medium for the moral lessons and religious truths which are imparted. Even anecdotes and statistics are not wanting to convey salutary instruction. There is much in the volume to recommend it, and it deserves to take a prominent place among works destined for the improvement of the working classes. Mrs. Best has succeeded remarkably well in her selection of topics, which take in the whole round of cottage life; and she has clothed her thoughts in expressive and appropriate language. She seems to have lost sight of nothing which could tend to enforce the important lessons she seeks to teach.

Musical Notices.

I Hear Sweet Voices.—A graceful melody by G. B. Allen, which promises well for the composer's reputation.

If we knew the Caves and Crosses.—Another song by the same composer, the words, as in the former case, by W. Guernsey.

The above are published by John Wiseheart, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

In the Garden of Dark Gethsemane. Clark, 15, Holborn Bars.—A sacred song by W. West. A simple plaintive air, but not equal to similar compositions by the same author.

Mother, Teach thy Child to Pray. A sacred melody by Miss S. I. Haack.—It is calculated to be very popular.

Day followeth Day. A sacred song by George Barker.—Simple in style, but full of melody.

The Sabbath Evening Bella. A vocal duet by Stephen Glover.—A remarkably attractive composition, and worthy of its author. *There is a Land.* An anthem by Henry Phillips; the poetry by Master H. W. Reynolds.—A very creditable composition, although it can never aspire to rank with the anthems of the great masters.

These four pieces are published by Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street.

Hamilton's Modern Instructions for the Pianoforte. Cooks and Co.—The three hundred and twenty-second edition of this well-known and deservedly favourite instructor has just been issued. It contains several new additional lessons, with original preludes and arrangements by Wallace, Richards, and Alphonse Ledue.

Progress of the Truth.

ITALY.

THE Rev. B. Malan, moderator of the Waldensian Church, has issued an appeal in behalf of the Normal School at Florence. He reports that there are now thirty pupils in the institution. Some of the old students are settled at Turin, Leghorn, Florence, &c. Prospects are encouraging, but funds are required. From other parts of Italy we learn that the hostility of the priests continues. A student who has laboured successfully at Elba is under prosecution. The trial of Gavazzi has been indefinitely postponed. M. Ribet has been prosecuted at Leghorn, but the affair has ended in his favour. A tract by M. Roussel has had a very large circulation. The Protestant Almanac,

the *Amico di Casa*, has been circulated to the extent of 80,000 copies. The Papists have issued, in opposition to it, the *Vero Amico di Casa*; and in opposition to the *Buona Novella* they publish the *Vero Buona Novella*. The week of prayer was generally observed in Italy. The Government has given the Waldenses a church at Leghorn.

RUSSIA.

THE following items of information are given respecting the Orthodox Greek Church in Russia. In the year 1859 there were 18,608 persons converted to the Greek faith in that empire. These are thus classified: 9,471 sectaries; 917 Roman Catholics; 462 Lutherans; 917 Jews; 2,459 Mohammedans; and 4,688 heathens. The labours of the ecclesiastical commission have been very active, especially in the Trans-Caucasian provinces. Among the Ossitians alone, 3,400 marriages were celebrated in the course of the year. The knowledge of Christianity has been extended by means of the Bible, and other translations into the vernacular languages. A spelling-book and lexicon have been prepared in the Tungusic; extracts from the New Testament in the Aleutian; and extracts from the Gospel of St. Matthew in the dialect of the Coloshans. Little by little the truth is thus spread among the barbarous tribes of Asiatic Russia.

SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA.

THE Rev. W. Impey records the following remarkable instance of native superstition in connection with the Amamondo tribe:—"About three weeks before our visit, a number of sick people applied to a native doctor for assistance, who engaged to cure them. His remedy was this: a hut was to be erected, into which the people were to enter. He would then give them some charm against fire, and would proceed to set fire to the hut, the flames of which would destroy the disease, whilst the individuals themselves would be scathless. This was accordingly done; a straw hut constructed, into which the deluded victims entered, the door fastened, and the torch applied. Of nine of these infatuated creatures, four perished in the flames, the others forced their way through the burning walls, but were so burnt that three died subsequently, whilst two eventually recovered. The chief interfered in this case: superstition is no crime, but the loss of life brought the matter under jurisdiction. The doctor was fined ten head of cattle for each life destroyed, with instructions that the last instalment of the fine must be brought by himself personally—an intimation that was generally understood to mean that the atonement would be consummated by his own execution."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE American missionaries report that the inhabitants now all profess Christianity. They state that the labours of the Popish priests have perverted a few, and that these latter have a college and a school. The total number of members of the Protestant churches is 42,852, and 5,574 received by certificate. The contributions of the churches during the year were more than 21,000 dollars. In the face of the American report, the Romish priests have published a table in which they give the following figures for 1860:—Catholics, 23,200; Heretics (i. e., Protestants), 23,500; Infidels, 23,300. Here we have a population of exactly 70,000 divided as equally as possible into Catholics, Protestants, and heathens. The American missionaries say:—"The Christianisation of the Sandwich Islanders is as real as that of any nominally Christian nation in the world." And again, one who inspected the islands says, "I found no hut without its Bible and hymn-book in the native tongue, and the practice of family prayer; and grace before meat—though it be over no more than a calabash of pœ, and a few dried fish, and whether at home or on journeys—is as common as in New England a century ago." We shall have no difficulty in deciding whether we shall believe our own brethren or the agents of the Propaganda.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED WITH
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

MARCH 16.

EVENTS.—On this day, in 1190, the Jews of York were lawlessly massacred by the citizens.—It was from the sixteenth of Nisan, the Sabbath, that the fifty days were to be reckoned to the feast of Pentecost.

MARCH 17.

ST. PATRICK.—The tutelar saint of Ireland, St. Patrick, died on this day, in the year 464. He was styled the "Apostle of Ireland." He is said to have been a native of Cornwall, and born in 377. Other accounts state that he was born in Scotland. His zeal caused him to cross the Channel for the conversion of the Irish, in which he had great success, establishing many monasteries, and it is also stated that he founded the Cathedral of Armagh, where he died. His reputed works were published in London by Sir James Ware, in 1658.

GILBERT BURNET.—The anniversary of the death, in 1715, of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, the author of the "Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester"—one of the most profligate of men, and the most exemplary penitent of his age. Gilbert Burnet was born in 1643. His father was a lawyer and an Episcopalian, his mother a Presbyterian. On the breaking out of the civil war, Burnet's father retired to Scotland, where he superintended the education of his son, and sent him to King's College. At the age of eighteen, he was put on trial as a probationer for the ministry. At that time, students were required to preach practically on an assigned text; next, critically, on a controverted one; and then, a mixed sermon of criticism and practical inferences from a given text; then followed an examination in the languages, and lastly, the "questionary trial," in which every minister present might put such questions from Scripture or divinity as he pleased. But Burnet declined the offer of a church, and in 1663 he visited the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In London, he acquired the friendship of Boyle, Tillotson, and Stillingfleet, and in 1664 returned to Scotland. He then visited the Continent, and on his return was ordained priest by Dr. Wisheart, then Bishop of Edinburgh, and presented to the parish of Saltoun. Although extempore worship was then practised, Burnet used the English liturgy all the time he held that living. He invariably preached extempore, having great readiness of language and good delivery. He remained five years at Saltoun, and appears to have received and merited the affection of his parishioners, not excepting the Presbyterians; and this was the more notable, as he was the only clergyman in Scotland who publicly adhered to the English liturgy. About 1668, the Government of Scotland being then in the hands of moderate men, Burnet was frequently consulted, and through his advice some of the more moderate Presbyterians were put into the vacant churches, a step which he afterwards regarded as indiscreet. In 1669 he was made Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and held that post four years and a half, exposed, through his principles and advocacy of moderation, to the censure both of the Episcopal and Presbyterian parties. In 1672 he published his "Vindication of the Authority, Constitution, and Laws of the Church and State of Scotland," and was promised a bishopric, with the refusal of the next vacancy to an archbishopric, but he declined the offer. He went to London, and was sworn one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary; but on his return to Scotland, found he had lost Court favour, in attempting to justify himself against the accusations of the Duke of Lauderdale, who had represented Burnet as the cause of all the opposition the Court measures had encountered in the Scottish Parliament. In 1675 he became preacher at the Rolls Chapel and lecturer of St. Clement's, where he soon acquired great popularity. It was about this time, when apprehensions as to Popery were increasing daily, that he

undertook to write the "History of the Reformation of the Church of England." In this work he gives a punctual account of all the affairs of the Reformation, from the time of Henry VIII. to its final establishment, in 1559, under Queen Elizabeth, the references which are given as vouchers being much more perfect than could reasonably have been expected, after the pains taken in a Popish reign to suppress everything that bore evidence of the Reformation or of its necessity. The work was variously attacked and defended. During its compilation he had no parochial cure, and attended any sick person who sent for him. Amongst others, he was sent for to the person who had been engaged in a criminal amour with Rochester, and his fidelity to this person induced Lord Rochester to indulge some curiosity to make Burnet's acquaintance. The result is told in "An Account of the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester"—a work of which Dr. Johnson truly said that "the critic ought to read it for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety." During the affair of the Popish plot, Burnet was often consulted by Charles, who would willingly have made him Bishop of Chichester, if "he would come entirely over to his interest." In 1682, when the administration was wholly changed in favour of the Duke of York, he remained steady to his friends and to his principles, even to the loss of favour at court. He wrote about that time his celebrated "Life of Sir Matthew Hale," and visited Paris. In 1684 his opinions gave great offence to a Popishly-affected court, and, as the result, he lost his lectureship at St. Clement's, and also that at the Rolls Chapel. On the accession of James, he again visited Paris and went to Rome, subsequently publishing an account of his travels. When at Utrecht, he meditated settling there, but being invited to the Hague by the Prince and Princess of Orange, he repaired thither, and undoubtedly was very prominent in the councils then carrying on concerning the affairs of England. A prosecution for high treason was instituted against him, both in England and Scotland, but the States refused to give him up to his enemies. Burnet enacted a most important part in the whole conduct of the revolution in 1688, and gave early notice of the project to the Court of Hanover. As chaplain he accompanied William, who had not been many days on the throne before Dr. Burnet was consecrated (March 31, 1689) to the see of Salisbury. In the House of Lords the same moderation for which he had been conspicuous marked his course: he declared for moderate measures with regard to the clergy who refused to take the oath, also for the toleration of Dissenters. When the bill as to the succession and the declaration as to civil rights was brought up, he was appointed by his Majesty to name the Duchess, afterwards the Electress, of Brunswick next in succession after the Princess of Denmark and her issue. With these facts culminated his political history. He subsequently wrote his "Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles," and many other theological productions, some of which drew him into controversy. Since his death, his "History of his Own Time" has been attacked as to its veracity; but as strong party zeal has gradually declined, so the acrimony of these criticisms has much abated. So bitter was the feeling, during his lifetime, against him at one time, that when he published a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, respecting the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, in which he grounded the title of William to the crown on the right of conquest, the paper gave such offence to both houses of Parliament, that it was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. His published funeral sermon on the death of his friend Archbishop Tillotson, as well as his "Life of Queen Mary," excited against him no political hostility, though it was known he was the devoted adherent of the House of Hanover, and the personal friend and correspondent of the Princess Sophia. All that is controversial in his writings is now nearly forgotten; but, of his many productions, his History of the Reformation, and of his Own Time, his Lives of Rochester, Bedell, and Hale have endured, and will remain as deserving classic prominence in the records and literature of the Church. The events of

his life show that he stood high, both at home and abroad, in the estimation of his contemporaries, in Church and State; nor would his supposed errors and prejudices have drawn upon him so much personal animosity, had not his talents secured for him the prominence he maintained through so eventful a career. Three of his sons rose to historical distinction, and their literary productions must not be confounded with those of the Bishop of Salisbury.

MARCH 18.

EDWARD THE MARTYR.—The anniversary of the death of Edward the Martyr, in the year 979. He was the son of Edgar, and succeeded his father as King of England at the age of fifteen. The young monarch paid little attention to anything but the chase, and while hunting one day he got separated from his attendants, and repaired to Corfe Castle, where his step-mother, Elfrida, resided. Having obtained a draught of liquor, he was drinking it on horseback, when one of Elfrida's attendants inflicted upon him a deep stab from behind. He rode away, but fainting from loss of blood, he was dragged in the stirrup and died. It was from feelings of pity for his innocence and untimely end that the people surnamed him the "Martyr."

MARCH 19.

BISHOP KEN.—In 1710-11 died the exemplary ornament of the episcopal bench, Thomas Ken, whose "Evening Hymn" is among our familiar household words. In 1666 he became rector of Brixton, in the Isle of Wight, and was inducted to a prebendal stall at Westminster. In 1679 he completed his degrees in divinity, and went to Holland as chaplain to the Princess of Orange. He next went out with Lord Dartmouth, on an expedition to Tangier, and was subsequently appointed one of the king's chaplains, attending him in that capacity in his last moments. He was, for this, made Bishop of Bath and Wells. He was one of the seven prelates who joined in a petition to James II., respecting reading the declaration for liberty of conscience, for which they were sent to the Tower, tried, and acquitted. Notwithstanding this, he could not, upon principle, transfer his allegiance to the new sovereign, and, consequently, was deprived of his preferment at the Revolution. Queen Anne gave him a pension of two hundred a year, and no man died more universally regretted. His works, consisting of sermons, tracts, and poetry, were printed in 1721, in four volumes, with his memoir prefixed.

MARCH 20.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—In 1727 died Isaac Newton. It is said that a really clever person is not seldom unemployed. When his mother removed him from school to help in keeping his late father's farm, or to attend Saturday market at Grantham, she little imagined that the boy whom she had seen apparently idly reading some book under a hedge, would become associated in the history of the Church with Lord Bacon—of whom, perhaps, she knew nothing—as the twin ornament alike of scientific progress and the advocacy of revealed religion. Newton was sent to Cambridge in 1660, and in 1667 was elected Fellow, succeeding Barrow as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics. In 1672 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and published his discoveries upon light and colours. But on these things we need not enlarge. We may claim for Sir Isaac Newton a niche in the temple of the great and worthy whose names are indelibly blended with the history of the Church. This is not the place for details in reference to the exemplification of his mighty discoveries in science. It is enough to say that the man who confessedly was the first and greatest among men of science and philosophy, was a firm, because a studious, believer in the authenticity of the Christian Scriptures, and, as the result of this studious attention, an able theological writer. It is said of him that, calmly and gently reproving the celebrated Dr. Halley—the inventor of the sextant—he said to him—"Doctor, I always with pleasure hear you speak on astronomical subjects, because I know you have studied astronomy, but with pain when you speak about the Bible, which, pardon me, you have not studied." Newton

knew and acknowledged the application of one mighty principle, a law of Nature; but, emanating as the ordination of the God of Nature, a law applicable to the greatest and to the least of all material things:

"That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

But more than this, he recognised the same Divine hand in the evident *wisdom* and *adaptation* of that *moral* law which is the subject of his Revelation. All Newton's scientific discoveries were truly sanctified to his personal benefit, and, subsequently, to ours. More than this, Newton gave the best proof of his reverence of the holy Scriptures by not only diligently perusing the sacred books, but also by writing, with critical care, commentaries upon the prophecies. How far his interpretation was quite correct, is not the question. The judgment of the wise is, that it was sound. Such was Newton—the most profoundly studious and mighty genius—a man of whom, assuredly, it could not be said his Christianity was educational. Had the Bible been false, Newton could have afforded to have said so, and, undoubtedly, such a man would have had the moral courage to have avowed his convictions.

MARCH 21.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.—The anniversary, in 1556, of the martyrdom of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. The events of his personal history, and especially his recantation and subsequent violent death, are well known. It is said that his first promotion arose from his remarking that the meditated and agitated question of the divorce of Henry VIII. from his first wife might be decided by learned divines, without an appeal to the Pope, and that Henry, hearing of it, immediately exclaimed, with a very profane oath, "The man has got the sow by the right ear;" that he was immediately sent for to court, and preferred. From what we know of Henry, we may say this is probably true. Katherine's daughter, Mary, who succeeded her father, was doubtless influenced by motives of personal hatred in her consignment of Cranmer to the flames, as well as by the spirit of religious intolerance. His character has been variously estimated: by some, his memory has been regarded with the deepest veneration, while others have believed that political and not religious hatred were sufficient to account for his destruction as not altogether undeserved. In the hands of the great Head of the Church, undoubtedly Cranmer was *instrumental*—perhaps more than any other individual—to the establishment of the rupture with the Papacy.

MARCH 22.

EVENTS.—The Order of Knights Templars was suppressed in 1312, by a papal decree.—In 387 Theodosius degraded Antioch (where first the disciples of Jesus were designated Christians, Acts xi. 26)—the metropolis of the East—from the rank of a city, and subjected it to the jurisdiction of Laodicea. The Emperors Vespasian, Titus, and others, had granted it very valuable immunities; but the place has been exposed to great revolutions, and subjected to frequent earthquakes. The Crusaders captured it in 1093; but since 1268, when it was again demolished by the Saracens, it has completely lost its former magnificence. Antioch is now little more than a ruinous town, whose houses, built with mud and straw, and narrow and miry streets, exhibit every appearance of misery and wretchedness. Once it abounded with great men; it was the birth-place of the evangelist Luke, and of Theophilus, surnamed Antiochonus, and had Ignatius, the martyr, for its bishop. There were no fewer than sixteen cities of that name in Syria and other countries, but the Scriptures only mention two, one of which was in Pisidia. If we may believe Jerome, Antioch of Syria was identical with Riblah, or Riblatha, Numb. xxxiv. 11. It is certain Antioch was not known under that name till after the reign of Seleucus Nicanor, who built it and called it Antioch, in honour of his father, B.C. 301. The Syrian kings, successors to Alexander the Great, generally resided at Antioch.

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